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The title page is framed by an elaborate border of black and white woodcut illustrations. The border features a variety of motifs: at the top, two candelabras with lit candles; on the sides, tall, slender vases or columns adorned with garlands of grapes and leaves; and at the bottom, a large, central oval medallion containing a shield with a crown on top, flanked by more garlands and smaller decorative elements. The entire page is enclosed within a double-line rectangular border.

RECREATIONS

WITH THE  
MUSES.

By WILLIAM Earle of  
*STERLINE.*

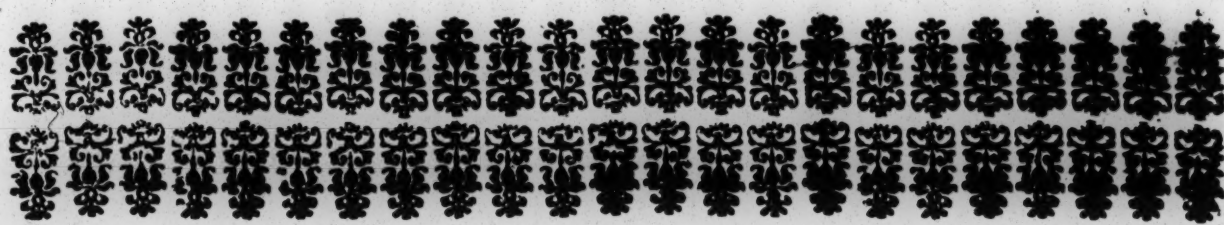
LONDON,  
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1637.









A Table of the severall Poems contained in  
the ensuing Volume.

**F**oure Monarchicke Tragedies.

*Doomes-day, or, the great day of the Lords judgement, in twelve houres.*

*A Parænesis to Prince Henry.*

*Ionathan, An heroicke Poeme intended.  
The first Booke.*



*Then*





## To his Sacred Majestie.

**D**Idaine not mighty Prince, those humble lines,  
Though too meane Musicke for so dainty eares,  
Since with thy greatnesse, learnings glory shines,  
So that thy brow a two-fold Lawrell beares:  
To thee the Muses, Phœbus now resignes,  
And Vertues hight eternall trophees reares;  
As Orpheus Harpe, heavens may enstall thy pen,  
A liberall light to guide the mindes of Men.

Although my wit be weake, my Vowes are strong,  
Which consecrate devoutly to thy name  
My Muses labours, which ere it be long,  
May graft some feathers in the wings of fame,  
And with the subject to conforme my song,  
May in more lofty lines thy worth proclame,  
With gorgeous colours courting glories light,  
Till circling Seas doe bound her ventrous flight.

Ere thou wast borne, and since, heaven thee endeeres,  
Held backe, as best to grace these last worst Times;  
The World long'd for thy birth three hundreth yeeres,  
Since first fore-told wrapt in Prophetick rimes,  
His love to thee, the Lords deliveries cleeres,  
From Sea, from Sword, from Fire, from Chance, from Crimes,  
And that to him thou onely might be bound,  
Thy selfe was still the meanes foes to confound.

I doe not doubt but Albions warlike coast,  
(Still kept unconquer'd by the heavens decree)  
The Picts expell'd, the Danes repell'd, did boast  
(In spue of all Romes power) a state still free,  
As that which was ordain'd (though long time crost  
In this Herculean birth) to bring forth thee,  
Whom many a famous Sceptred Patent brings  
From an undaunted race to doe great things.



---

## To his Sacred Maiestie.

---

Of this divided Ile the Nurslings brave,  
Earst, from intestine warres could not desist,  
Yet did in forraine fields their names engrave,  
Whilst whom one spoil'd the other would assist:  
Those now made one, whilst such a head they have,  
What world of words were able to resist?  
Thus hath thy worth (great I A M E S) conjoyn'd them now,  
Whom battels oft did breake, but never bow.

And so, most justly thy renowned deeds  
Doe raise thy fame above the starry round,  
Which in the world a glad amazement breeds,  
To see the vertues (as they merit) crown'd,  
Whilst thou (great Monarch: who in power exceeds,  
With veruious goodnesse do'st vast greatnesse bound,  
Where, if thou lik'st to be more great, then good,  
Thou might'st soone build a Monarchie with bloud.

O! this faire world without the world, no doubt,  
Which Neptune stringly guaras with liquid bands,  
As aptest so to rule the Realmes about,  
She by her selfe (as most Majesticke) stands,  
Thence (the worlds M<sup>stris</sup>) to give judgement out,  
With full authority for euer Lands,  
Which on the Seas would gaze attending still,  
By wind-wing'd Messengers their Soveraignes will.

The Southerne Regions did all Realmes surpasse,  
And were the first which sent great Armies forth;  
Yet Soveraignty that there first founded was,  
Still by degrees hath drawne unto the North,  
To this great Climate which it could not passe,  
The fat all period bounding all true worth:  
For, it cannot from hence a passage finde,  
By roring Rampiers still with us confinde.

As Waters which a masse of earth restraines,  
(If they be, swelling high begin to vent)  
Doe rage disdainefully over all the plaines,  
As with strict borders (scorning to be pent):  
Even so this masse of earth, that thus remaynes,  
Wall'd in with waves, if (to burst out when bent,)  
(The bounding flouds o're-flow'd) it rush forth, then  
That deluge would o're-run the world with men.



## To his Sacred Majestie.

Then since great Prince) the torrent of thy power,  
May drowne whole Nations in a Scarlet floud,  
On Infidels thy indignation powre,  
And bathe not Christian bounds with Christian bloud:  
The Tyrant Ottoman (who would devour  
All the redeemed souls) may be withstood,  
While as thy troup (great Albions Emperour) once  
Do comfort Christs afflicted flock which moanes.

Thy thundring troup might take the stately rounds  
Of Constantines great Towne renown'd in vaine,  
And barre the barbarous Turks the baptiz'd bounds,  
Reconquering Godfreys conquests once againe;  
O, well spent labours! O illustrious wounds!  
Whose trophies should eternall glory gaine,  
And make the Lyon to be fear'd farre more,  
Then ever was the Eagle of before.

But, O thrice happy thou that of thy Throne  
The boundlesse power for such an use controuls!  
Which if some might command to raigne alone,  
Of all their life they would be-bloud the scrouls,  
And to content the haughtie thoughts of one  
Would sacrifice a thousand thousand souls,  
Which thou dost spare. though having sprite and might,  
To challenge all the world as thine owne right.

Then unto whom more justly could I give  
Those famous ruines of extended states  
(Which did the world of libertie deprive  
By force, or fraud, to reare Tyrannick seats)  
Then unto thee, who may and will not live  
Like those proud Monarchs borne to stormy fates?  
But whil'st frank-sprited Prince, thou this wouldst flee,  
Crowns come unsought, and Scepters seek to thee.

Unto the Ocean of thy worth I send  
Those runnels, rising from a rash attempt;  
Not that I to augment that depth pretend,  
Which heavens from all necessitie exempt,  
The Gods small gifts of zealous mindes commend,  
While Hecatombes are holden in contempt:  
So (Sir) I offer at your vertues shrine  
This little incense, or this smoke of mine.





*To the Author of the Monarchicke*  
TRAGEDIES.



Will may the programme of thy Tragicke stage,  
Invite the curious pompe-expecting eyes  
To gaze on present shewes of passed age,  
Which just desert Monarchicke dare baptize. (arise  
Crownes throwne from Thrones to Tombs, detomb'd  
To match thy Muse with a Monarchicke theame,  
That whilst her sacred soaring cuts the skyes,  
A vulger subject may not wrong the same:  
And which gives most advantage to thy fame,  
The worthiest Monarch that the Sunne can see,  
Doth grace thy labours with his glorious Name,  
And daignes protector of thy birth to be:  
Thus all Monarchicke, Patron, Subject, stile,  
Make thee, the Monarch-tragicke of this Ile.

*S. Robert Ayton.*

*In praise of the Author, and his Tragedy of*  
DARIUS.

A SONNET.



I've place all ye to dying *Darius* wounds,  
(While this great Geeck him in his throne enstals,  
Who fell before seven-ported *Thebes* wals,  
Or under *Ilians* old sky-threatening Rounds.  
Your sowre-sweet voyce not halfe so sadly sounds,  
Though I confesse, most famous be your fals,  
Slaine, sacrific'd, transported, and made thrals;  
Thrown headlong, burnt, and banish't from your bounds:  
Whom *Sophocles*, *Euripides* have song,  
And *Æschylus* in stately Tragicke tune:  
Yet none of all hath so divinely done  
As matchlesse *Menstrie* in his native tongue.  
Thus *Darius* Ghost seemes glad now to be so,  
Triumph't on twise by *Alexanders* two.

*IO. MURRAY.*





## THE ARGUMENT.



*At that time when the States of Greece began to grow great, and Philosophie to be thought precious, Solon the first light of the Athenian commonswealth, like a provident Bee, gathering honey over many fields, learning knowledge over many Countries, was sent for by Crœsus King of Lydia, as famous for his wealth as the other was for his wisdom. And not so much for any desire the King had to profit by the experience of so profound a Philosopher, as to have the report of his (as he thought it) happiness approved by the testimonie of so renowned a witness. But Solon alwayes like himselfe, entring the regal Palace, and seeing the same very gloriously apparrelled, but very incommodiously furnished with Courtiers, more curious to have their bodies deckt with a womanishly affected forme of rayment, and some superficial complements of pretended curtesies, then to have their mindes enriched with the true treasure of inestimable vertue, he had the same altogether in disdain. Therefore after some conference had with Crœsus concerning the felicitie of man, his opinion not seconding the Kings expectation, he was returned with contempt as one of no understanding. But yet comforted by Æsop (Author of the witty fables) who for the time was resident at Court, and in credit with the King.*

*Immediately after the departure of Solon, Crœsus having two Sounes (whereof the eldest was dumbe, and the other a brave youth) dreamed that the youngest dyed by the wound of a Dart, wherewith being marvellously troubled, he married him to a Gentlewoman named Cælia, and for farther disappointing the suspected, though inevitable destinie, he discharged the using of all such weapons as he had dreamed of. Yet who could cut away the occasion of the heavens, from accomplishing that which they had design'd. The spiritfull youth long restrain'd from the fields, was invited by some Country-men to the chace of a wilde Bore, yet could very hardly impetrate leave of his loving suspicious Father.*

*Now in the meane time there arrived at Sardis a youth named Adrastus, Sonne to the King of Phrygia, one no lesse infortunate then valorous, he having lost his Mistrisse by a great disaster, and having kill'd his brother by a farre greater, came to Crœsus, by whom he was courteously entertained, and by the instancy of the King, and the instigation of others against his own will, who feared the forwardnesse of his infectious fortune, he got the custodie of Atis (so was the Prince called) whom in time of the sport, thinking to kill the Bore, by a monstrous mishap he killed. After which disastrous accident standing above the dead corps, after the inquiry of the truth, being pardoned by Crœsus, he punished himselfe by a violent death. There after, Crœsus sorrowing exceedingly this exceeding misfortune, he was comforted by Sandanis, who laboured to dissuade him from his unnecessary journey against the Persians, yet he reposing on superstitious, and wrong interpreting responses of*



## The Argument.

of deceiving Oracles, went against Cyrus, who having defeated his forces in the field, and taken himselfe in the Citie, tyed him to a stake to be burned, where by the exclaimeing aivers times on the name of Solon, moving the Conquerour to compassion, he was set at libertie, and lamenting the death of his Sonne, and the losse of his kingdome, gives a ground for this present Tragedie.



*The persons names who speake.*

CRÆSUS King of Lydia.

ATIS his sonne.

COELIA wifeto ATIS.

ADRASTUS.

SANDANIS a Counsellour.

SOLOON.

ÆSOPH.

CYRUS King of Persia.

HARPAGUS Lievetenant to  
CYRUS.

CHORUS of some Country-men.

CHORUS of all the Lydians.



*The Scene in Sardis.*

THE



THE  
TRAGEDY OF  
CROESVS.

Act I.

Solon.



Oe, how the stormy world doth worldlings tosse,  
Twixt sandy pleasures, and a rocky will,  
Whil' st them that Court it most, it most doth crosse,  
To vice indulgent, vertues stepdame still:  
This masse of thoughts, this animated slime,  
This dying substance, and this living shadow,  
The sport of Fortune, and the prey of Time,  
Soon rais'd, soon raz'd, as flowers are in a meadow.

He toyles to get (such is his foolish nature)

A constant good in this inconstant ill:

"Unreasonable reasonable creature,

"That makes his reason subject to his will!

VVhilst on the height of contemplation plac'd,

I weigh fond earthlings, earnest idle strife,

"All (though they all have divers parts imbrae'd)

"Would act a comicke Scene of tragicke life:

"The minde (which alwaies at some new things aymes)

"To get for what it longs, no travell spares;

"And lothing what it hath of better dreames,

"Which (when enjoy'd) doth procreate but cares:

"Yet to a Sovereign blisse which they surmise,

"By divers meanes, all pregnant wits aspire,

"But with strange shapes the same so much disguise,

"That it we scarce can know, much lesse acquire:

Some place their happinesse (unhappy beasts,

Whose mindes are drunke with momentary joyes)

In gorgeous garments, and in dainty feasts,

To pamper breath-toss'd-flesh with pleasures toyes;

Some more austere, no such delights allow,

But reyne their passions with advis'd respects,

B

And

Celest.

Luc. Surm.

But

But



And by no fortune mov'd to brag nor bow,  
 Would make the world enamour'd of their feet;  
 Some bathing still in vertues purest springs,  
 Doe draw Ideas of a heavenly brood,  
 And search the secrets of mysterious things,  
 As most undoubted heires of that high good :  
 Thus with a dream'd delight, and certaine paine,  
 " All seek by severall wayes a perfect blisse;  
 And let none wonder though they toyle in vaine,  
 Who cannot well discern what thing it is,  
 What happinesse can be imagin'd here,  
 On painted grounds though we our hopes repose,  
 Who dearely first doe gaine, what we hold deare,  
 Then what we once must lose, still feare to lose :  
 Thinke (though 'mongst thousands scarcely one of all,  
 Can at this point of happinesse arrive)  
 One fortune have (whilst so to fortune thrall)  
 To get the thing for which a world doth strive :  
 What though he swimme in Oceans of delights,  
 Have none above him, and his equals rare;  
 Eares joying pleasant sounds, eyes stately sights,  
 His treasures infinite, his buildings faire :  
 Yet fortunes course which cannot be contrould,  
 Must mount some meane men up, throw down the great,  
 And (still in motion) circularly rould,  
 From what it is, must alter every state.  
 " Though of his wealth, the greedy man doth boast,  
 " Whilst treasures vaine his drossie wits bewitch,  
 " What hath he gain'd, but what another lost ?  
 " And once his losse may make another rich.  
 " But ah, all lose who seeke to profit thus,  
 " To found their trust on trustlesse grounds whilst made :  
 " We may be rob'd from them, they rob'd from us,  
 " Griev'd for their losse, as when first purchas'd, glad :  
 " Those are but fooles, who hope true rest to finde  
 " In this fraile world, where for a while we range :  
 " Which doth (like Seas expos'd to every winde)  
 " Ebbe, flow, storme, calme, still moving, still in change;  
 " Each wave we see doth drive the first away,  
 " And still it whitest fomes where rockes are neare,  
 " While as one growes, another doth decay,  
 " The greatest danger oft doth least appeare.  
 " Their seeming blisse, who trust in frothy showes,  
 " Whose course with moments fickle fortune dates,  
 " As to a height, so to confusion growes :  
 " A secret fate doth manage mighty states.  
 But I scorne fortune, and was ever free  
 From that dead wealth, depending on her power;  
 My treasure still I beare about with me,  
 Which neither time nor tyrants can devoure :



That Lady of events, though still she rave,  
 Scarce can her course to mocke my minde advance,  
 For (if not trusted first) none can deceive,  
 And I attend no certainty from chance;  
 When I have learn'd to moderate my minde,  
 Still with contentment crowning my desires.  
 My garments course, my food such as I finde:  
 "He hath enough, who to no more aspires.  
 VVhat satisfaction doth o're-flow my soule;  
 (The world all weigh'd) while high accounts I cast,  
 And in my memories unblotted scroule,  
 Doe match the present time with others past?  
 Those worldly mindes, whose weaknesse wealth doth cloake,  
 (Though others happy) I them wretched thinke;  
 For, whil'st that passions base all reason choake,  
 The bodies slaves, their soules surcharg'd, doe sinke;  
 Yet loath I not the world as loath'd by it,  
 Like those who when disdain'd, pretend disdaine;  
 No, no, I had (as *Athens* must admit)  
 What riches, birth, or reputation gaine.  
 And if that I would vaunt of mine own deeds,  
 Faire Citie, where mine eyes first suck't the light,  
 I challenge might what most thy glory breeds,  
 For fame or power, as due to me of right:  
 When *Salamina* had our yoke remov'd,  
 With follies garments, wisdom to disguise,  
 What none durst else attempt, I boldly mov'd,  
 And seem'd a foole to make the people wise.  
 Then having thus by policy prevail'd,  
 My Countries squadrons leading to the field,  
 Whil'st both by strength and stratagems assail'd,  
 I forc'd that Ile (though wall'd with waves) to yeeld;  
 But when renown'd, by that advent'rous deed,  
 And turn'd victorious, charg'd with strangers spoiles,  
 " (No perfect blisse below) worse did succeed,  
 The peace that was abroad, bred civill broyles;  
 " What with more violence doth fury leade,  
 " Then mut'nous commons when they want a head:  
 The meaner sort could not their mindes conforme,  
 Those things to doe which great men did command:  
 And (whil'st distracted with a dangerous storme,)  
 All joyn'd to place the Rudder in my hand;  
 I re-united that divided state,  
 And with good successe manag'd matters well,  
 Which further kindled, had been quench'd too late,  
 That *Hydra*-headed tumult did so swell.  
 VVhen I my worth by those two works had prov'd,  
 And trod the path of power (as Prince) a space,  
 The peoples Minion, by the Nobles lov'd,  
 None could be great, save such as I would grace.



Thus carried with the force of fortunes streame,  
 I absolutely acted what I would;  
 For, the democracy was but a name,  
 The Cities raines my hand in trust did hold;  
 I might (a tyrant) still have rul'd in state,  
 But my cleare minde could no such clouds conceive,  
 But gladly left what others urge of late,  
 " If I may rule my selfe, no more I crave;  
 Yet some whole thoughts but for fraile glory car'd,  
 Said that my sprite could not aspire to raigne,  
 And that my errour could not be repair'd,  
 Since so to erre meanes come not oft againe.  
 My soule in this a more contentment findes,  
 Then if a Diadem adorn'd my brow,  
 I chayn'd th'affections of undaunted mindes,  
 (Though barbarous earst) which did to order bow,  
 Yet hardly could rich Citizens advise  
 To keep the statutes which my lawes contain'd,  
 Whil'st what one prais'd, another did despise:  
 Some lov'd, some loath'd, ev'n as they thought they gain'd.  
 At last, at least in shew, all rest content,  
 Ev'n those who hate me most, lend their applause:  
 " A worthy minde needs never to repent,  
 " The suffering crosses for an honest cause.  
 Whil'st travelling now with a contented minde,  
 The memory of this my fancy feeds,  
 Though to great states their periods are assign'd:  
 " Time cannot make a prey of Vertues deeds.  
 Where seven-mouth'd *Nile* from a concealed source,  
 Inundating ov'r the fields, no bankes can binde,  
 I saw their wonders, heard their wise discourse;  
 Rare sights enrich'd mine eyes, rare lights my minde.  
 And if it were but this, yet this delights:  
 Behold how *Cræsus* here the Lydian King,  
 To be his guest me earnestly invites,  
 The which to some would great contentment bring;  
 But I bemoane that world-bewitched man,  
 Who makes his gold his god, the earth his heaven;  
 And I will try by all the meanes I can,  
 To make his judgement with his fortune eaven.

Chorus.



## The Tragedy of Croesus.

5

### Chorus.

**V** *What can mans wandring thoughts confine,  
Or satisfie his fancies all?  
For whil' st he wonders doth designe,  
Even great things then doe seeme but small;  
What terrour can his sprite appall;  
Whil' st taking more then it can hold,  
He to himselfe contentment doth assigne;  
His minde which monsters breeds,  
Imagination feeds,  
And with high thoughts quite headlongs rold,  
Whil' st seeking here a perfect ease to finde,  
Would but melt mountains, and embrace the winde.*

*What wonder though the soule of man,  
(A sparke of heaven that shines below)  
Doth labour by all meanes it can,  
Like to it selfe, it selfe to show?  
The heavenly essence, heaven would know,  
But from this masse, (where bound) till free,  
With paine both spend lifes little span;  
The better part would be above:  
And th' earth from th' earth cannot remove;  
How can two contraries agree?  
" Thus as the best part or the worst doth move,  
" Man of much worth, or of no worth doth prove.*

*O! from what fountaine doe proceed  
These humours of so many kindes?  
Each braine doth divers fancies breed;  
" As many men, as many mindes:  
And in the world a man scarce findes  
Another of his humour right,  
Nor are there two so like indeed,  
If we remarke their severall graces,  
And lineaments of both their faces,  
That can abide the prooffe of sight?  
" If th' outward formes then differ as they doe;  
" Of force th' affections must be different too.*

*" Ah! passions spoile our better part,  
The soule is vext with their dissensions;  
We make a God of our owne heart,  
And worship all our vaine inventions;  
This braine-bred mist of apprehensions  
The minde doth with confusion fill;  
Whil' st reason in exile doth smart,  
And few are free from this infection,*



For all are slaves to some affection,  
 Which doth oppresse the judgement still :  
 " Those partiall tyrants, not directed right,  
 " Even of the clearest mindes, eclipse the lights.

A thousand times, O happy he !  
 Who doth his passions so subdue,  
 That he may with cleare reasons eye,  
 Their imperfections fountaines view,  
 That so he may himselfe renew,  
 Who to his thoughts prescribing lawes,  
 Might set his soule from bondage free,  
 And never from bright reason swerve,  
 But making passions it to serve,  
 Would weigh each thing as there were cause :  
 O greater were that Monarch of the minde !  
 Then if he might command from Thule to Inde.

Act 2. Scene 1.

*Cræsus, Æsopæ, Solon.*



That Prince hath been so favour'd by the fates,  
 As could like me of full contentment boast:  
 Lov'd of mine own, and fear'd of forrain states,  
 My foes have faln, my friends were never crost;  
 For having that (which thousands seek, at will)  
 My happinesse in all things hath been such,  
 Heavens favorite, and fortunes Minion still,  
 I know not what to wish; I have so much;  
 Mine eyes no way did ever grieve my heart  
 With any object that their sight did draw;  
 My name applauded is in every part,  
 My word an Oracle, my will a law :  
 What brest can well confine this flood of joyes ?  
 Whose swelling current doth o'reflow my minde,  
 Which never dream'd that which the soule annoyes,  
 But did in all a satisfaction finde;  
 I scorne vaine shadowes of conceited feares,  
 As one whose state is built on marble grounds :  
 In all my horoscope no cloud appears,  
 My blisse abounds, my pleasures passe all bounds.

*Æsopæ.* That Grecian (Sir) is at the Court arriv'd,  
 Whose wisdome fame through all the world records.

*Cræ.* And to extoll my state, have you not striv'd,  
 Whil'ft bent to sooth his eares with courteous words ?

*Æsopæ.* In all the parts where he hath chanc'd to be,  
 In forrain bounds, or where he first saw light,



He never did such stately wonders see,  
 As since this Court enriched hath his sight;  
 VVhen regall shewes had ravish'd first his eye,  
 As mountains nurflings, little simple swaines,  
 VVho us'd with infant fouds them never spy  
 Sport, portative (like Serpents) through the Plaines,  
 When one of them first comes to view the vailes,  
 And wanton water-Nymphs there (wondring) fees,  
 The rarenesse of the sight so much prevailes,  
 That rilllets rivers seeme, the rivers Seas:  
 So all the guards that garnisht *Solons* way,  
 Did to his minde a great amazement bring,  
 The gallants (golden statues) made him stay;  
 Each Groome a Prince, each Elquire seem'd a King,  
 And now he comes to gaine your long'd-for sight;  
 Whom in his minde no doubt he doth adore,  
 He gaz'd on those who held of you their light,  
 Sunne of this soile, he must admire you more;  
 Now he o're all will spread your praises forth,  
 A famous witnesse of your glorious raigne:  
 "The record of one wise man is more worth,  
 "Then what a world of others would maintaine.

*Solon.* Great Prince, doe not the loving zeale reject,  
 VVhich a meane man, yet a good minde affords:  
 And who perchance doth more your good affect,  
 Then those who paint their love with fairer words.

*Cræ.* Thy love (sage Grecian) gratefull is to us,  
 Whom fame long since acquainted with thy worth,  
 So that we long long'd for thy presence thus,  
 To spy the Spring which sent such treasures forth;  
 Would God that many such would here resort,  
 Whose vertues beames would shine in every brest,  
 VVhose count'nance grave, would grace so great a Court,  
 And like a Lampe give light unto the rest.

*Solon.* Spare (courteous King) that undeserved praise,  
 I am but one who doe the world despise,  
 And would my thoughts to some perfection raise,  
 A wisdom-lover, willing to be wise:  
 Yet all that I have learn'd (huge toyles now past)  
 By long experience, and in famous Schooles,  
 Is but to know my ignorance at last;

"Who think themselves most wise, are greatest fooles.

*Cræ.* "This is the nature of a noble minde,  
 "It rather would be good, then be so thought,  
 "As if it had no ayme, but fame to finde,  
 "Such as the shadow, not the substance sought:  
 Yet forc'd to give that which thou wilt not take:  
 The world, what thou hold'st down, doth raise more high,  
 That which thy face thus shunnes, shines on thy back:  
 "Praise followes them, who what they merit flye:



And now I thinke, on th'earth no creature lives,  
Who better can instruct what I would learne,  
Then thou to whom franke Nature largely gives  
A minde to see, a judgement to discern.

*Solon.* To satisfie your suit, my dutious care  
Shall it, or then my ignorance disclose.

*Cræ.* Loe, you have seene my pomp, my treasures rare,  
And all the strength on which my thoughts repose.

“ *Solon.* Those be but dreams of blisse which fortune brings,

“ To breake (by bending) foolish mortalls mindes,

“ I saw but sencelesse heapes of melting things;

“ A waving wealth, expos'd to many windes :

“ This but the body serving to decore,

“ As foolish owners it, it th' owners spends,

“ Where mindes more circumspect seek better store

“ Of wealth from danger free that never ends.

*Cræ.* I wot not what you meane, whil'st thus in love,  
With fain'd Ideas of imagin'd blisse;

By fancies drawn, such portraits doe but move

Sicke braines to dreame, that which indeed they misse;

But more I have then their conceits can show,

Whole rich conjectures breed but poore effects,

And (I beseech you) did you ever know

A man more blest then I in all respects ?

*Solon.* I, *Tellus* knew, a man whom *Athens* lov'd,

Who to doe good, at no occasion fail'd,

And in my judgement hath most happy prov'd;

Since while he liv'd, belov'd, whil'st dead, bewail'd;

And last (that he might reape all fruits of blisse)

His Countries beaten bands, neere put to flight,

By him encourag'd, scorn'd to be submisse,

Who dy'd victorious in two Armies fight;

More glorious now then when he was alive,

As he in heaven, on earth his happy rest,

To trace his steps, who led by Vertue strive;

Heires of his worth, and honour'd by the best.

*Cræ.* Since this first place a private person gaines,

Whose fortunes treasure in short time was told,

Now next in ranke, who registred remaines,

Whose happinesse you most accomplish'd hold ?

*Solon.* Of *Cleobis*, and *Bitons* vertuous way,

The prosp'rous course doth to my thoughts approach :

Their mother wanting on a solemne day,

The horses which were us'd to draw her Coach,

Them to supply the place, love kindly rais'd,

Who drew her to that place of publike mirth,

Whil'st both of them abundantly were prais'd,

They for their piety, she for her birth :

This charitable worke, when brought to end,

Both dy'd, whil'st offering incense to the Gods.



Who (favour'd so) to draw them did intend,  
From further danger of afflictions rods :  
O happy mother ! who (with true delight)  
Of labours past such pleasant fruits enjoy'd,  
And happy children ! who did thus acquite  
The mothers paine, and dyed whil'st well imploy'd.  
" Ah, ah, our lives are fraile, doe what we can,  
" And like the brittle glasse, breake whil'st they glance,  
" Then oft the heavens to curbe the pride of man,  
" Doe inter-lowre our sweets with some sad chance.

*Cræ.* Is there no place appointed then for me ?  
Or is my state so abject in thine eyes,  
That thou do'st thinke me blest in no degree,  
As one, whose best in fortunes ballance lyes ?  
Or think'st thou me (of judgement too remisse)  
A wretch expos'd to want, to scorne, or paines,  
The bastard childe of fortune, barr'd from blisse,  
Whom heavens doe hate, and all the world disdaines ?  
Are those poore creatures then to be compar'd,  
With one who may consume such in his wrath ?  
Who (as I please) doe punish or reward,  
Whose words, nay ev'n whose lookes give life or death.

*Solon.* Let not your judgement thus from reason shrinke,  
To glose on that which simply comes from me;  
" They who doe freely speake, no treason thinke,  
" One cannot both your friend and flatterer be.  
To us who Grecians are, the Gods doe grant  
A moderate measure of an humble wit,  
So that our Country yet did never want  
Some whom the world for wise men did admit.  
And yet amongst us all the greatest number  
(Whil'st living) looke not for a perfect rest,  
Though Fortunes minions in her bosome slumber,  
And seeme to some, whom this world blindes, most blest :  
Yet ov'r all mortall states, change so prevails,  
We alterations daily doe attend,  
And hold this for a ground that never failes,  
" None can be throughly blest before the end :  
" I may compare our state to table-playes,  
" Whil'st Iudges that are blinde, give onely light;  
" Their many doubt the earnest minde dismayes,  
" Which must have happy throwes, then use them right :  
" So all our dayes in doubt, what things may chance,  
" Time posts away, our breath seems it to chace,  
" And when th'occasion comes us to advance,  
" It of a thousand, one can scarce embrace.  
When by a generous indignation mov'd,  
Two fight with danger, for a doubtfull praise;  
Whil'st valour blindely, but by chance is prov'd,  
That ones disgrace, anothers fame must raise :



O! what a foole his judgement will commit,  
 To grace the one, with a not gain'd applause:  
 Where fortune is but to give sentence yet,  
 Whil'st bloody agents plead a doubtfull cause:  
 "This world a field is, whereas each man fights,  
 "And arm'd with reason, resolutely goes  
 "To warre, (till death close up the bodies lights)  
 "Both with externall, and internall foes;  
 "And how can he the Victors title gaine,  
 "Who yet is busied with a doubtfull fight?  
 "Or he be happy who doth still remaine  
 In fortunes danger for a small delight?  
 "The wind-wing'd course of man, away fast weares,  
 "Course that consists of houres, houres of a day,  
 "Day that gives place to night, night full of feares:  
 "Thus every thing doth change, all things decay:  
 "Those who doe stand in peace, may fall in strife,  
 "And have their fame by infamy supprest:  
 "The evening crownes the day, the death the life;  
 "Many are fortunate, but few are blest.

*Cræ.* I see this Grecians sprite but base appears,  
 Which cannot comprehend heroicke things:  
 The world of him more then he merits heares,  
 At least he knowes not what belongs to Kings:  
 Yet fame his name so gloriously array'd,  
 That long I long'd to have him in my house;  
 But all my expectations are betray'd,  
 I thinke a Mountaine hath brought forth a Mouse.

Act 2. Scene 2.

*Solon, Æsope.*



His King hath put his trust in trustlesse toyes,  
 Whil'st courting onely temporary things,  
 And like a hooded Hawk, gorg'd with vaine joye,  
 At randon flies, born forth on follys wings:  
 O how this makes my grieve exceeding great,  
 To see ones care, who lives for dead things such,  
 Whil'st shew-transported mindes admire his state:  
 Which I not envy, no, but pittie much.  
 "Thus wormes of th'earth (whil'st low-plac'd thoughts prevaile)  
 "Love melting things, whose shew the body fits,  
 "Where soules of clearer sight doe never faile,  
 "To value most the treasure of good wits.  
 "Those worldly things doe in this world decay,  
 "Or at the least we leave them with our breath,  
 "Where to eternity this leades the way,  
 "So differ they as farre as life and death.

*Æsope.*



*Æsop.* And yet what wonder though he wander thus,  
Whom still by successe treacherous fortune blindes ?  
Though this indeed seem somewhat strange to us,  
Who have with learning purifi'd our mindes;  
Was he not borne heire of a mighty state ?  
And us'd with fortunes smiles, not fear'd for frownes,  
Doth measure all things by his owne conceit ?  
A great defect, which fatall is to Crownes ;  
Then from his youth still trusting in a Throne,  
With all that pride could crave, or wealth could give,  
Vs'd with entreaties, and contrould by none,  
He would the tongue of liberty deprive;  
Though to his sight I dare not thus appeare,  
Whose partiall judgement, farre from reason parts;  
I grieve to see your entertainment here  
So farre inferiour to your owne deserts;  
That matchlesse wisdom which the world admires,  
And (ravish't with delight,) amazed heares,  
Since not in consort with his vaine desires,  
Did seeme impleasant to distemper'd eares :  
Eares which can entry give to no discourse,  
Save that which enters fraughted with his praise;  
He can love none but them that love his course,  
And thinks all fooles who use no flattering phrase;  
This with the great ones doth the gods displease,  
Though spreading all her heavenly treasures forth,  
They (if not in their livery them to please)  
Doe vertue vilifie, as of no worth.

*Solon.* I care not, *Æsop*, how the King conceiv'd  
Those my franke words which I must alwaies use;  
I came not here till he my comming crav'd,  
And now when come, will not my name abuse;  
Should I his poyf'nous Sycophants relemble,  
Whose filken words their Sovereigne doe o'rethrow ?  
I for his Diadem would not dissemble,  
" What hearts doe thinke, the tongues were made to show.  
And what if I, his humour to content,  
The worlds opinion lost by gaining ones ?  
He can but give me gifts which may be spent,  
But nought can cleere my fame if darkned once;  
That so he might my reputation raise,  
If I sooth'd him, it would procure my shame;  
" Whil'st those who vitious are, our vertues praise,  
" This in effect is but a secret blame.  
" Though as a simple man he me despise,  
" Yet better simply good, then doubly ill;  
" I not my worth by others praises prize,  
" Nor by opinions doe direct my will.  
That praise contents me more which one imparts,  
Of judgement sound, (though of a meane degree)

Then



Then praise from Princes voyd of princely parts,  
Who have more wealth, but not more wit then he.

*Æsop.* Who come to Court, must with Kings faults comport.

*Solon.* Who come to Court, should truth to Kings report.

*Æsop.* A wise man at their imperfections winks.

*Solon.* An honest man will tell them what he thinks.

*Æsop.* So should you lose your selfe, and them not save.

*Solon.* But for their folly, I no blame would have.

*Æsop.* By this you should their indignation finde.

*Solon.* Yet have the warrant of a worthy minde.

*Æsop.* It would be long ere you were thus preferr'd.

*Solon.* Then it should be the King, (not I) that err'd.

*Æsop.* They guerdon as they love, they love by guesse.

*Solon.* Yet when I merit well, I care the lesse.

*Æsop.* It's good to be still by the Prince approv'd.

*Solon.* It's better to be upright, though not lov'd.

*Æsop.* But by this meanè, all hope of honour failes.

*Solon.* Yet honesty in end ever prevailes.

*Æsop.* I think they should excell (for vertue rare)

All men in wit, who unto men give lawes;  
Kings of their kingdomes, as the centers are,  
To which each weighty thing by nature drawes :  
For as the mighty rivers, little streames,  
And all the liquid pow'rs which rise or fall,  
Doe seeke in sundry parts by severall seames,  
The Oceans bosome that receives them all.

It as a Steward of the tumid deeps  
Doth send them backe by many secret veynes,  
And (as the earth hath need of moisture) keeps  
These humid treasures to refresh the Plaines.  
Thus are Kings breasts the depths where daily flow  
Cleare streames of knowledge with rare treasures charg'd,  
So that continually their wisedomes grow,  
By many helps, which others want, enlarg'd :  
For those who have intelligence ov'r all,  
Doe commonly communicate to Kings,  
All th'accidents of weight that chance to fall;  
Which great advantage, Greatnesse to them brings.  
They (jealously dispos'd) comment on mindes,  
And these who Arts, or Natures gifts enhaunce,  
(Whose value no where else a Merchant findes)  
Doe come to Kings, as who may them advance.  
No doubt great *love*, since they supply his place,  
(So with their charge to make their vertues even)  
Doth give to them some supernaturall grace,  
Vice-gods on th' earth, great Lieutenants of heaven.

*Solon.* As you have shown, Kings good occasion have  
To sound the deepes and mysteries of wit,  
And those who so their states from ruine save,  
Doe well deserve upon a Throne to sit,



But ah those rivers are not ever pure,  
Through tainted channels which oft times convaide,  
By flatteries poyson rendred are impure;

"Oft Princes hearts are by their eares betray'd:  
For impudent effronted persons dare  
Court with vaine words, and detestable lyes,  
Whil'st men of minds more pure must stand afarre;  
"The light is loathsome to diseased eyes.

But with amazement this transports my minde;  
Some who are wise grosse flattery can digest,  
And though they know how all men are inclin'd,  
Yet please the bad, and do but praise the best.

Is't that such men no error can controll,  
Nor will not crosse their appetite in ought,  
But (nothing censuring) every thing extoll,  
Where better wits would argue as they thought;  
Or since the world of worth in all esteemes,  
They never like a pregnant sprite to raise,  
So to have none who but to help them seemes,  
Or may pretend an int'rest in their praise:

This self-conceit is a most dangerous shelve,  
Where many have made shipwrack unawares;

"He who doth trust too much unto himselfe,  
"Can never faile to fall in many snares.

"Of all men else great Monarchs have most need

"To square their actions, and to weigh their words;

"And with advice in all things to proceed;

"A faithfull Counsell oft great good affords.

"Loe, how th'inferiour spheares of force do bend

"As the first mover doth their courses drive,

"The Commons customes on the Prince depend,

"His manners are the rules by which they live;

"As for himselfe none onely is brought forth,

"Kings for the use of many are ordain'd,

"They should like Sunnes cleare Kingdomes with their worth,

"Whose life a patterne must be kept unstain'd:

"All vertuous Princes have a spacious field

"To shew their worth, though even in Fortunes spight,

"Where meane men must to their misfortune yeeld,

"Whil'st want of power doth cloud their vertue quite;

"As pretious stones are th'ornaments of rings,

"The stone decors the ring, the ring the hand,

"So Countries are conforme unto their Kings,

"The King decors the Court, the Court the Land;

"And as a drop of poyson spent alone,

"Infected fountains doth with venome fill,

"So mighty states may tainted be by one:

"A vicious Prince is a contagious ill.

*Æsop.* It easie is anothers faults to spie,  
And paint in th'aire the shadows of our mindes,

Whil'st apprehending with the inward eye  
A high perfection which no practise findes.



*Solon.* I grant, thole grounds which we imagine may,  
 Will move no charmed man, much lesse a Prince,  
 To disenchant himselfe, and seeke some way  
 At Reasons Court, his passions to convince;  
 Ere *Cræsus* can refraine from this his fury,  
 He must forsake himselfe (as one renew'd)  
 And in the *lethe* of oblivion burie  
 The vanities that have his soule subdew'd;  
 Those his prerogatives he first must bound,  
 And be a man, a man to be controll'd,  
 Then all his faults (as in another found)  
 An arbiter with equall eyes behold;  
 Could he cast off this vaile of fond self-love,  
 Through which each object Pride too grossly spies,  
 He would these ravenous Parasites remove,  
 Vile instruments of shame that live by lyes;  
 The onely meanes to make such people part,  
 That he might judge more freely of his state,  
 Were to cast out the Idoll of his heart,  
 Which (when o're-thrown) he must disclaime too late:  
 For, forraine flatterers could finde no accessse,  
 If not that weighing his owne worth too much,  
 He first concludes (to sooth himselfe inclin'd)  
 That all their praises should of right be such;  
 And when those hireling Sycophants have found  
 A Prince whom too secure opinion makes,  
 His noblest part they by smooth weapons wound,  
 "All spoyle by pleasing them whom flattery takes:  
 Ore rulers, rule when such a person beares,  
 Of vertuous men the rising to prevent,  
 From wholesome counsell they close up his eares  
 To crosse the better sort in all things bent.

*Æsop.* If you at Court to credit would arise,  
 You must not seek by truth to gaine renowne,  
 But sometime must applaud what you despise,  
 And smile in show whil'st in effect you frowne.

*Solon.* From hence in haste I will my selfe retyre,  
 I hate Courts slavery, it my freeness scornes,  
 Nor am I one whom *Cræsus* doth desire,  
 Since I detest what him (he thinks) adorne;  
 O how light Fortune doth his folly flout,  
 While as he glories in this flying show!  
 With greedy harpies hedg'd in round about,  
 Which gape to be made rich by his o're-throw.  
 Not all the wealth that his great kingdome shows,  
 Can make me from my resolution shrink;  
 Nor can the terrour of a Tyrants blows  
 Enforce my tongue to speake more then I thinke;  
 Nothing so much as doubts doth vex the minde,  
 Whil'st anxious thoughts to fix no where can come,  
 Yet every one the way to rest may finde,  
 A resolution all things doth o're-come.



“ And since my thoughts in Innocency rest,  
 “ No outward warre can inward peace surprise,  
 “ What can imagin’d be to brave a brest,  
 “ That both doth death, and povertie despise?

*Exeant.*

Chorus.

O F all the Creatures bred below,  
 We must call Man most miserable,  
 Who all his time is never able  
 To purchase any true repose;  
 His very birth may well disclose  
 What miseries his blisse o’re-throw:  
 For, first (when borne) he cannot know;  
 Who to his state is friend or foe,  
 Nor how at first he may stand stable,  
 But even with cryes, and teares, doth show  
 What dangers do his life enclose;  
 Whose griefes are sure, whose joyes a fable;  
 Thus still his dayes in dolour so  
 He to huge perils must expose;  
 And with vexation lives, and dyes with woe,  
 Not knowing whence he came, nor where to go:

Then whil’st he holds this lowest place,  
 O! how uncertaine is his state:  
 The subject of a constant fate,  
 To figure forth inconstancy,  
 Which ever changing as we see,  
 Is still a stranger unto peace:  
 “ For if man prosper but a space,  
 “ With each good successe fondly bold,  
 “ And puffed up in his owne conceit,  
 “ He but abuses Fortunes grace;  
 “ And when that with adversity  
 “ His pleasures treasures end their date,  
 “ And with disasters are controll’d,  
 “ Straight he begins for griefe to dye:  
 “ And still the top of some extreame doth hold,  
 “ Not suffering Summers heat, nor Winters cold:  
 “ His state doth in most danger stand,  
 “ Who most abounds in worldly things,  
 “ And soares too high with Fortunes wings,  
 “ Which carry up aspiring mindes,  
 “ To be the object of all windes;  
 The course of such when rightly scan’d,  
 (Whil’st they cannot themselves command)  
 Transported with an empty name,  
 Oft unexpected ruine brings;  
 There were examples in this Land,



*How worldly blisse the senses blindes,  
From which at last oft trouble springs,  
He who presumes upon the same,  
Hidde poyson in his pleasure findes;  
And sayling rashly with the windes of fame,  
Doth oft times sinke downe in a Sea of shame.*

*It may be fear'd our King at last,  
Whil'st he for nothing is afraid,  
Be by prosperity betray'd:  
For, growing thus in greatnesse still,  
And having worldly things at will,  
He thinks though time should all things waste,  
Yet his estate shall ever last  
The wonder of this peopled round;  
And in his own conceit hath said:  
No course of heaven his state can cast,  
Nor make his fortune to be ill;  
But if the gods a way have lay'd  
That he must come to be uncrown'd,  
What sudden feares his minde may fill,  
And in an instant utterly confound  
The state which stands upon so slippery ground?*

*When such a Monarchs minde is bent  
To follow most the most unwise,  
Who can their folly well disguise  
With sugred speeches, poisonous baits?  
The secret canker of great States,  
From which at first few disassent,  
The which at last all do repent,  
Then whil'st they must to ruine go;  
When Kings begin thus to despise  
Of honest men the good intent;  
Who to assure their Soveraignes seats,  
Would faine in time some help devise,  
And would cut off all cause of woe,  
Yet cannot second their conceits:  
These dreadfull Comets commonly fore-go  
A Kings destruction, when miscarried so.*

**Act. 3. Scene 1.**

*Cræsus. Adrastus.*



*Hat fancies strange with terrour strike my soule,  
The tortur'd captive of distrustfull feares?  
Huge cares (suggesting harme) my joyes controul,  
Whose minde some coming crosse charactred beares;  
And credulous suspition (too too wise)  
To fortifie my teares doth meanes invent;  
Whil'st sudden trouble doth my sprite surprise,  
A presage sad which boasts some bad event;*



## *The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

“ I thinke the soule (since an immortall brood)  
“ Hath by inheritance an heavenly power,  
“ Which some fore-knowledge gives of ill, and good,  
“ But not the meanes to scape a fatall houre;  
“ Though with this mortall vaile, when made halfe blinde,  
“ Not well fore-seeing what each time fortune brings,  
“ Yet it communicates unto the minde  
“ In cloudy dreames true (though mysterious) things;  
“ Imagination wonderfull in force,  
“ The judgement oft foiles with confusion so,  
“ That (then they prove things presupposed worse)  
“ Ere time distress’d, man multiplies his woe:  
“ For as the shadow seemes more monstrous still,  
“ Then doth the substance whence the shape it takes;  
“ So the conjecture of a threatned ill,  
“ More then it selfe some to be troubled makes;  
This alteration too seemes more then strange,  
Which suddenly so moved hath my minde.  
I see (more then I thought) all states may change,  
“ When heaven pursues, th’earth no defence can finde;  
My soule all pleasure is already loathing,  
This hath indeed so deep impression left,  
A dreame, a fancy, froth, a shadow, nothing  
Hath all my mirth even in a moment rest.

*Adrast.* Whence (mighty Sovereigne) can this change proceed,  
Which doth obscure the rayes of Princely grace?  
Those who are school’d in woe, may clearly reade  
A mighty passion written in your face;  
And (if a stranger may presume so farre)  
What friend is false, or who are fear’d as foes?  
For I imagine in what state you are:  
A secret sympathie imparting woes;  
Two strings in divers Lutes set in accord,  
(Some say) th’one onely touch’d both give a sound;  
Even so souls tun’d to griefe, the like afford,  
Whose airie motions mutually do wound.

“ *Cræ.* No doubt, it must disburden much the minde,  
“ A Secretary in distresse to have;  
“ Who by his owne, anothers griefe can finde,  
“ Where glad mindes scorne what they cannot conceive:  
And I (*Adrastus*) would the cause declare,  
With which I so torment my soule in vaine,  
But yet I blush to tell my foolish care:  
The fond illusion of a drowsie braine.

*Adrast.* As bodies temper’d are, or souls inclin’d,  
All dreames by night th’imagination makes,  
Or else th’impression thoughts worke in the minde,  
By which (when wakening) one most travell takes.

*Cræ.* By sleepe arrested as o’er-come by death,  
In Natures bosome I imbrac’d true rest,



And in that Masse where nothing mov'd but breath,  
 Lifes faculties sleep for a time suppress;  
 Then whil'st the sprite most pow'rfull did remaine,  
 Since least distress'd by this terrestriall part.

*Adrast.* Souls at such times their strength so strongly straine,  
 That oft their burdens as astonish'd start.

*Cræ.* To rarifie the aire from vapours pow'rs,  
 When first *Aurora* rose from *Tithons* bed,  
 Ere *Phæbus* blushing stole from *Thetis* bowres,  
 This apprehension in my braine was bred:  
 I onely have two sonnes, and th'one (you see)  
 The signe of Natures indignation beares,  
 And from his birth-day dumbe is dead to me,  
 Since he can give no comfort to mine eares;  
 The other *Atis* (all my lifes delight)  
 In whom the treasures of my soule are kept,  
 I thought (vaine be my thought) in the twi-light,  
 (I know not whether yet I wak't or slept)  
 Whil'st he was sporting, void of worldly cares,  
 And not in danger, which could threaten death,  
 A pointed toole of iron fell unawares;  
 And from his body banish did his breath;  
 Whil'st the pale carkase did upbraid mine eyes,  
 The horror of the sight my sense re-call'd,  
 Which when I thinke of, yet my courage dyes,  
 Such an exceeding feare my sprite appall'd;  
 This touch'd my state so much, it hath me mov'd  
 To match my Sonne in marriage at this time  
 With vertuous *Cælia*, whom he dearely lov'd,  
 That both might reape the pleasure of their primes;  
 And if the heavens his o're-throw have decreed  
 By destiny which cannot be revok'd,  
 So may we have behinde some of his seed,  
 Ere in his blossome all our hopes be choak'd;  
 Thus, ere his soule lodge in the lightlesse shade,  
 Some of his off-spring may content my minde,  
 "I cannot hold him altogether dead,  
 "Who leaves his Image in some one behinde;  
 And though we do what ever seemes the best  
 To disappoint those but surmiz'd annoyers,  
 Yet for all this my minde hath never rest,  
 Some secret terrour doth disturbe my joyes.

*Adrast.* Ah (Sir) if such a dreamed ill as this,  
 Hath plung'd your soule even in the depths of griefe,  
 Unhappie I, who waile a thing that is,  
 Whil'st hope (though rack'd) dare promise no reliefe;  
 Though all those dreadfull fancies took effect,  
 (Which heavy chance th'almighty *Iove* with-hold)  
 None can compare them, no, in no respect  
 With those mis-fortunes which my state enfold:



For though your Sonne dye by anothers hand;  
You shall but waile his death, and not your crime;  
The heavens of me my brothers bloud demand,  
His fate, my fault, mourne must I all my time.

*Cræ.* In what strange forme could this disafter fall,  
From which there flow salt floods of just distresse?  
Tell on at length the fatall cause of all;  
“A greater grieve makes one forget the lesse.

*Adrast.* My sorrows ground I smother'd still till now;  
As too offensive food for dainty eares,  
But since of such discourse you do allow;  
Ile tell a tale that may move stones to teares;  
Of *Phrygian* Princes my great Father come,  
Had in my growing age a tender care,  
That all my education might become  
One whom he might for mighty hopes prepare;  
As yet foure lustres scarcely had begun  
To grace my witnes'd sex with blooming cheeks,  
When I (fond youth) that lab'rinth could not shunne,  
Whence backe in vaine the straying Entrer seeks.  
I lov'd, O fatall love, unlovely fate!  
The vertuously faire, yet fairest Dame  
That ever was enshrin'd in soules conceit;  
Or ditties gave to grace the sounds of fame;  
Straight were my fancies to her beauties ty'd,  
“None can paint passions, but in feeling mindes,  
I burn'd, freez'd, doubted, hop'd, despair'd, liv'd, dy'd;  
With actions chang'd as oft as *Autumnies* windes;  
Yet many conflicts past 'twixt hopes and feares,  
To feast, at least to nurse my starv'd desires;  
She granted had a truce unto my teares,  
And temper did with equall flames my fires:  
For as she was the most esteemed Saint,  
Whose image Love erected in my minde,  
So when her eares had harbour'd once my plaint;  
It pitie first, and then did favour finde;  
But ah triumphing in mine owne conceit  
As one whose love his Lady did preferre,  
I was corrivall'd (O disastrous fate!)  
By one who lov'd, but was not lov'd by her;  
He looking as I look'd, saw what I saw;  
Saw Natures wonder, and the worlds delight,  
And straight as that blinde god (blinde guide) did draw,  
Still (like a Lizard) liv'd upon her sight.  
Then labour'd he that Jewell straight to wonne,  
Whose matchlesse worth he priz'd above his breath,  
And loath'd all light which flow'd not from that Sunne;  
As life without her had beene worse then death;  
Yea, Fortune seem'd to favour his desire,  
And where to build high hopes did give him grounds;



The Nymph her parents daily did require,  
 That she might furnish physick for his wounds;  
 Of my distracted thoughts strange was the strife,  
 Who threatned thus with eminent mishap,  
 Was like to lose a thing more deare then life,  
 Whil'st others striv'd my treasure to entrap;  
 The man who sought my joyes to undermine,  
 I could not justly wish his state o're-throwne,  
 Nor blame the sprite that sympathiz'd with mine;  
 I envi'd not his lot, but wail'd mine owne.  
 Now in my breast a mighty rage did raigne,  
 Which forc'd my soule with inward wounds to bleed,  
 Some fancies fear'd what once his love might gaine,  
 Since it was possible that he might speed;  
 Then others call'd her constancy to minde,  
 Which would not yeeld by such assaults though prov'd,  
 Yet forc'd to feare the frailty of her kinde,  
 "A hearing woman may in time be mov'd;  
 Thus toss'd with doubts amidst a deep of woe,  
 Which with suspicion did my joyes supplant,  
 I blam'd the thoughts that durst accuse her so,  
 As vertues patterne could one vertue want;  
 And, nor I hop'd, his toils no further wrought,  
 " (Affliction oft affection doth enflame)  
 She of her sex who was the wonder thought,  
 Would thus not wrong the glory of her name,  
 Though in my absence they had oft assai'd,  
 That from her minde they might have me remov'd,  
 (The Sunne burns hottest when his beames are stay'd)  
 The more they cross'd her love, the more she lov'd;  
 For finding that delay no end affords,  
 And how faire Generals onely flow'd from Art,  
 She did upbraid him with disdainefull words,  
 To raze those hopes that had abus'd his heart;  
 "Love is a joy which upon paine depends,  
 "A drop of sweet, drown'd in a sea of sowres;  
 "What folly doth begin, oft fury ends,  
 "They hate for ever, who have lov'd for houres:  
 When all his arguments prov'd of no force,  
 Straight with disdain his soule in secret burn'd,  
 And what he thought was ill, to make farre worse;  
 That Apostate to furie favour turn'd;  
 Through love preposterous procreating hate,  
 His thoughts amongst themselves could not agree;  
 Whil'st what was best he deeply did debate,  
 To see her dead, or then enjoy'd by me:  
 What (said he) when he first had mus'd a space,  
 (So hard it is to quench affections fires)  
 Shall I disfigure that Angelike face,  
 And cloud those beauties which the world admires:

Shall



Shall she by me be to confusion brought,  
 To whom I vows, and prayers did impart?  
 To whom I sacrific'd each secret thought,  
 And on her beauties altar burn'd my heart?  
 Or shall I see her in anothers pow'r,  
 And in his bosome laid, upbraid my losse,  
 Whil'st both with scornfull smiles, then death more sowre;  
 To point me out for sport, report my crosse?  
 That sight which sometime did me sweetly charme,  
 Should it become a cause of grieve to me?  
 No, none who lives shall glory in my harme,  
 Since she will not be mine, she shall not be.  
 The hatefull lover having vow'd her death,  
 Did with a cup of poyson drowne my joyes;  
 The fairest body from the sweetest breath  
 Was parted thus (O ocean of annoyes!)  
 That Monster Fame, whose many mouthes and eares  
 Must know, but not conceale a rare thing long,  
 And prodigall of ill, most chiefly beares  
 The worst news first, inform'd me of this wrong:  
 For neighbouring neare the most unhappy part,  
 That had beene spoyl'd of such a noble guest,  
 As death had hers, the furies seiz'd my heart;  
 Whose paine did spring from that which bred her rest;  
 How huge a weight did first confound my soule  
 No tongue can tell; it still my minde torments,  
 Rage did of grieve the outward signes controll:  
 "When great windes blow the fire, the smoak worst vents;  
 Whil'st generous furie did disguise my grieve,  
 I ranne transported with a mighty rage,  
 Bent (by revenge, or death to get reliefe)  
 A tragicke actor for a bloody stage:  
 For I was come no sooner to the place,  
 Whereas I thought the Murtherer to have found,  
 But I did meet (O ruine and disgrace!)  
 Too deare a friend to catch an enemies wound;  
 Ah! passions dimn'd mine eyes, wrath led my hand;  
 I was no more my selfe, Grieve had me kill'd;  
 The first by Night, who did before me stand,  
 (As one whose breast with rage *Alecto* fill'd)  
 By chance encount'ring, ere he spake a word,  
 I bath'd his bosome with a crimson floud,  
 And in his breast did drowne the cruell sword;  
 That in anothers body drank my bloud;  
 But when a Torch had partly rob'd the night,  
 Proud of suppos'd revenge (ah bitter gaine)  
 I saw, I knew, black knowledge, cruell sight,  
 My brother was the man, whom I had slaine;  
 O bitter losse, which nothing can repaire!  
 My soule with two such monstrous deeds annoy'd,

Grieve,



Griefe, rage, spite, shame, amazement, and despaire,  
 Gall'd, toss'd, burn'd, dash'd, astonish'd, and destroy'd;  
 The thought of my offence doth grieve me most,  
 Yet am I sometime by loves verdict cleans'd;  
 And straight my brothers violated ghost,  
 By dreadfull dreames doth bragge to be reveng'd.

*Cræ.* Now whil'ft this great disaster did occurre,  
 What had the author of your anguish done?

*Adrast.* He having heard this lamentable stirre,  
 Whom self-accusing thoughts convicted soone,  
 Straight (wounded by a wonderfull remorse)  
 Led by mad love, or desp'rate feare to death,  
 He bent to follow her, or dreading worse,  
 (Stab'd by himselfe) dy'd to detraud my wrath.

*Cræ.* Those strange mishaps your enemies eyes must weete,  
 And force compassion from your greatest foe,  
 Since many monstrous circumstances meet  
 To make a horrid harmony in woe;  
 "But what doth touch ones selfe, most force doth finde,  
 "For ills when felt, then heard, griefe more abounds;  
 This extasie hath so o're-whelm'd my minde,  
 A melancholy huge all mirth confounds;  
 "Yet such disasters past, we must omit,  
 "At least no more immoderately lament,  
 "And as for those which are but comming yet,  
 Use ordinary meanes them to prevent.

*Adrast.* No wonder (Sir) though by all means you strive,  
 From dangerous actions *Atis* to restraine.

*Cræ.* I will unto his youth attendance give,  
 Which in my age may guerdon'd be againe;  
 If it be possible for mortall states  
 To strive against the Starres, and be more strong;  
 I Fortune must unarme, and crosse the fates,  
 By barring both all meanes to do me wrong:  
 I have commanded under paine of death,  
 That no such weapon be within my walls,  
 As I suppos'd extinguish might his breath,  
 To scape a storme which oft by Fortune falls;  
 He to frequent the fields must oft deferre;  
 And without guards his lodging never leave;  
 Loe where with Countrey-men he doth conferre,  
 We will gotry what they of him would have.



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

22

Act. 3. Scene 2.

*Chorus of Countreymen, Cræsus, Atis,  
Adrastus, Coelia.*



End (Sir) a willing eare to humble words,  
Let not our basenesse barre us from your grace;  
Which still it selfe alike to all affords,  
Who blesse their sight with that Majesticke face;  
“ For simple subjects Monarchs must take care,  
“ Though this our state be thought but abject now,  
“ You are our head, and we your members are,  
“ And you must care for us, we care for you;  
“ Our poverty to us is no reproach,  
“ Which innocent integrity adorne,  
“ On others states we never do encroach,  
“ But live by labours, prickt with many thornes;  
“ And ever busied for the Countries good,  
“ We have no time to muse of vaine conceits,  
“ But (earning with continuall toile our food)  
“ Must entertaine the pompe of prouder states;  
“ And (Sir, though plaine) thinke not our meaning ill;  
“ Who thus dare speake so freely as we do,  
“ Whil’st Mediatours do dilate our will,  
“ They wrest it as they will, and spoile us too;  
“ To count’nance such as us, you need not shunne:  
“ A great man too well grac’d may do more harme;  
“ And it stains not the glory of the Sunne;  
“ Though oft his beams an abject object warme.

*Cræ.* Be not discourag’d by your base estate,  
Ye are my people, and Ile heare your plaint,  
“ A King must care for all, both small and great,  
“ And to do good (like God) should never faint:  
“ The Scepter such as those should chiefly shroud;  
“ Not Cotages, but Castles spoile the Land,  
“ To spare the humble, and to plague the proud,  
“ A vertue is that doth make Kings to stand.

*Cho.* Sir, our estate some hastie help requires:  
In *Misia* neare the celebrated rounds  
Of great *Olympus* which the world admires,  
There haunts a Boare the horror of these bounds:  
His body bigge, and hideous is his forme,  
Whose foemie jaw with tusks like javelins strikes,  
And in deformity all parts conforme,  
His backe hath bristles like to iron pikes.  
This Natures Monster, wondred at by men,  
The Forrests Tyrant, and the Countries terrour,  
Doth murder all, and draws them to his denne,  
Who chance to crosse his way by farall error;



In teares whil'ft melting, tender mothers waile,  
 (The goared infants tumbling in their bloud;)   
 This beast to be abhorr'd doth them assaile,  
 And in his bowels buries both for food;  
 Then when we flie the field where he doth haunt,  
 To have his hunger, or his rage allay'd,  
 He all our labours quickly doth supplant,  
 And poore mens hopes are strangely thus betray'd;  
 Ere this, of true repose we were the types,  
 And pasturing on each plaine our fleecie flocks,  
 Did make a consort of our warbling pypes  
 With moving Crystals, playing on the rocks;  
 And oft to ease our toils (all rang'd in bands)  
 With garlands guarded from *Apollo's* beames,  
 We gaz'd upon *Pactolus* golden sands,  
 Glass'd, bath'd, and quench'd our thirst, with his pure streames;  
 Whil'ft we preferr'd, the river seem'd amaz'd,  
 Even to his golden bed his grassie banke,  
 And lay and look'd whereas our cattell graz'd,  
 Farre from all envy of a greater ranke;  
 That to repress oppression you take care,  
 Though we were dumbe, the publick rest may speake:  
 Your Laws, like Spiders webs are not a snare  
 For little flies, that them the bigge may breake;  
 Meane men by them from great mens pride are sav'd,  
 The heavens continue long your prosp'rous raigne,  
 And let us not by such a beast be brav'd,  
 Which by our ruine would your Scepter staine.

*Cræ.* What would you then that should be done by me,  
 That may repay your losse, repaire this wrong?

*Cho.* We crave none of your wealth, but wish to see  
 This Boare be-bloud the staffe of the most strong:  
 Let valorous *Atis* worthily your Sonne,  
 With *Lydian* youth incapable of feares,  
 Go to the fields before the rising Sunne,  
 To quench his thirst have drunk the mornings teares,  
 And we shall leade them crown'd with lawrell forth,  
 Where in strict bounds, yet a theatre large  
 For men to make a triall of their worth,  
 They with advantage may this Monster charge;  
 So shall we reape repose, and they delight,  
 Whil'ft that prodigious body justly smart's,  
 Though fearfull once, then made a pleasant fight,  
 When like a wood it planted is with darts.

*Cræ.* I may not spare my Sonne for a respect,  
 Which is not needfull now to be made knowne,  
 But others shall be sent for that effect,  
 That this out-ragious beast may be o're-thrown;  
 The stately gallants who attend our grace  
 (That by the world their valour may be view'd)



This enterprife will willingly embrace,  
And not returne, till with his blood imbru'd;  
I sweare, this monster shall when he is dead,  
A memorable monument remaine;  
In *Phebes* church men shall admire his head,  
As *Pythons* spoiles, when by her brother flaine.

*Atis.* Ah! wherein Father did I thus offend?  
Or what vile signe of a degener'd minde  
Have you but mark'd in me, whose course may tend  
To the reproach of our imperiall kinde?  
An abiect dastard, who for nought availes,  
Whose worth the world must trust, but never trie!  
As one whose strength, or then his Courage failes,  
Must I in vile repose inglorious lie!  
Lie like a wanton by vaine thoughts bewieth'd!  
Who spoild of force, effeminately lives,  
A Peacok poore, with painted pennies enrich'd:  
Yet bare of every thing that glory gives;  
What glory give those titles unto me,  
Which by succession fall, not by desert?  
Should but my fame with borrow'd feathers flie:  
For, come of kings a kingdome is my part;  
"Who honour as hereditary claimes,  
"Like bastards base, doth but his birth-right blote,  
I come to beg my worth from dead mens names,  
Or to gaine credite onely by my Coate;  
What comfort's this to have the highest seate,  
And all the blisse that Majestie imparts,  
If those whom onely we exceed in State,  
Be our Superiours in farre better parts?  
"More then a Crowne true worth should be esteem'd;  
"Th'one fortunes gift, the other is our own,  
"By which the minde from anguish is redeem'd,  
When fortunes goods are by her selfe o'rethrown.  
*Cræ.* I see what brave desires boile in thy soule;  
And make thee thus magnanimous to be,  
This high-bent courage nothing can controule,  
All *Lydia* is not large enough for thee:  
Goe, seeke an Empire equall with thy minde,  
Of which a Crowne is due to every thought;  
But Glories love whilst courting in this kinde,  
I feare by thine, our ruine may be wrought:  
And pardon me (deare Sonne) great is the love  
Which makes me watch so warily thy wayes;  
A Fathers care what kind of thing can move,  
Whom such a danger not in time dismayes?  
The Heaven of late advertis'd me by dreames,  
That some sad fortune threatned thee too soone,  
Each day some ominous signe attendance claimes,  
Which out of time are mark'd, when all is done:



This was the cause that hastned us so much,  
 To have thee bound to *Hymens* sacred law,  
 This was the cause that all our care was such,  
 Out of our sight all weapons to withdraw:  
 Scorne not those Comets which amazement notes,  
 "The starres to mortall states a bounds designe,  
 And doe not thinke t'is but my love that dotes,  
 For if thou fall, my fate depends on thine.

*Atis.* Would God I had some meanes once ere my death,  
 To satisfie that infinite desert,  
 Which I shall hold, so long as I have breath,  
 Deepe registred with reverence in my heart;  
 "Yet (sir) we see this is a naturall thing,  
 "That too excessive loue engenders feares:  
 A sport like this can no great perill bring,  
 Where either all delights the eyes, or th'eares.  
 If from my former deedes I now should shrinke,  
 (As voide of vertue) to soft pleasure thrall,  
 Of your two Sonnes what might your Subjects thinke,  
 Th'one wanting but one sense, the other all?  
 What fancies might my late spous'd love possesse,  
 To see her husband hatefull in mens fights,  
 And honours bounds thus basely to transgresse,  
 As womaniz'd still wallowing in delights?  
 "Though women would have men at their devotion,  
 "They hate base mindes that hatch no noble notion.

*Crae.* Well, well, my Sonne, I see thou must prevaile:  
 Goe, follow forth the chase, use thine owne forme,  
 Yet stay, or let my words thus much availe,  
 Walke with more care to scape this threatned storme;  
 Thy hawtie sprite to tempt all hazards bent,  
 I feare transports thee to a fatall strife,  
 I wish to erre, yet the event prevent,  
 Lest that thy courage but betray thy life;  
 And (deare *Adrastus*) I must let him know,  
 What benefits I have bestow'd on thee,  
 Not to upbraid thee, no, but so to show  
 How I may trust thee best thus bound to mee;  
 When thou from *Phrygia* cam'st defil'd with blood,  
 And a fraternall violated love,  
 When desp'rate quite thou as distracted stood,  
 Fled from thy Fathers face, curst from above,  
 Thou foundst me friendly, and my Court thy rest,  
 A Sanctuary which thy life did save;  
 And dangers scap't when one hath beene distress'd,  
 A wary wisdome by experience leave;  
 Yet all that favour past, was but a signe  
 Of generous greatnesse, which would gracious prove;  
 But in thy hands my soule I'le now consigne,  
 And give the greatest pledge that can binde love:

Behold



Behold how *Atis* of our age the shield,  
Whose harme as you have heard, I fear'd ere now,  
Is for his pastime to goe range the field,  
And with his custodie I will trust you;  
I must (my friend) even fervently exhort,  
Waite on my Sonne, remem ber of my dreame.  
This dangerously delectable sport,  
Doth make mee feare the griefe exceeds the game.

*Adrast.* I never shall those courtesies neglect:  
It grieves me not to thinke, nor heare the same,  
For whilst this sprite those members doth direct,  
All shall concur to celebrate your fame;  
Yet were you pleas'd, I would not hence depart,  
Who doe all things that mirth may move abhorre,  
But with my passions here (retir'd a part)  
Woe past would waile, and shunne all cause of more;  
If to converse where not one crosse annoies,  
I feare my fellowship infect with woe,  
Those who themselves would recreate with Ioyes:  
Still strange mishaps attend me where I goe,  
But since you will commit this charge to mee,  
Your Majestie I'll studie to content,  
At least my faith shall from defects be free,  
And all my paines shall as you please be spent.

*Atis.* Now bent to see this monsters ougly shape,  
With an inflam'd desire my thoughts doe burne,  
And Father feare not, dreame of no mishap,  
I hope with speed victorious to returne.

*Calia.* Returne? from whence deare love? O deadly word!  
That doth import thy parting from my sight,  
I heard the name mishap, Ah! (my deare Lord)  
Should such strict limites bound so large delight?  
O cruell to thy selfe, unkinde to me!  
And can'st thou condescend to leave me soe?  
If (ere in doubt) abandon'd thus I be,  
It may deferre, but not defraud my woe;  
This might indeed to thee yeeld some reliefe,  
To have thy eares not wounded by my mone,  
But would wound me with a continuall griefe,  
To feare all things, where I should feare but one;  
Desist in time from this intended strife,  
A course too rash, and not approv'd by me,  
Remember I have int'rest in thy life,  
Which thus to venter I doe not agree;  
Hast thou not given a prooffe in thy greene prime,  
That may content the most ambitious heapes?  
Whilst *Atis* was his own, then was it time  
To follow fancies unconfin'd Scopes;  
Thy selfe then onely camp'd in fortunes bounds,  
Thou do'st endanger *Calia* likewise now;



You sigh her breath, she suffers in your wounds,  
You live in her, and she must die in you.

*Atis.* Life of my soule, how doe such broken speeches,  
From troubled passions thus abruptly rise?  
I know (my love) thy love my minde o're-reaches:  
" Affection (Schoold with feares) is too too wise;  
I goe alongst the fields, for sport to range;  
Thy sighes doe but my soule with sorrow fill;  
And pardon (deare) I finde this wond'rous strange,  
That thou beginst now to resist my will;  
If I trespasse in ought against my dutie,  
Which makes thee thus my constancy mistrust;  
Mistrust not yet the Chains of thine own beauty,  
Which binde all my desires, and so they must;  
Are wee not now made one? such feares o'recome,  
Though I would flie, my selfe my selfe doe fetter,  
And if that I would flie, from whom? to whom?  
I can love none so well, none loves me better; ¶  
Have pittie of thole pearles, (sweet eyes, soules pleasures)  
Least they presage what thou would'st not have done;  
The Heavens had not given me those pretious treasures,  
Of such perfections to be spoil'd so soone.

*Chorus.*

**T** hose who command above,  
High presidents of Heaven,  
By whom all things doe move,  
As they have order given,  
What worldling can arise,  
Against them to repine?  
Whilst castell'd in the skies,  
With providence divine;  
They force this peopled round,  
Their judgements to confesse,  
And in their wrath confound  
Proud mortalls who transgresse  
The bounds to them assign'd  
By Nature in their mind.

Base brood of th' earth, vaine man,  
Why brag'st thou of thy might?  
The Heavens thy courses scan,  
Thou walk'st still in their sight;  
Ere thou wast borne, thy deedes  
Their registers dilate,  
And thinke that none exceeds  
The bounds ordain'd by fate;  
What Heavens would have thee to,

*Though*



“ Though they thy Wayes abhorre,  
 “ That thou of force must doe,  
 “ And thou canst doe no more:  
 This reason would fulfill,  
 Their worke should serve their will.

Are we not heires of death,  
 In whom there is no trust?  
 Who tost’d with restlesse breath,  
 Are but a dramme of dust;  
 Yet fooles when as we erre,  
 And heavens doe wrath contract,  
 If they a space deferre  
 Iust vengeance to exact,  
 Pride in our bosome creepes,  
 And misinformes us thus,  
 That Iove in pleasure sleepes,  
 Or takes no care of us:

“ The eye of heaven beholde,  
 “ What every heart enfolds.

The Gods digest no crime,  
 Though they (delaying long)  
 In the offenders time,  
 Seeme to neglect a wrong,  
 Till others of their Race,  
 Fill up the cup of wrath,  
 Whom Ruine and disgrace,  
 Long time attended hath;  
 And Gyges fault we feare,  
 To Croesus charge be lay’d,  
 Which Iove will not forbear,  
 Though it be long delay’d:

“ For, O! sometimes the Gods  
 “ Must plague sinne with sharpe Rods:

And loe how Croesus still,  
 Tormented in his minde,  
 Like to Reeds on a hill,  
 Doth quake at every winde!  
 Each step a terrour brings;  
 Dreames doe by Night afflict him,  
 And by day many things;  
 All his Thoughts doe convict him;  
 He his Starre would controule,  
 This makes ill not the worst,  
 Whilst he wounds his own saule,  
 With apprehensions first:

“ Man may his fate foresee,  
 “ But not shunne heavens decree.



## Act 4. Scene 1.

*Adrastus, Croesus, Chorus.*

A N Heaven behold one stand to staine these times,  
 Yet to the Stygian streames not headlong hurld?  
 And can th'arth beare one burden'd with such crimes,  
 As may provoke the wrath of all the world?  
 Why sends not *Iove*, to have my course confin'd,  
 A death-denouncing flash of rumbling Thunder?  
 Else (roaring terror) clouds of circling winde,  
 By violence to teare me all a sunder?  
 What corner yet unknowne from men remoov'd,  
 Both burn'd with rage, and freezing in despayre,  
 Shall I goe now possesse, to be approv'd,  
 Where none but monsters like my selfe repaire?  
 I'le goe indeede whom all the world detests,  
 Who have no intrest in the fields of blisse,  
 And barbarize amongst the brutish beasts,  
 Where Tigers rage, Toades spue, and Serpents hisse:  
 But though in some vast Zone, I finde a field,  
 Where melancholy might a monarch be,  
 Whilst silent deserts not one person yeeld  
 To shrink for horreur, when beholding me;  
 Yet of my deeds which all the world doe tell,  
 This cannot raze the still proclaimed Scroule,  
 Since in my brest I beare about my hell,  
 And cannot scape the terrours of my soule.  
 Those fearfull Monsters of confus'd aspects,  
*Chimera, Gorgon, Hydra, Pluto's Apes,*  
 Which in the world wrought wonderfull effects,  
 And borrow'd from th'internall shades their shapes,  
 Their devillish formes which did the world amaze,  
 Not halfe so monstrous as my selfe I finde,  
 When on mine owne deformities I gaze,  
 Amid'st blacke depths of a polluted minde;  
 No, but my minde untainted still remaines,  
 My thoughts in this delict have had no part,  
 Which but by accident this foule fact staines,  
 My hands had no commission from my heart;  
 Yet, whether it was fortune, or my fate,  
 Or some Hel-hag, that did direct my arme,  
 The Lydians plague, I have undone this State,  
 And am the instrument of all their harme:  
 Then mountaines fall, and bruise me by your rounds,  
 Your heights may hide me from the wrath of Heaven;  
 But this not needes, since mee my fault confounds:  
 With my offence no torment can be eaven.

Ah,



Ah! of what desert shall I now make choice,  
To flie the count'nance of an angry King?  
I know the venging sword of *Craesus* voice,  
To wound my soule, hostes of rebukes doth bring;  
The patterne of distresse, I'll stand alone,  
A memorable monster of mishap;  
For, though *Pandora's* plagues were all in one,  
All weretoo few, so vile a wretch to tra p.

*Cho.* O how the king is mov'd at *Atis* death!  
His face the port trait of a passion beares,  
With bended eyes, crost armes, and quivering breath,  
His Princely robe he desperately teares;  
Loe, with a silent pittie-pleading looke,  
Which shewes with sorrow mixt a high disdain,  
He (whilst his soule seemes to dissolve in smoke)  
Straies twixt the corpes, and him who hath it flaine.

*Cra.* Thou ruthlesse tyrant ruine of my blisse,  
And didst thou so disguise thy devillish nature,  
To recompence my curtesies with this?  
Ah cruell wretch, abominable creature!  
Thy Tigrish mind what wit could well detect,  
In mortall brests so great barbarity?  
What froward Sprite could but such spight suspect,  
In hospitality hostility?  
Did I revive thee when thy hopes were dead,  
When as thy life thy parents had not spar'd?  
And having heap'd such favours on thy head,  
Is this? Is this? *Chor.* He would say the reward.

*Adrast.* I grant what you alledge and more is true;  
I have unto the height of hatred runne:  
A blood-stain'd wretch, who merit not to view  
The rolling Circles, nor the Rayie Sunne;  
No kind of art I purpose now to use,  
To colour this my crime, which might seeme lesse,  
Whilst painted with a pitifull excuse:  
No, it is worse then words can well expresse;  
Nor goe I thus to aggravate my crime,  
And damne my selfe to be absolv'd by others,  
No, no, such Rhetoricke comes out of time.  
I'll not survive his death, as earst my brothers.  
O! had that high disaster kill'd me straight,  
(As then indeed I di'd from all delight)  
I had not groan'd, charg'd with this inward weight,  
But slept with shadowes in eternall night:  
Yet must I die, at last (though late) growne wise;  
This in my mind most discontentment breeds,  
A thousand torturing deaths cannot suffice,  
To plague condignely for so haynous deeds.  
If that revenge th'Elysian Guests delights,  
The tombe of *Atis* shall exhaust my blood:



No fitter offering for infernall sprites,  
 Then one in whom they raig'n'd, while as he stood:  
 The furies oft in me intus'd their Rage,  
 And in my bosome did their Serpents place,  
 Whose indignation labouring to assuage,  
 Huge hellish horrors spoil'd my thoughts of peace.

*Cræ.* I find (poore wretch!) when I have search'd, and seene  
 The fatall meanes which did inflict this wound,  
 That not thy malice, but my fault hath beene,  
 Of that which grieves us both the reall ground.

" Whilst barely with a superficiall wit,  
 " Wee weigh the out-side of such strange events;  
 " If but the mediate meanes our judgements hit,  
 " We seeke not the first cause, that much contents:  
 " But when prodigious accidents fall out,  
 " Though they amaze our mindes, and so they must,  
 " The cause of all comes from our selfe no doubt:  
 " Ah! man hath err'd; the Heavens are always Iust:  
 In judgement now whilst entring with my soule,  
 (Those partiall thoughts which flatterd me declin'd)  
 Lo, marking of past wrongs the burd'nous scroule,  
 Free from false colours, which did mocke my minde:  
 O! then I see how heaven in plagues exceeds,  
 Whilst vengeance due save ruine nought can end;  
 Thus once the Gods must ballance worldlings deedes,  
 Both what we did, and what we did intend:  
 Sonne, Sonne, my faults procured have thy fall,  
 For, guilty of thy blood, I gave the wound  
 Which gave thee death, and whose remembrance shall  
 My life each day with many deaths confound.  
 Of *love* unjust the Statutes I contemne,  
 And if I were confronted with the Gods,  
 Their providence (as partiall) would condemne,  
 Who in such sorte doe exercise their rods.  
 He thus now kill'd, with life to let me goe,  
 May breed reproch to all the pow'rs divine:  
 But ah! they knew no death could grieve me soe,  
 As that, which through his heart was aim'd at mine;  
 Now all the world those deities may despise,  
 Which strike the guiltlesse, and the guilty spare;  
 Cease haplesse man to plague thy selfe thus wise,  
 I pardon thee, and pittie thy despaire.

*Adrast.* O rigorous judgement! O outrageous fate!  
 Must I survive the funeralls of my fame?  
 All things which I behold, vpbraide my state,  
 Too many monuments of one mans shame;  
 All (and none more then I) my deedes detest,  
 Yet some waile want of friends, and I of foes,  
 To purge the world of such a dangerous pest,  
 (Which still contagious) must taint hearts with woes;



To wound this brest where all hells hosts do raigne,  
 Seiz'd with just feare none dare a hand forth stretch,  
 Else this base charge (as odious) doe disdain,  
 To deale with Death in favour of a wretch;  
 Or must I yet (till more detested) stand,  
 And fill the world with horroure of my name?  
 What further mischief can require my hand?  
 Must it ingrave on others graves my shame?  
 Or would some bastard thought lifes cause debate,  
 Which in the blasted field of comfort gleanes?  
 No, no, in spite of Heaven I'le force my fate,  
 "One, when resolv'd to die, cannot want meanes:  
 Proud Tyrant Death, and must thou make it strange,  
 To wrap my wearied soule in further strife?  
 Vnlesse my courage with my fortune change,  
 (Though nothing else) I can command my life;  
 But this (ay me!) all hope of helpe devowres;  
 What gaines my soule by death in those sad times,  
 If potent still in all her wonted pow'rs,  
 Shee must remember of my odious crimes?  
 What though un-bodied she the world forsake,  
 Yet from her knowledge cannot be divorc'd:  
 This will but vexe her at the shadowie lake,  
 Till even to grone the God of Ghosts be forc'd;  
 But welcome death, and would the Gods I had  
 Lesse famous, or more fortunately liv'd;  
 Then knowne if good, and kept obscure if bad;  
 Of comfort quite I had not beene depriv'd;  
 Ah! have I liv'd to see my Lady die?  
 And die for me, whose faith shee never prov'd:  
 Ah! have I liv'd (unnaturall I) to be  
 My brothers murderer, who me dearely lov'd?  
 Ah! have I liv'd with my owne hands to kill  
 A gallant Prince committed to my charge?  
 And doe I gaze on the dead bodie still,  
 And in his fathers sight my shame enlarge?  
 Ah! have I liv'd whilst men my deeds doe scan,  
 To be the object of contempt and hate?  
 Of all abhor'd as a most monstrous man,  
 Since thought a Traitor (farre worse) ingrate?  
 Yet with my blood I'le wash away this stain,  
 Which griefe to you, to me disgrace hath brought,  
 Would God my name from minde might raz'd remaine,  
 To make my life as an unacted thought;  
 Brave *Atis* now I come to pleade for grace,  
 Although thou frown'st on my affrighted Ghost,  
 And to revenge thy wrong this wound embrace;  
 Thus, thus, I toile to gaine the Stygian coast.

*Cho.* Loe, how he wounds himselfe despising paine,  
 With leaden lights, weake legs, and head declin'd,



The bodie beates the ground, as in disdain,  
 That of her members one hath prov'd unkind;  
 The fainting hand falles trembling from the Sword,  
 With this selte slaughtering blow for shame grown red,  
 Which straight the blood pursues, with vengeance stor'd,  
 To drowne the same with the same floods it shed;  
 Who of those parties can the combat show,  
 Where both but one, one both strooke and sustain'd?  
 Or who triumphs for this most strange o'rethrow,  
 Where as the victor lost, the vanquish'd gain'd?

*Cræ* Curs'd eyes, what suddaine change hath drown'd your lights,  
 And made your mirthfull objects mournfull now?  
 Ye that were still inur'd to stately fights,  
 Since seated under an imperiall brow,  
 Ah! clouded now with vapours drawn from cares,  
 Are low throwne down amid't a hell of griefe,  
 And have no prospect, but my soules despaires,  
 Of all the furies which afflict me, chiefe.  
 O dead *Adrastus*, I absolve thy Ghost,  
 Whose hand (I see) some destiny did charme,  
 Thou (hated by the heavens) wast to thy cost  
 A casuall actour, not intending harme;  
 No doubt some angry God hath laid this snare,  
 And whilst thy purpose was the Boare to kill,  
 Did intercept thy shaft amidst the Aire,  
 And threw it at my Sonne, against thy will,  
 Ah! Sonne, must I be witnesse of thy death,  
 Who view thee thus by violence to bleede,  
 And yet want one on whom to poure my wrath,  
 To take just vengeance for so vile a deede?  
 This wretch, whose guiltlesse minde hath clear'd his hand,  
 Loe, for his error griev'd, unforc'd doth fall,  
 And not as one who did in danger stand:  
 For still he liv'd till I forgave him all.  
 Thus have I but the heavens on whom I may  
 Blast forth the tempest of a troubled minde;  
 And in my soules distresse I grieve to say,  
 That greater favour I deserv'd to finde.

### Act 4. Scene i.

*Sandanis, Croesus.*



Hy spend you (Sir) with sighes that Princely breath,  
 Whence Sovereignty authority should take?  
 "O weake revenge for one when wrong'd by death,  
 "To yeeld him homage prostrated in blacke!  
 That Tyrant pale (so hatefull unto us)  
 Whose fatall shaft so great a griefe hath bred,

Where



Where he triumphs should you reare trophees thus,  
 And weare his livery, as his captive led?  
 No, though he might this outward blisse o'rethrow,  
 And you (save you) of all things else might spoile,  
 Yet whilst of one, who yeelds, no signe you show,  
 You are victorious, and he gets the foile;  
 Those floods of sorrow, which would drown your soule,  
 In brests more base might better be excus'd,  
 Since wanting sprite their passions to controule,  
 As from their birth still to subjection us'd.  
 But you, in whom high thoughts by nature grow,  
 To this decay, how is your vertue come?  
 I blush to see my Sovereigne brought so low,  
 And Majestie by misery o'recome;  
 Nor doe I thus to make you stupid strive,  
 As one unnaturall, wanting sense to smart;  
 "No, none a Prince of kindnesse can deprive,  
 "The honour'd badge of an Heroicke heart.  
 "That pow'r supreme, by which great States doe stand;  
 "Affections order should, but not undoe;  
 And I could wish you might your selfe command,  
 Which though you may not well, yet seeme to doe.

*Cræ.* I will not here rehearse, enlarging woes,  
 On what just reasons now my grieve I ground,  
 But still will entertaine my comforts foes,  
 Whilst many a thousand thoughts my soule doe wound,  
 What pensive penill ever limm'd aright  
 The sad concepts of soule-consuming grieve?  
 Ah! words are weake to shew the swelling height  
 Of t'hinward anguish desperate of reliefe,  
 "Though many monarchs jealousy despise  
 "The rising Sunne that their declining stains,  
 And hate the Heyre who by their fall must rise,  
 As griev'd to heare of death, or others raignes;  
 My love to *Atis* otherwise appear'd,  
 Whome, whilst for him I did my cares engage,  
 I as a Father lov'd, as king not fear'd,  
 The comfort not th'encombrance of mine age;  
 And had he me (as reason would) surviv'd,  
 Who glanc'd, and vanish'd like to lightning flashes,  
 Then death could not have me of life depriv'd,  
 Whilst such a Phoenix had reviv'd my ashes.

*San.* Let not those woes ecclipse your vertues light.

*Cræ.* "Ah! Rage and grieve must once be at a height.

*San.* Strive of your sorrowes (Sir) to stop the source.

*Cræ.* These salt eye-floods must flow, and have their course.

*San.* That is not kingly. *Cræ.* And yet it's kindly,

"Where passions domineere, they governe blindly.

*San.* Such woefull plaints can not repaire your state.

*Cræ.* "Vnhappie soules at least may waile their fate;



“ The meanest comfort that you can returne,  
 “ Is in calamity a leave to mourne.

*San.* what Stoicke strange, who most precise appears,  
 Could that youths death with tearelesse eyes behold,  
 In all perfections ripe, though Greene in yeares,  
 A hoarie judgement under lockes of gold?  
 No, no man lives, but must lament to see  
 The worlds chiefe hope even in the blossome choak'd,  
 “ But men cannot controll the Heavens decree,  
 “ And what is done, can never be revok'd.  
 Let not this losse with griefe torment you more;  
 Of which a part with you your Country beares:  
 If wailing could your ruin'd state restore,  
 Soules charg'd with griefe should faile in Seas of teares;  
 Lest all our comfort dash against one shelve,  
 And his untimely death but hasten yours,  
 Have pittie of your people, spare your selfe,  
 If not to your own use, yet unto ours.

*Cræ.* When *Sandanis* I first thy faith did finde,  
 Thou div'd so deeply in my bosome then,  
 That since thou still (entrusted with my minde)  
 Didst know what I conceal'd from other men:  
 Behold I goe to open up to you,  
 (Chiefe treasurer of all my secrets still)  
 What high designe my Thoughts are hatching now,  
 A physicke in some sort to ease my ill;  
 This may unto my soule yeeld some reliefe,  
 And for displeasures past may much content,  
 Or else must purchase partners in my griefe,  
 If not for me, yet with me to lament.

*San.* This benefit must binde me with the rest  
 To serve your Majestie, and hold you deere,  
 And I'll be free with you, yet I protest,  
 That what I friendly speake, you freely heare.

*Cræ.* Since that it hath not pleas'd the heavenly pow'rs,  
 That of my off-spring I might comfort claime,  
 Yet lest the ravenous course of flying how'rs  
 Should make a prey of my respected name,  
 I would engender such a generous broode,  
 That the un-borne might know how I have liv'd,  
 And this no doubt would doe my Ghost great good,  
 By famous victories to be reviv'd:  
 I hope to soare with fames Immortall wings,  
 Vnlesse my high-bent thoughts themselves deceave,  
 That having acted admirable things,  
 I death may scorne, triumphing o're the grave;  
 Yet have I not so settled my concept,  
 That all opinions are to be despis'd;  
 “ A good advice can never come too late;  
 This is the purpose that I have devis'd:



Some Scythian Shepheards in a high disdain,  
As trusted fame yet constantly relates,  
To plague some Medes with horror and with paine,  
Did entertaine them with prodigious meates,  
And to content their more then Tigrish wishes,  
They with the Infants flesh, the Parents fed,  
Who not suspecting such polluted dishes,  
Did in their bowels bury whom they bred.  
Then after this abominable crime,  
They fled with haste unto my fathers Court,  
And (first informers courting trust in time)  
Did as they pleas'd, of what was past report;  
Whil'st they (save what them help'd) all things suppress'd,  
Milde pittie pleading for afflictions part,  
His generous minde still tend'ring the distress'd,  
Was wonne to them by this deceiving Art.

“ *San.* Oft men of Iudges thence have parties gone,  
“ Where both their eares were patent but to one.

*Cræ.* Then *Cjaxare*, Monarch of the Medes,  
To prosecute thole fugitives to death,  
In indignation of my fathers deeds,  
Did bragge them both with all the words of wrath;  
My father thinking that his Court should be  
A Sanctuary supplicants to save,  
Did levie men to make the world then see,  
In spite of pow'r that weakenesse help should have.  
Thus mortall warres on every side proclaim'd,  
With mutuall trouble did continue long,  
Till both the Armies by *Bellona* tam'd,  
Did irke to venge, or to maintaine a wrong:  
It chanc'd whil'st peace was at the highest dearth,  
That all their forces did with fury fight,  
A sudden darknesse curtain'd up the earth,  
And did by violence displace the light.  
I thinke the Sunne for *Phaeton* look't sad,  
Elle blush'd (reflecting bloud) like them he saw:  
For (as when wrong'd of old) with grieve gone mad,  
He from the world his chariot did with-draw;  
Yet Ignorance, which doth confusion breed,  
By wresting natures course, found cause of feares,  
Which errour did so happily succeed,  
That it a concord wrought, and truce from teares;  
Then straight there was a perfect peace begunne,  
And that it might more constantly indure,  
*Astyages* the King of *Media's* sonne,  
To be his Queene my sister did procure.

“ *San.* A deadly rancor reconcil'd againe,  
“ With consanguinity would seal'd remaine.

*Cræ.* He, since his fathers age-worne course expir'd,  
Hath rul'd his people free from bloud or strife,



Till now a Viper hath his death conspir'd,  
 Who from his loynes extracted had his life;  
 I meane this *Cyrus*, (base *Cambyses* brood,)   
 Who by a Bitch, nurst with the Country swaines,  
 (No signe observ'd importing Princely blood :)  
 The doggish nature of his Nurse retaines.  
 He came against his Grand-father to field,  
 And unexpected with a mighty pow'r,  
 His forces forc'd, did force himselfe to yeeld,  
 Who (captive kept) now waites for death each houre.  
 That you may marke how great my int'rest is,  
 This ruthfull story I did largely touch;  
 Those circumstances shew that shame of his  
 Doth from our glory derogate too much;  
 Dare any Prince presume to trouble thus  
 One whom our kingdomes favour should defend :  
 In strict affinity combin'd with us,  
 Yet not regarded for so great a friend.  
 This with some joy doth smooth my stormy minde,  
 Whil'st I for Medes against the Persians goe,  
 I hope that both by brave effects shall finde  
 How kinde a friend I prove, how fierce a foe.

*San.* Though natures law you car'd not to transgresse,  
 " Nor this your wrong'd ally would not repaire;  
 " Yet the regard to Monarchs in distresse,  
 " Should move the mighty with a mutuall care;  
 " Those terrours too which thunder in your care,  
 " I thinke the Lydians will not well allow :  
 " For when the Cedar falles, the Oake may feare,  
 " That which o'rethrowes the Medes may trouble you.  
 " And when a neighbours house they burning view,  
 " Then their owne dangers men may apprehend;  
 " It better is with others to pursue,  
 " Then be when but alone, forc'd to defend.  
 " Ah! this is but the out-side of your course,  
 " A dangerous ambush which ambition plants :  
 " There may come Rivers raging from this source,  
 " To drown your state, whil'st such high thoughts nought daunts;  
 " I know those new-borne monsters of your minde  
 " Have arm'd your ravish'd heart with faire conceits,  
 " Yet may those wonders which you have divin'd,  
 " Prove traiterous projects, painted for deceits;  
 " And (pardon Sir) it is not good to be  
 " Too rashly stout, nor curiously wise,  
 " Lest that you leave that which we certaine see,  
 " And not attaine to that which you devise.

*Cra.* I grant indeed (this very few shall know)  
 Though I professe but to relieve my friend,  
 My thoughts conceive, as successe best may show,  
 And not without great cause, a greater end :



You see how fortune nought but change affects,  
 Some are reproach'd, that others may be prais'd,  
 And every age brings forth some strange effects,  
 "Some men must fall, that others may be rais'd:  
 I doubt not, you have heard who was the first,  
 For warring with the world, whom fame revives,  
 Who had of sovereignty, so great a thirst,  
 That it could not be quench'd with thousands lives:  
 Even he who first obtain'd the name of *Iove*,  
 And rests reputed for his glorious acts,  
 The most imperious of the pow'rs above,  
 Who voves and offerings of the world exacts;  
 He all his time in state did terrour breath,  
 Borne to acquaint the world with warre and dearth,  
 Whil'st fertile still in misery and death,  
 Two fatall furies that afflict the earth;  
 Yet since his course (the worlds first plague) was past,  
 When his proud race had many ages rain'd,  
 That Empire too did perish at the last,  
 And what it lost, by martiall Medes was gain'd;  
 This was the cause of that great kingdoms fall;  
 A Prince who could not judge of Princely parts,  
 With loss of Scepter, honour, life, and all,  
 To buy base joyes, sold all his Subjects hearts;  
 To that disastred Monarchies decay,  
 Th' aspiring Persians purpose to succeed:  
 But I intend their lofty course to stay,  
 And that in time, ere that it throughly speed;  
 The Persians once the Lydians force must prove,  
 And O! who knowes but that it is ordain'd  
 At the tribunall of the States above,  
 That I should raigne where famous *Ninus* rain'd:  
 This all the hoste of heaven oft-times foretels,  
 To this the Gods of *Greece* my minde have mov'd,  
 And he that in Arabia's desert dwels,  
 By his response this enterprise approv'd.  
 " *Sas*. Thus still in love with what we minde to doe,  
 " What we affect, we fairest still conceive,  
 " This feeds our humour, whil'st (selfe-flatterers) loe,  
 " To shew our wit, we would our selves deceive;  
 " Vaine hopes so maske all doubts, you cannot spy  
 " What secret danger this designe doth beare;  
 " But whil'st well view'd with an indifferent eye,  
 " There want not grounds, where fore-sight may find feare:  
 " You unadvis'dly purpose to pursue  
 " A barbarous people opposite to peace,  
 " Who but by robbery to their greatnesse grew,  
 " And would for each light cause, the warres embrace;  
 " No dainty filkes, dipt in Assyrian dye,  
 " Doe decke their bodies, to abase their mindes:



" Skinnes reft from beasts them cloath, who danger ply,  
 " Not mov'd by flattering Sunnes, nor bragging windes;  
 " They simply feed, and are not griev'd each day,  
 " With stomackes cloyd, decocting divers meates,  
 " They fare not as they would, but as they may,  
 " Of judgement found, not carried with conceits.  
 " Those ancient customes which they strictly hold,  
 " Make all things easie, that they feele no paine,  
 " This cooles the summers heate, kils winters cold:  
 " This makes the Rivers dry, the Mountaines plaine.  
 " They whose ambition poverty did bound,  
 " Of *Lydia's* dainties if they once doe taste,  
 " Will have in hatred straight their barren ground,  
 " And all our treasures insolently waste;  
 " To governe such, although that we prevaile,  
 " You shall but buy vexation with your bloud,  
 " And doe your selfe, and yours, if fortune faile,  
 " From Sovereignty (by time secur'd) seclude;  
 Yea, though this rash desire your judgement blindes,  
 I for my part must praise the Gods for you,  
 Who have not yet inspir'd the Persians mindes,  
 To waste with warre all *Lydia* long ere now.

*Cra.* Those flames, which burn my brest, must once burst out,  
 Your counsell for more quiet mindes I leave,  
 And be you still thought wise, so I prove stout,  
 I'll conquer more, or lose the thing I have.

*Cælia.*

**A** H! am I forc'd out of afflictions store,  
 For my mindes ease a few sad words to straine?  
 But yet unlode it now, to lode it more,  
 I empty but mine eyes to fill againe;  
 My soule must sound even as my passions strike,  
 Whil'ft sighes and teares would faine afford reliefe;  
 My brest and eyes are both accurst alike,  
 The Cabinet of care, the Springs of griefe;  
 O cruell heaven, fierce starre, unhappy fate,  
 Too foule injustice of celestially pow'rs,  
 Whose high disdain to me with partiall hate  
 The comfort of the world (poore world) devoures;  
 Curst be the day in which I first was borne,  
 When lying tongues affirm'd I came to light,  
 A monstrous blasphemy, a mighty scorne,  
 Since where darke sorrow breeds an endlesse night;  
 Would God I then had chang'd this life to leave,  
 The tombe straight taking what the wombe did give,  
 Then alwayes buried, changing but the grave,  
 I had not liv'd to dye, but dy'd to live.

What



What profited to me my Parents joyes,  
 VVho with such pompe did solemnize my birth,  
 Since still my soule must stote amidst annoyes,  
 So to defray one dramme of tasted mirth:  
 And it did onely serve to make me know  
 The height of horreur, threatening to succeed;  
 I was but rais'd up high, to be brought low,  
 That short liv'd joyes might endlesse anguish breed;  
 Whil'st nothing did for my confusion lacke,  
 All my best deeds did but betray my State,  
 My vertues too were guilty of my wracke,  
 And warr'd against me, banded with my fate;  
 For whil'st my Virgin-yeares with praise I past,  
 Which did (ah that it did) too much import,  
 My modest eye told that my minde was chaste,  
 Which gain'd the warrant of the worlds report:  
 " And all should have a great respect to fame,  
 " No greater dowry then a spotlesse name.  
 Faire beauties Goddesse, thou can'st beare record,  
 My offering never made thine Altar rich;  
 Lascivious fancies highly I abhorr'd,  
 Whose free-borne thoughts no folly could bewitch;  
 Till happily (ah so it seem'd to some)  
 O but unhappily the end hath prov'd,  
 All this, and more, to *Atis* eares did come,  
 Who straight did like, and after liking lov'd;  
 He to our eares, his purpose did impart,  
 Not lip-sicke-lover-like, with words farre sought,  
 Whose tongue was but an agent for his heart,  
 Yet could not tell the tenth part that it thought;  
 And lest his travels should have seem'd to tend  
 My honours fame by fancies to betray,  
 He brought his wishes to a lawfull end,  
 And in effect, affection did bewray;  
 There *Iuno*, president of wedlockes vow,  
 And *Hymen* with his odoriferous cote,  
 With sacred customes did our love allow,  
 Whil'st th'ominous Owles no crosses did devote;  
 The blessing that this marriage did procure,  
 It was too great to have continued long:  
 " A thing too vehement cannot endure,  
 Our joyes farre past the reach of any tongue;  
 We ever did full satisfaction finde,  
 Yet with satiety were never cloyd,  
 But seem'd two bodies, manag'd by one minde,  
 Such was the happinesse that I enjoy'd;  
 He lov'd me dearly, I obey'd his will,  
 Proud of my selfe, because that I was his,  
 A harmony remain'd betwixt us still,  
 Who each in th' other plac'd their soules chiefe blisse:



This mov'd th'immortals to a high disdain,  
 That thus two worldlings, who of death were heires,  
 Should in a Paradise of joyes remaine,  
 Which did exceed, at least did equall theirs;  
 But chiefly *Luxu* did despight it most,  
 Who through a jealousie still jarres with *Love*,  
 That body-prison'd soules of that could boast,  
 Which she(although heavens Queen) had not above;  
 Thus even for envy of our rare delights,  
 The fatall Sisters (by the heavens suborn'd)  
 Of my soules treasure clos'd the lovely lights,  
 By which they thought the earth too much adorn'd.  
 O but he is not dead, he lives in me.  
 Ah, but I live not: for I dy'd in him:  
 How can the one without the other be?  
 If death have set his eyes, mine must looke dimme;  
 Since to my sight that Sunne no more appear'd,  
 From whom my beauties borrowed all their rayes:  
 A long eclipse, that never shall be clear'd,  
 Hath darkened all the poynts of my sad dayes;  
 Aye me, I live too long, he dy'd too loone,  
 Thus still the worst remaine, the best depart,  
 Of him who told how this curs'd deed was done,  
 The words (like swords) shall ever wound my heart.  
 Fiercely tyrant death, who in thy wrath did'st take  
 One halfe of me, and left one halfe behinde:  
 Take this to thee, or give me th' other backe,  
 Be wholly cruell, or be no way kinde;  
 But whil'st I live (beleeve) thou canst not dye,  
 O! even in spite of death, yet still my choice,  
 Oft with the inward al-beholding eye,  
 I thinke I see thee, and I heare thy voyce;  
 And to content my languishing desire,  
 To ease my minde, each thing some helpe affords;  
 Thy fanci'd forme doth oft such faith acquire,  
 That in all sounds I apprehend thy words:  
 Then with such thoughts my memory to wound,  
 I call to minde thy lookes, thy words, thy grace,  
 Where thou didst haunt, yet I adore the ground,  
 And where thou slept, O sacred seemes that place!  
 My solitary walkes, my widow'd bed,  
 My driry sighes, my sheets oft bath'd with teares,  
 These shall record what life by me is led,  
 Since first sad newes breath'd death into mine eares.  
 Though for more paine, yet spar'd a space by death,  
 Thee first I lov'd, with thee all love I leave:  
 For my chaste flames, which quench'd were with thy breath,  
 Can kindle now no more but in thy grave.  
 By night I wish for day, by day for night,  
 Yet wish farre more, that none of both might be;



But most of all, that banish'd from the light  
 I were no more, their constant change to see.  
 At night whil'ft deeply musing of my State,  
 I goe to summe with sighes my wonted joyes,  
 An agony then (in a sad conceit)  
 Doth blot the blubred count with new annoyas;  
 When Sleep, the brother most resembling death,  
 Of darkenesse childe, and father unto rest,  
 Doth bound (though not restraine) confused breath,  
 That it may vent, but not with words exprest;  
 Then with my sprite thou dost begin to speake,  
 With sugred speeches to appeale my griefe;  
 And my bruis'd heart which labour'd long to breake,  
 Doth in this comfort fain'd, finde some reliefe;  
 Yea, if our soules remain'd united so,  
 This late divorce would no way vex my minde,  
 But when awaking, it augments my woe.  
 Whil'ft this a dreame, and me a wretch I finde.  
 If never happy, O thrise happy I!  
 But happy more had happinesse remain'd,  
 Yet then excessive joy had made me dye;  
 Since such delights, what heart could have sustain'd?  
 Why waste I thus, whil'ft vainely I lament,  
 The pretious treasure of that swift past-time?  
 Ah, pardon me (deare love) for I repent  
 My lingring here, my fate, and not my crime:  
 Since first thy body did enrich the Tombe,  
 In this spoil'd world, my eye no pleasure sees,  
 And *Atis*, *Atis*, Loe I come, I come,  
 To be thy mate, amongst the Myrtle trees.

**Chorus.**

“**L**oe all our time even from our birth,  
 “In misery almost exceeds:  
 “For, where we finde a moments mirth,  
 “A month of mourning still succeeds;  
 “Besides the evils that Nature breeds,  
 “Whose paines doe us each day appall,  
 “Infirmities which frailty sends,  
 “The losse of that which fortune lends;  
 “And such disasters as oft fall,  
 “Yet to farre worse our states are thrall,  
 “Whil'ft wretched man with man contends,  
 “And every one his whole force bends,  
 “How to procure anothers losses,  
 “But this torments us most of all:  
 “The minde of man, which many a fancy tosses,  
 “Doth forge unto it selfe a thousand crosses.



O how the soule with all her might,  
 Doth her celestiall forces straine,  
 That so she may attaine the light  
 Of natures wonders, which remaine  
 Hid from our eyes! we strive in vaine  
 " To seeke out things that are unsure :  
 " In Sciences to seeme profound,  
 " We dive so deepe, we finde no ground;  
 " And the more knowledge we procure,  
 " The more it doth our mindes allure,  
 " Of mysteries the depth to sound;  
 " Thus our desires we never bound;  
 " Which by degrees thus drawn on still,  
 " The memory may not endure;  
 " But like the Tubs which Danaus daughters fill,  
 " Doth drinke no oftner then constrain'd to spill.

Yet how comes this? and O how can  
 Cleare knowledge thus (the soules chiefe treasure)  
 Be cause of such a crosse to man,  
 Which should afford him greatest pleasure?  
 This is, because we cannot measure  
 The limits that to it belong,  
 But (bent to tempt forbidden things)  
 Doe soare too high with Natures wings,  
 Still weakest whil' st we thinke us strong;  
 The heavens which hold we do them wrong  
 To try their grounds, and what thence springs,  
 This crosse upon us justly brings :  
 With knowledge, knowledge is confus'd,  
 And growes a grieve ere it be long;  
 " That which a blessing is when rightly us'd,  
 " Doth grow the greatest crosse when once abus'd.

Ah! what avaiels this unto us,  
 Who in this vaile of woes abide,  
 With endlesse toyles to study thus  
 To learn the thing that heaven would hide:  
 And trusting to too blinde a guide,  
 To spy the Planets how they move,  
 And too (transgressing common Barres)  
 The constellation of the starres,  
 And all that is decreed above,  
 Whereof (as oft the end doth prove)  
 A secret sight our wel-fare marres,  
 And in our brests breeds endlesse warres,  
 Whil' st what our horoscopes foretell,  
 Our expectations doe disprove :  
 Those apprehended plagues prove such a hell,  
 That then we would unknow them till they fell.



This is the pest of great estates,  
 They by a thousand meanes devise  
 How to fore-know their doubtfull fates;  
 And like new Gyants, scale the skies,  
 Heavens secret store-house to surprize;  
 Which sacrilegious skill we see  
 With what great paine they apprehend it;  
 And then how foolishly they spend it.  
 To learne the thing that once must be;  
 Why should we seeke our destiny?  
 If it be good, we long attend it;  
 If it be ill, none may amend it:  
 Such knowledge but torments the minde;  
 Let us attend the heavens decree  
 For those whom this ambiguous Art doth blinde,  
 May what they seeke to flye, the rather finde.

And loe of late, what bath our King  
 By his preposterous truels gain'd,  
 In searching out each intricate thing,  
 Which Atis horoscope contain'd,  
 For what the heavens had once ordain'd,  
 That by no meanes he could prevent;  
 And yet he labours to finde out  
 Through all the Oracles about,  
 Of future things the hid event.  
 This doth his raging minde torment:  
 (Now in his age unwisely stout)  
 To fight with Cyrus, but no doubt  
 The heavens are griev'd thus to heare told  
 Long ere the time their darke intent  
 Let such of Tantalus the state behold,  
 Who dare the secrets of great Iove unfold.

Act 5. Scene 1.

*Cyrus, Harpagus.*

**E**t us triumph o're them (though proud of late)  
 Whose glory now doth with their greatnesse faile:  
 Since with their fortune forfeiting their state:  
 No warre's approv'd unlesse that it prevails:  
 The world, that whilst we fought, did doubtfull stand,  
 As for the one, ordain'd to be a prey,  
 Saw how the heavens plac'd lightning in my hand,  
 Those thund'ring downe, who would not us obey:  
 Goe pay our vowes, ere enterprising more;  
 The Gods detest a minde that is ingrate;

And



And who delight their Deities to adore,  
 Are alwaies bent to stablish their estate;  
 Cause burden Altars, smoke each sacred place  
 With Bullockes, Incense, Odours of all kindes;  
 " But none can give the Gods (still great in grace)  
 " A sacrifice more sweet, than thankfull mindes.

*Harp.* Though all who partners are of th' earth and ayre,  
 Still whil'st tapestred with this azure pale,  
 If for nought else, yet for those gifts least rare,  
 To serve th' all-pow'rfull pow'rs, should never faile;  
 Yet there are some whom successe hath design'd,  
 Whose names are written in respected scroules,  
 Whom benefits (not ordinary) binde  
 To love them more then life, yea, then their soules:  
 Of those that you are one, your deeds declare,  
 Of whom amid'st innumerable broiles,  
 Even from your cradle they have had a care,  
 And led you safe through many dangerous toiles;  
 Though of the troubles of your youth I see,  
 You have not heard the wonderfull discourse,  
 I them remember, who did chance to be  
 An actor in your Tragicke-Comicke course.

*Cyrus.* The accidents which in our nonage chance,  
 A ripened age not to remembrance brings,  
 Like fabulous dreames which darkenesse doth advance,  
 That are by day disdain'd as frivolous things:  
 For, our conceptions are not then so strong  
 That they can leave impressions long behinde,  
 Yet mixe (deare friend) old griefes new joyes among,  
 And call afflicted infancy to minde.

*Harp.* Who would not wonder at thy wondrous fate,  
 Whom (even or borne) destruction did attend,  
 Whil'st ere thou could'st offend, pursu'd by hate,  
 Even then to end what now shall never end?  
 Your mother first her fathers minde did sting,  
 Whil'st once he dream'd, which yet his soule confounds,  
 That of a tree which from her wombe did spring,  
 Th'umbragious branches, darkened *Asias* bounds;  
 Then to the Magies straight he gave in charge  
 To try what this strange vision did presage,  
 VVho having studied their darke Art at large,  
 Gave this response with a prophetick rage:  
 That once his daughter should a sonne bring forth,  
 Who should (by valour gaining great renowne)  
 Make vanquish'd *Asia* witnesse of his worth;  
 But from his grand-father first reave the Crowne.  
 This to *Asyages* a terrour bred,  
 Who (vainely bent to scorne the heavens decree)  
 His daughter (out of policy) would wed,  
 To some weake stranger of no great degree.





And to *Cambyfes*, who of her made choice,  
 He, for his Country (then contemn'd) gave care,  
 Whom by your birth the *Princessse* did rejoyce,  
 And gave her father further caule of feare;  
 " Thus tyranny (their brood whose courage failes)  
 " Doth force the Parents in despaire to fall,  
 " To fight a dastard, proud when it prevailes,  
 " But yet (as fear'd of all,) doth still feare all;  
 " And tyrants no security can finde,  
 " For every shadow frights a guilty minde.  
 This Monarch then who could not dreame of harmes,  
 Whole guards did glance all still with steele array'd,  
 Then whil'st he liv'd secure from forraigne Armes,  
 A babe, scarce borne, and his, did make afraid.  
 And whil'st *Lucina* the last helpe did make,  
 As if some ugly monster had beene borne,  
 A Minotaure, a Centaure, or a Snake,  
 The peoples terrour, and the Mothers scorne;  
 The Grand-childrens birth, which justly should impart,  
 To grand-fathers the greatest cause of joyes,  
 Did (long ere wounded, making him to smart)  
 Involve him in a maze of sad annoyes;  
 And to prevent what did him fondly fright,  
 By giving cause of a deserved hate,  
 He sought by robbing you the new-found light,  
 To make your birth and buriall of one date.  
 Soone after this he sent for me in haste,  
 Whom at that time (and not in vaine) he lov'd,  
 And told the summe of all things that were past,  
 By which his marble-minde seem'd nothing mov'd;  
 Yet in the same, as he would let me know,  
 Though pittie none, some horror did remaine,  
 Whil'st damn'd in substance, to seeme cleere in show,  
 Your bloud his heart, but not his hand should staine.  
 " Thus having lull'd asleepe their judgement still,  
 " The wicked would extenuate their crimes,  
 " Not knowing those who but allow of ill,  
 " As actors guilty, differ but in times.  
 With his vile fault he would have burden'd me,  
 Whom straight he charg'd an Innocent to slay;  
 I promis'd to performe his rash decree,  
 Well weighing whom, not what I should obey;  
 When I had parted from his Highnesse face,  
 And carried you (then swaddled) with me too,  
 Whil'st horror did congeale my bloud, a space  
 I stood perplex'd, not knowing what to doe,  
 And (as to purge my part) even shedding teares,  
 By troupes of passions grieve, my soule assail'd,  
 Thus (when distress'd for easing others feares,)  
 Th'intended death of you, your murd'ers wail'd;

For

And



For him I sent a servant of mine owne,  
 VVho for the time was heards-man to the King,  
 To whom I made all my Commission knowne,  
 But as enjoyn'd to him, shew'd every thing;  
 Delivering you with an unwilling breath,  
 Whom of pure gold, a glistring robe array'd,  
 I threatned him with many a cruell death,  
 If that your death were any way delay'd;  
 Straight then to execute the Tyrants doome,  
 He from my sight did all astonish'd goe,  
 Too great a charge for such a simple Groome,  
 The shew of Majestie amaz'd him so;  
 What man (not wondring) can by deeds behold  
 The providence of all-commanding *Iove*,  
 Whole brazen edicts cannot be contrould:  
 "Firme are the Statutes of the States above:  
 "That mortall whom a Deities favour shields,  
 "No worldly force is able to confound,  
 "He may securely walke through dangers fields,  
 "Times and occasions are to serve him bound:  
 For loe, before the heards-man was come home,  
 His wife had chanc'd a breath-lesse childe to beare,  
 Who wondred so to see her husband come,  
 While by his conscience crush'd, he quak'd for feare;  
 And straight she curious grew to know the forme,  
 How he a babe so beautifull obtain'd;  
 Who her of all did suddenly informe,  
 And to what cruelty he was constrain'd;  
 She quickly then th' occasion to embrace,  
 (No doubt inspir'd by some celestiall pow'r)  
 Pray'd that her infant might supply your place,  
 Yet where no beasts his body might devoure,  
 So shall we have (saith she) a double gaine,  
 Since our owne childe shall get a stately tombe,  
 And we a Princely brood, which may remaine,  
 Still nurs't with us as th' issue of my wombe.  
 The husband lik't so well his wives designe,  
 That he perform'd all what she did require,  
 And when I had directed one of mine,  
 This Tragedies last act, who might enquire:  
 My man who spy'd a babe there breathlesse lye,  
 With that rich funerall furniture array'd,  
 Told what the fellow told, (a generous lye)  
 So that thus try'd, I trusted what they laid.  
 In end, Time (posting with houre-feather'd wings)  
 Had given you strength, with others of your yeares  
 You haunted games, not nephewes unto Kings,  
 But for that time admitted for your Peeres,  
 They faile call fortune blinde, she sight bewray'd,  
 And your authority by lot enlarg'd,



In past all sports, who still the Scepter sway'd,  
And as but borne for that, that best discharg'd:  
With other children then, as once it chanc'd,  
A Noble man of *Medeas* Sonne remain'd,  
Who f'olne with envy to see you advanc'd,  
Your childish charge with scornfull words disdain'd;  
You raging at that proud attempt of his,  
Did punish him, as it became a Prince,  
I doubt now (Sir) if that you thinke of this:  
The rest of rashnesse did your deed convince.

*Cyrus.* Though now my breast doth greater thoughts embrace,  
Of youthfull sports, yet do not spare to speake;  
"Let cares alternatly give pleasure place:  
"That which is bended still, must sometime breake.

*Harp.* The childes great Father did inform the King,  
How that so base a boy his Sonne abus'd,  
And of the guard one hasted you to bring,  
As for an odious crime to be accus'd;  
But when the King (expostulating long)  
By terrours striv'd to cast your courage downe:  
You boldly said, that you had done no wrong,  
To punish one who had contemn'd your Crowne;  
You so magnanimous amaz'd to finde,  
W'ril't pausing long with an attentive Eye,  
That speech imperious told the King your kinde:  
Whose brood but th'Eagles curst have soar'd so high:  
The fained Father to the King was brought;  
Who (fear'd for torture) telling truth in time,  
Where he reward deserv'd, but pardon sought,  
As if the saving you had beene a crime.  
Then (as it seem'd) delighted with the rest,  
The King did cause a sumptuous feast prepare,  
And me desir'd as his most speciall guest,  
That with my Sonne I would to Court repaire;  
When I was come, the King great joy disclos'd,  
And sooth'd my words which did his chance applaud,  
But for another end then I suppos'd:  
"What fairer cloke then courtesie for fraud?  
When th'absence of the Sunne did darknesse breed,  
The Candles light inheriting his place,  
On my Sonnes flesh they caus'd my selfe to feed,  
Then did upbraide me with his bloudlesse face;  
VVhat anguish, or what rage o're-flow'd my soule,  
A loving Father may imagine best,  
Yet at that time I did my rage controull,  
But laid it high up in a stormie brest.

*Cyrus.* Some of the wise-men then I heard remain'd,  
VVho from their former sentence did recoyle,  
And said, no danger was, since I had raign'd,  
Then did dismiss me for my native soile;

F

VVhere



VWhere when I had my blooming season spent,  
 To weakened wrath your lines did strength afford,  
 Informing us that many *Medes* were bent  
 For his great cruelty to leave their Lord;  
 And wish'd (if to their Scepter I aspir'd)  
 That I should move the *Persians* to rebell,  
 VWhich did succeed even as my soule desir'd:  
 For they disdain'd in bondage base to dwell;  
 VWhen my encourag'd troupes all arm'd did stand,  
 Ere they from Strangers could attend releefe,  
 I quickly march'd, encounting with that band,  
 Of which the King had chanc'd to make you chiefe.

*Harp.* "Loe how those wretches whom the heavens would wrack,  
 " (To plagues expos'd) of judgement are unarm'd:  
 " The King of me his Captaine straight did make,  
 " And look't for help of him whom he had harm'd;  
 " Yet was th'old wrong so rooted in my heart,  
 " My Countries thraldome, and mine owne disgrace,  
 " That all the horrors mischief could impart  
 " Seem'd nought to me, so my disdain took place.

*Cyr.* "On those whom they have wrong'd, none should relye:  
 " Lust rancour unreveng'd, can never dye.

*Harp.* This enterprise at first so well did speed,  
 That since, your Greatnesse still began to rise,  
 Which may by time so brave a story breed,  
 As may be pretious in all Princes eyes.

*Cyr.* Behold how *Cræsus* with his riches blinde,  
 Durst even encounter with my warre-like band;  
 And whil'ft a prosp'rous course betray'd his minde,  
 Did not suspect what pow'r was in my hand;  
 But he and his confederates have seene  
 How victory doth still my troupes attend,  
 And *Persia* must be once all *Asia's* Queene,  
 On whom for servants Princes shall depend;  
 Now *Cræsus* is o'recome, this Towne surpris'd,  
 And *Lydia* charg'd with gold, doth yeeld rich spoyles;  
 The League unprosp'rous, *Egypt* hath despis'd,  
 This is the happy end of all our toiles.  
 But ah! one sowre unseasons all my sweets,  
 That gallant man who was my Mate in armes,  
 Whose praise through all the peopled circuit fleets;  
 And with his love each generous courage warmes;  
 Then when (though weake in troupes) in courage strong,  
 Th' *Egyptian* Chariots desperately he charg'd  
 There (whil'ft he fought unfortunately long)  
*Mars* from terrestriall bands his soule enlarg'd.

*Harp.* No doubt that Dame this trouble hardly beares,  
 Who onely seem'd for him to like of life,  
 I heard him (whil'ft she bath'd his breast with teares)  
 Oft wish by prooffe to merit such a wife.



*The Tragedy of Cræsus.*

51

When their farewell was seal'd, last speeches spent,  
She kiss'd the Coach that did containe her trust,  
And with eyes bigge with pearle, gaz'd where he went,  
Still till her sight was choak'd with clouds of dust.

*Cyrus.* And have you then not heard, his death but prov'd  
The black beginning of a bloody Scene?

His wife *Panthea* at the first not mov'd,  
Seem'd as she had some marble image beene;  
The body that had oft her fancies fir'd,  
She caus'd beare out of sight, still deare, though dead;  
But where the River ranne, when once retir'd,  
She 'twixt her bosomes Rounds entomb'd his head;  
And then from Rage she borrowed some reliefe:  
For sorrow by degrees, a passage seeks,  
Vapouring forth sighs, which made a cloud of griefe,  
A mighty storme of teares rain'd downe her cheeks;  
Then, whil'st her Eyes the wonted object miss'd,  
With heavy looks resolving fatall haste,  
Pale senselesse lips she prodigally kiss'd,  
With as great ardour then as in times past.

I posted thither, bent to have releev'd  
This Lady of a portion of her woes.

Heaven beare me witnesse! I was greatly griev'd,  
Who would to save one friend, spare hosts of foes;  
She first a space me passionately ey'd,  
Then with those words, her lips did slowly move,  
My husband, loe, hath valorously dy'd,  
As of your friendship, worthy of my love.

"My comming but encreas'd griefes starving store:

"For, till that passion of it selfe expire,

"All kinde of comfort but augments it more,

"Like drops of oyle thrown on a mighty fire.

A constant count'nance though I striv'd to make,

And what her woes diminish might, did tell;

That comfort which I gave, I could not take,

And scarcely could throw forth my last farewell;

When I had left her but a little space,

She did discharge the Eunuchs from her sight,

Then pray'd her Nurse to bury in one place

Her and her Lord, as they deserv'd of right;

Last, looking on his corps, she drew a sword,

And even as if her soule had flown in him,

(Pure snows in Crimson dy'd) imbrac'd her Lord,

Whil'st beauties blubbred Starres were waxing dim;

Then bent to fall, when her they could not raise,

(As scorning to survive their prosperous state)

In emulation of their Ladies praise,

The *Eunuchs* did precipitate their fate,

O sweet *Panthea*, rich in rarest parts,

I must admire thy ghost though thou be gone!

F 2

Who

When



Who might'st have made a Monarchy of hearts,  
 Yet loath'd unlawfull loves, and lov'd but one;  
 O wond'rous wonders, wonders wond'rous rare!  
 A woman constant, such a beauty chaste,  
 A minde so pure, joyn'd with a face so faire,  
 With vertue beauty in one person plac't;  
 Both were well match'd as any could devise,  
 Whose death confirms the union of their life;  
 He valorous, she vertuous, both wise,  
 She worthy such a Mate, he such a wife.  
 And *Harpagus*, lest that it should be thought,  
 That of brave mindes the memory may dye,  
 Cause build a stately Tombe with Statues wrought,  
 Where both their bodies with respect may lye.

*Harp.* I'll raise a Pyramide of *Cræsus* spoils,  
 Where of their worth each part shall be compris'd,  
 But how to do in these tumultuous broils,  
 Now time requires that you were well advis'd:  
 Your adversary doth attend your will;  
 This haughty Towne for feare to fall doth bow,  
 And therefore pardon, ransom, quite, or kill,  
 Do what you please, none can controll us now.

*Cyr.* As for old *Cræsus*, I am else resolv'd,  
 He with some captives whom I keep in store  
 Shall have their bodies by the fire dissolv'd,  
 As offerings to the Gods whom I adore.  
 My Souldiers paines this City shall defray,  
 Since by their meanes it hath beene gain'd for us,  
 I yeeld it unto them, as their just prey,  
 Who taste the sweetnesse of their travels thus;  
 Of other things we shall so well dispose  
 That our renowne through all the world shall shine,  
 Till *Cyrus* name give terror to all those,  
 Who dare against his Sovereignty repine.

### Act. 5. Scene 2.

*Nuntius. Chorus.*

**A** H! to what part shall I my steps addresse;  
 Of bondage base the burden to eschue?  
 Loe, delolation, ruine, and distresse  
 With horreur do my native home pursue;  
 And now poore Countrey, take my last farewell,  
 Farewell all joy, all comfort, all delight.

*Cho.* What heavy tydings hast thou now to tell,  
 Who tear'st thy garments thus? what forc'd thy flight?

*Nunt.* I tell the wracke of us, and all who live  
 Within the circuit of this wretched soile.

*Cho.*



*Cho.* A hideous shout we heard the Citle give;  
Have foes prevail'd, do they her beauty spoile?

*Nunt.* They may it spoile. *Cho.* And is our Sovereigne flaine?

*Nunt.* No, but scarce scap't doth live in danger still.

*Chor.* Then let our mindes no more in doubt remaine;  
And must we yeeld to that proud Strangers will?

*Nunt.* You know how *Cræsus* at advantage lay,  
Still seeking meanes to curbe the *Persians* pride,  
And how th'*Assyrians* had assign'd a day  
When led by him, they battell would abide;  
But *Cyrus* having heard how that they would  
Against his State so great an armie bring,  
Straight raising forces, providently bold,  
Prevents, invades, o're-comes, and takes our King.

"*Cho.* This shews a Captaine both expert and brave;  
"Who wisely doth advise, performe with speed,  
No circumstance (friend) unrelated leave,  
Which with our Kings did our confusion breed.

*Nunt.* When *Cræsus* saw that *Cyrus* came so soone,  
He stood a while with a distracted minde,  
Yet what time would permit, left nought undone,  
But made his musters, march'd his foe to finde.  
Our stately troupes that for rich armes excell'd,  
And with umbragious feathers fann'd the aire,  
With insolency, not with courage swell'd,  
A triumph dream'd, scarce how to fight took care.  
The *Lydian* horse-men never stain'd, but true,  
And for their worth, through all the world renown'd,  
Them chiefly *Cyrus* labour'd to subdue,  
And this device for that effect was found:  
Untrussing all their baggage by the way  
Each of the Camels for his charge did beare  
A grim-fac'd Groome, who did himselte array  
With what in *Persia* horsemen use to weare;  
To them th'infantry did follow next,  
A solid Squadron like a brasen wall;  
But those in whom all confidence was fix'd,  
The brave Cavallery came last of all,  
Then *Cyrus* by the raines his Courser tooke,  
And bravely mounted, holding out his hands  
With an assured, and imperious look  
Went kindling courage through the flaming bands;  
He them desir'd, who at deaths game would strive  
To spare none of their foes in any forme;  
But as for *Cræsus* to take him alive,  
And keep him captive for a greater storme:  
Where famous *Hellus* doth to *Hermus* post,  
To give another both his strength, and name;  
Our army ranne against a greater host,  
To grace it likewise with our force and fame.



Each troupe a time with equall valour stood,  
 Till giving place at length we took the chace,  
 While as the River ranne to hide our bloud,  
 But still his borders blush'd at our disgrace;  
 For when the Camels to the field were come,  
 Our horses all affrighted at their sight,  
 Ranne raging backe againe, and of them some  
 Disordering ranks, put many to the flight;  
 Yet some who had beene us'd with martiall traines  
 The stratagem (though out of time) perceiv'd,  
 And lighting downe (red heights rais'd from green plains)  
 Did vengeance urge of those who them deceiv'd;  
 There whil'st the world prov'd prodigall of breath,  
 The headlesse tronks lay prostrated in heaps;  
 This field of funerals sacred unto death,  
 Did paint out horreur in most hideous shapes:  
 Whil'st men unhors'd, horses unmastr'd, stray'd,  
 Some call'd on those whom they most dearly lov'd,  
 Some rag'd, some groan'd, some sigh'd, roar'd, promis'd, pray'd,  
 As blows, falls, faintnesse, paine, hope, anguish mov'd.  
 Those who then scap'd (like beasts unto a den)  
 A fortresse took where valour none renownes,  
 " Walls are for women, and the fields for men,  
 " No Towne can keep a man, but men keep Townes;  
 And we were scarcely entred at the Ports,  
 When straight the Enemies did the Towne enclose,  
 And quickly rear'd huge artificiall Forts,  
 Which did to the besieg'd more paine impose:  
 All martiall Engines were for battery found,  
 At like encounters, which had ear'st prevail'd,  
 Whil'st both they us'd the vantage of the ground,  
 And borrow'd help from Art, where Nature fail'd;  
 They alwayes compassing our Trench about,  
 Still where the walls were weake, did make a breach,  
 Which (straight repairing) darts were hurled out,  
 To kill all those who came where we might reach;  
 There all the bolts of death, edg'd by disdain,  
 Which many curious wits enclin'd to ill,  
 Whil'st kindled by revenge, or hope of gaine,  
 Had skill to make, were put in practise still;  
 Yet as we see it oft-times hath occur'd,  
 Where least we did suspect, we were surpris'd,  
 Whil'st Fortune and the Fates in one concurr'd,  
 That in Fames rolls our fall might be compris'd:  
 That side of *Sardis*, farre from all regard,  
 Which doth next *Tmolus* lye, thought most secure,  
 Through this presumption, whil'st without a guard,  
 All *Lydia's* o'rethrow did with speed procure:  
 As one of ours (unhappily it chanc'd)  
 To reach his helmet, that had scap't his hand,

Alongst



Alongst that steepie part his steps advanc'd,  
 And was returning back unto his band;  
 He was well mark'd by one, who had not spar'd  
 To tempt all dangers which might make us thralls:  
 For *Cyrus* had proclaim'd a great reward  
 To him whose steps first trod the conquer'd walls;  
 And this companion seeing without stay  
 One in his sight that craggie passage clime,  
 Straight on his foot-steps followed all the way,  
 And many a thousand hasted after him;  
 Then all that durst resist, were quickly kill'd,  
 The rest who fled, no where secure could be:  
 For every street was with confusion fill'd;  
 There was no corner from some mischief free.  
 O what a piteous clamour did arise  
 Of ravish'd virgins, and of widow'd wives!  
 Who pierc'd the heavens with lamentable cryes,  
 And having lost all comfort, loath'd their lives.  
 Whil'st those proud Victors would themselves have stain'd  
 With all the wrongs that Pride, or power could use,  
 They by a charge from *Cyrus* were restrain'd,  
 And durst no more their captives thus abuse.

*Chor.* No doubt but high mishaps did then abound,  
 Whil'st with disdain the Conqu'rous bosome boyl'd,  
 As some the sword, disgrace did some confound,  
 Not onely houses, Temples too were spoyld.  
 "What misery more great can be devis'd,  
 "Then is a Cities when by force surpris'd?  
 But whil'st that stately Towne was thus distress'd,  
 What did become of our unhappy King?

*Nunt.* Then when the Enemy had his state possess'd,  
 And that confusion seiz'd on every thing:  
 He scarcely first could trust his troubled sight,  
 (The Fortune past transported had him so)  
 Yet having eyes who can deny the light:  
 He saw himsele inferiour to his foe;  
 And apprehending there whil'st left alone,  
 How that his judgement long had beene betray'd,  
 (As metamorphos'd in a marble stone)  
 His ravish'd thoughts in admiration stray'd;  
 But such a weight of woes not us'd to beare,  
 He first was griev'd, then rag'd, and last despair'd,  
 Till through excessive feare, quite freed from feare,  
 He for his safetie then no further car'd;  
 And never wish'd he so to have long life,  
 But death farre further was affected now,  
 Still seeking danger in the bounds of strife,  
 So he were sure to dye, he car'd not how;  
 Whil'st furies thus were fostred in his brest,  
 Him suddenly a Souldier chanc'd to meet,



As insolent as any of the rest,  
 Who drunk with bloud, ran raging through the street;  
 And wanting but an object to his ire,  
 He fought to him, and he to him againe;  
 I know not which of them did most desire,  
 The one to slay, the other to be slaine;  
 But whil'ft so base a hand towring aloft,  
 Did to so great a Monarch threaten death,  
 His eldest Sonne, who (as you have heard oft)  
 Was barr'd from making benefit of breath:  
 I cannot tell you well, nor in what forme,  
 If that the destinies had so ordain'd,  
 Or if of passions an impetuous storme  
 Did raze the strings that had his tongue restrain'd;  
 But when he saw his Syre in danger stand,  
 He with thole words a mighty shout did give:  
 Thou furious Stranger stay, hold, hold thy hand,  
 Kill not King *Cræsus*, let my Father live;  
 The other hearing this, his hand retyr'd,  
 And call'd his Kings commandement to minde;  
 High were those aymes to which his thoughts aspir'd,  
 Whom for great fortunes this rare chance design'd;  
 Now when that *Cræsus*, who for death long long'd,  
 Was quite undone, by being thus preserv'd,  
 As both by life, and death, then doubly wrong'd,  
 Whil'ft but by fates for further harme reserv'd;  
 He with sad sighs those accents did accord:  
 Now let the heavens do all the ill they can,  
 Which would not unto me the grace afford,  
 That I might perish like a private man,  
 Ah, must I live to sigh that I was borne,  
 Charactering shame in a dejected face?  
 Ah, must I live, to my perpetuall scorne,  
 The abject object, pointed for disgrace?  
 Yet this unto his soule more sorrow bred,  
 He (scorne pretending state) as King array'd,  
 Was with great shouts ridiculously led  
 Backe to the Tent, whereas their Emp'rour stay'd:  
 Then that he might his misery conceive,  
 Those robes so rich, were all exchang'd with chains,  
 And prisons strictnesse bragg'd him with the grave,  
 So soone as death could make a choice of paines;  
 They caus'd in haste a pile of wood to make,  
 And in the mid'ft where all men might him spie,  
 Caus'd binde the captive King unto a stake,  
 With fourteene others of the *Lydians* by;  
 There (as if offerings fit to purge the state)  
 Foes fought with flames their ruine to procure,  
 Though *love* prepostrous piety doth hate:  
 " No sacrifice is sweet, which is not pure.



Now whil'st the fire was kindling round about,  
 As to some pow'rfull God, who pray'd, or vow'd,  
 With eyes bent up, and with his hands stretch'd out:  
 O! *Solon, Solon, Cræsus* cry'd aloud;  
 Some hearing him to utter such a voice,  
 Who said that *Cyrus* curious was to know  
 (When dying now) what deity was his choice,  
 Did him request his last intent to show:  
 His exclamation was (said he) on one,  
 With whom he wish'd (their frailty so to see)  
 That all who ever trusted in a Throne,  
 Had but conferr'd a space as well as he;  
 Then there he told what *Solon* had him showne,  
 Whil'st at his Court (which flourish'd then) arriv'd;  
 How worldly blisse might quickly be o're-throwne;  
 And not accomplish'd was, while as one liv'd;  
 Whil'st forth salt flouds attending troupes did powre;  
 He shew how much the wise-man did disdain  
 Those who presum'd of wealth, or worldly pow'r,  
 By which none could a perfect blisse obtaine;  
 This speech did *Cyrus* move to ponder much  
 The great uncertainty of worldly things,  
 As thinking that himselfe might once be such,  
 Since thrall'd to Fortunes throne, like other Kings;  
 Then such a patterne standing him before,  
 Whom envy once, then pitie did attend;  
 He to our King did liberty restore,  
 And with his life did *Solons* fame extend;  
 Yet him the fire still threatned to devoure,  
 Which (rising high) could hardly be controll'd,  
 But O devotion! then appear'd thy pow'r,  
 Which to subdue the heavens makes worldlings bold!  
 To quench the flames, whil'st divers toild in vaine,  
 (*Iove* mov'd by prayer) as *Cræsus* did require,  
 The azure Cisterns open'd did remaine,  
 And clouds fell downe in flouds to quench the fire!  
 Then whil'st the Souldiers did the Citie sack,  
 To save the same (as to his Countrey kinde)  
 The hopelesse *Cræsus* thus to *Cyrus* spake,  
 With words which pitie melted from his minde:  
 Great Prince, to whom all Nations now succumbe,  
 And do thy yoke so willingly embrace,  
 That it some comfort gives to be o're-come  
 By one whose glory graces our disgrace;  
 Since now I am constrain'd your thrall to be,  
 I must conforme my selfe unto my fate,  
 And cannot hold my peace, whereas I see,  
 That which may wrong the greatnesse of your state;  
 Your state is spoil'd by not suspected pow'rs,  
 If this rich Citie thus do rest ore-throwne;

Which



Which now no more is mine, but is made yours:  
 And therefore (Sir) have pittie of your owne;  
 Yea, though the losse of such a populous Towne,  
 Both rich, and yours, your minde could nothing move,  
 Yet thinke of this, which may import your Crowne,  
 A peece of policy which time will prove:  
 The haughty *Persians* borne with stubborne mindes,  
 Who but for poverty first followed you,  
 Their matchlesse worth in armes large *Asia* findes,  
 Their feare is falne upon all Nations now;  
 But if you suffer them in such a sort  
 To be made rich with plenteous *Lydia's* spoiles,  
 Not able then their conquest to support,  
 The vanquish't by their fall the victor foils;  
 Let not vain pleasures entertaine their fights:  
 " Rest wealth, wealth pride, pride warre, warre ruine breeds,  
 Whil'st (faint through pleasures, weakened with delights)  
 No thought of honour from base breasts proceeds.  
 Then *Cyrus* straight approving what he spake,  
 His souldiers were from pretious spoyls restrain'd,  
 Whil'st he the tenth part did pretend to take,  
 A fatall off'ring for the Gods ordain'd;  
 This is the summe of our disastrous state,  
 We must a Stranger serve, as thrall'd long since;  
 With losse of all which he posselt of late  
 Our King bought breath, a poore thing for a Prince.

*Chor.* O wretched people! O unhappy King!  
 Our joyes are spoyl'd, his happinesse expir'd,  
 And no new chance can any comfort bring,  
 Where destinies to ruine have conspir'd,  
 Go wofull messenger, hold on thy course,  
 For, to have heard too much, it irks our eares;  
 And we shall note of this thy sad discourse,  
 With sighs each accent, and each point with teares.

*Croesus.*

**L**oe! I who late did thunder from a Throne,  
 Am now a wretch whom every one disdaines;  
 My treasure, honour, state, and freedome gone;  
 No kinde of comfort, no, nor hope remaines,  
 And after me, let none whom greatnesse shrouds,  
 Trust tumid titles, nor ostentive shows:  
 " Sailes swolne with windes, whil'st emulating clouds,  
 That which puffes up, oft at the last o're-throws.  
 O! had this pretious wit enrich'd my minde,  
 Which by experience I have dearly bought,  
 Whil'st fortune was within my Court confin'd,  
 And that I could not thinke a bitter thought;  
 Then satisfi'd with Sovereignty ear'st prov'd,



I had disdain'd new dangers to embrace,  
 And cloath'd with majestic, admir'd, and lov'd,  
 Had liv'd with pleasure, and had dy'd in peace.  
 " But what more wonderfull in any State,  
 " Then power (when courted) that is free from pride  
 " But chiefly those who live securely great,  
 " They oft may erre, since Fortune is their guide,  
 What could the world afford, or man affect,  
 Which did not smoothe my soule, whilst I was such?  
 Whom now the changing world doth quite neglect,  
 By prosper'ing plagu'd, starv'd onely with too much;  
 Long lull'd asleep with scornfull Fortunes lyes,  
 A slave to pleasure, drown'd in base delights,  
 I made a covenant with my wandring eyes,  
 To entertaine them still with pleasant sights;  
 My heart enjoy'd all that was wish'd of late,  
 Whilst it the height of happinesse did cloy,  
 Still serv'd with dainty, but suspected meat,  
 My soule with pleasure sick, was faint for joy;  
 All, with much care what might procure mine ease;  
 (My will divin'd) obsequiously devis'd,  
 And who my fancy any way could please,  
 As prais'd by me, was by all others priz'd.  
 Save serving me none else could have deserv'd,  
 Of whom what ever came, was held of weight,  
 My words and looks were carefully observ'd,  
 And whom I grac'd, were had in honour straight;  
 For pompe and pow'r, farre passing other Kings,  
 Whilst too secure with drowsie thoughts I slumbred,  
 My coffers still were full of pretious things,  
 Of which (as wealth least weigh'd) gold scarce was numbred;  
 I rear'd rare buildings, all embost with gold;  
 Made ponds for fishes, forrests for wilde beasts;  
 And with vain thoughts which could not be controll'd,  
 Oft spent the day in sport, the night in feasts.  
 I toss'd the Elements with power like *Joves*,  
 Driv'd water up, aire downe, a pleasant change;  
 For, stately fountains, artificiall groves,  
 As common things were not accounted strange.  
 With me (what more could any Monarch crave?)  
 In all the parts of pompe, none could compare:  
 My Minions gallant, Counsellours were grave,  
 My guards were strong, my Concupines were faire;  
 Yea, whilst light Fortune my defects supply'd,  
 I had all that could breed (as now I finde)  
 In others wonder, in the owner pride,  
 So puffing up the flesh to spoyle the minde.  
 Thus with delight (long pressing pleasures grapes)  
 With Fortune I carrows'd what men deare hold,  
 But ah! from misery none alwayes escapes,



" One must be wretched once, or yong, or old;  
 Then weary to be well, and tyr'd of rest,  
 To waken trouble, I th'occasion sought;  
 And yet to cloake the passions of my brest,  
 Did with devotion long cloud what I thought:  
 Of all the Oracles I did enquire  
 What was to come of this intended warre,  
 Who said (as seem'd to second my desire)  
 That I a mightie Monarchie should marre.  
 Those doubtfull words I wresting to my will,  
 In hope to breake the hauty *Persians* pow'rs,  
 Did ruine quite (whil'st all succeeded ill)  
 What many a age had gain'd, even in few houres;  
 And this may be admir'd as more then strange,  
 I who disdain'd an equall of before,  
 (What cannot Fortune do, when bent to change?)  
 Then servants lesse, must dreame content no more;  
 What eye not bigge with scorne my state surveyes,  
 Whom all do pittie now; or worse, do blame,  
 And bound even to my foe for some few dayes,  
 Which borrowed are with th'intrest of my fame.  
 Though this sweet gale of life-bestowing windes  
 Would seeme a favour (so it seemes to some)  
 Who by the basenesse of their muddie mindes  
 Shew from what vulgar stock their kinde doth come;  
 I scorne unlike my selfe thus to be seene,  
 Though to my comfort this appear'd to tend,  
 As if misfortunes past had onely beene  
 A Tragick entry to a Comick end.  
 Of all that plague my State, what greater pest  
 Then servile life, which faine from th'earth to part:  
 And hath in one united all the rest  
 To make me dye each day, yet live to smart;  
 Life in my brest no comfort can infuse:  
 " An En'mies gift could never come for good,  
 It but gives time of misery to muse,  
 And bathe my sorrows in a bitter flood:  
 Ah! had my breath straight vanish'd with my blisse,  
 And clos'd the windows that gave light to life,  
 I had not borne (to misery submisse)  
 The height of those mishaps, which now are rife:  
 Whil'st with a thousand sighs I call to minde  
 The death of *Atis*, and mine owne disgrace,  
 In such an agony my soule I finde,  
 That life to death would willingly give place;  
 But since I see reserv'd for further spight,  
 I with sad thoughts must burden yet my soule,  
 My memory to my distracted spright  
 Of all my troubles shall present a scroule,  
 Of which, while as th'accounts I go to cast,



When numbring my misfortunes all of late,  
I will looke backe upon my pleasures past,  
And by them ballance my (now) haplesse state.

Chorus.

" 'Tis not a wonder thus to see  
" How by experience each man reeds  
" In practis'd volumes penn'd by deeds;  
" How things below inconstant be;  
" Yet whilst our selves continue free,  
" We ponder oft, but not apply  
" That pretious oyle, which we might buy,  
" Best with the price of others paines,  
" Which (as what not to us pertaines)  
" To use we will not condescend,  
" As if we might the fates defie,  
" Still whilst untouch'd our state remaines;  
" But soon the heavens a change may send:  
" No perfect blisse before the end.

When first we fill with fruitfull seed,  
The apt conceiving wombe of th' earth,  
And seeme to banish feare of dearth,  
With that which it by time may breed,  
Still dangers doe our hopes exceed:  
The frosts may first with cold confound  
The tender greenes which decke the ground,  
Whose wrath though Aprils smiles assuage,  
It must abide th' Eolian rage,  
Which too o're-com'd, whilst we attend  
All Ceres wandring tresses bound,  
The reines let from their cloudy cage  
May spoile what we expect to spend:  
No perfect blisse before the end.

Loe, whilst the Vine-tree great with Grapes,  
With nectar'd liquor strives to kisse  
Embracing Elmes not lov'd amisse,  
Those clusters lose their comely shapes,  
Whilst by the thunder burn'd, in heapes  
All Bacchus hopes fall downe and perish:  
Thus many things doe fairely flourish,  
Which no perfection can attaine,  
And yet we worldlings are so vaine,  
That our conceits too high we bend,  
If fortune but our Spring-time cherish,  
Though divers stormes we must sustaine,  
To harvest ere our yeares ascend:  
No perfect blisse before the end.




*By all who in this world have place,  
 There is a course which must be runne,  
 And let none thinke that he hath wonne,  
 Till first he finish'd hath his race;  
 The Forrests through the which we trace,  
 Breed ravenous beasts, which doe abhorre us,  
 And lye in wait still to devoure us,  
 Whil'st brambles doe our steppes beguile,  
 The feare of which though we exile,  
 And to our marke with gladnesse tend,  
 Then balles of gold are laid before us,  
 To entertaine our thoughts a while,  
 And our good meaning to suspend:  
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

*Behold how Cræsus long hath liv'd,  
 Throughout this spacious world admir'd,  
 And having all that he desir'd,  
 A thousand meanes of joy contriv'd;  
 Yet suddenly is now depriv'd  
 Of all that wealth; and strangely falles:  
 For every thing his sprite appalles,  
 His sonnes decease, his cuntryes losse,  
 And his owne state, which stormes doe tossé:  
 Thus he who could not apprehend,  
 Then whil'st he slept in marble walles,  
 No, nor imagine any crosse,  
 To beare all those his brest must lend:  
 No perfect blisse before the end.*

*And we the Lydians who design'd  
 To raigne over all who were about us,  
 Behold how fortune too doth flout us;  
 And utterly hath us resign'd;  
 For, to our selves we that assign'd  
 A Monarchie, but knew not how,  
 Yet thought to make the world to bow,  
 Which at our forces stood afraid,  
 We, we by whom these plots were laid,  
 To thinke of bondage must descend,  
 And beare the yoke of others now,  
 O, it is true that Solon said!  
 While as he yet doth breath extend,  
 No man is blest; behold the end.*

FINIS.





# THE TRAGEDY OF DARIUS.

## THE ARGUMENT.

**D**ARIUS, the fourteenth from Cyrus King of Persia, being after the death of Occhus, for his singular valour, from the government of Armenia, advanc'd to the Persian Empire, became so arrogant (a good successe as it were, setting him forward to confusion) as he sent to demand tribute of Philip then King of Macedonia: who being of a haughty nature (and inferiour to none of that age in courage, or for military discipline) requited this contumelious message, with as disdainfull an answer; threatening that he would come and deliver it in Persepolis. But being prevented by death, he left the execution of his designe to his sonne Alexander, who for the great victories which thereafter he obtained, was surnamed the great. He inheriting the hatred of his Father towards Darius, and farre surmounting him in ambition, past in person to Asia, with an army of thirty thousand men onely.

After his arrivall, Darius wrote to him in a proud and contemptible manner, ascribing to himselfe the title of the King of Kings, and kinsman of the Gods, and naming Alexander his servant; Hee also in vaunting manner, bragged that he would have that mad boy, the sonne of Philip (for so in derision he tearmed him) bound, and beaten with rodde, and after brought to his presence apparelled like a Prince. For performance whereof he directed one of his Minions, with forty thousand men to make impediments to his passage at the River of Granick, where by the wonderfull valour of Alexander, they were overthrowne.

Darius being advertised of this, came himselfe in proper person, accompanied with infinite (but evill ordered) numbers, and encountred Alexander beside Issus, in the strait of Cilicia: where having fought a doubtfull and bloody battell, in end by the invincible valour and never-failing fortune of Alexander his Army was defeated, himselfe put to flight, and his mother, wife, and children made captives. Who were most courteously entertained by Alexander, who notwithstanding their exceeding great beauty, yet would not abuse them, nor suffer them to bee abused by others: nor visited he them more then once (and that to comfort them) all the time of their imprisonment.

Darius, notwithstanding of all his losses (his courage being in the full, whilst his fortune was in the waine) wrote very proudly to Alexander, taking still the title of a King to himselfe, but not giving it to him, offering him as much gold, as Macedon could containe, for ranome of the captives. Which being



## The Argument.

very disdainfully refused by Alexander, he having re-enforced his troupes, and comming forward to fight with greater force then before, was informed how his wife had died in prison, whose death he bewailed with exceeding great sorrow. And understanding what courtesie Alexander had used towards her, he sent to sue for peace, not for any feare of his force, but allured (as he alledg- ed) by his courtesie. This sute being likewise rejected, he fought beside Ar- bella, with no better fortune then before.

Yet for all these misfortunes, being of an invincible courage, and despairing of peace, he re-assembled all his forces, which were augmented by the comming of the Baſtrians, and was comming forward, with intencion at last either to dye, or prevaile. But in the meane time, two traiterous subjects of his owne, Bessus, whom he had preferred to be governour of Baſtria, and Nabarzanes, one in speciall credit with him, conspired his death. Which danger, though it was revealed to him by Patron, Captaine of the Greekes, yet he could not, or rather would not eschew. At length, those two Traitours tooke, and bound him with golden chaines, and cast him in an old Chariot, with purpose to present him to Alexander. But they hearing how he would not accept their Present, and how he was comming to invade them, threw their darts at Darius, and left him for dead. In this estate he was found by Polystratus, and after the delivery of some few words dyed. Alexander having exceedingly lamented his miserable and undeserved end, directed his body to his mother Sisigambis to be honourably buried.

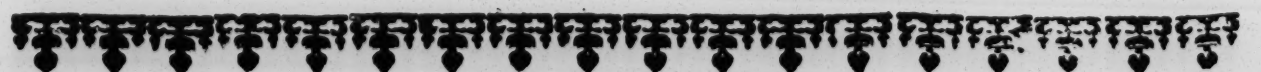


### The persons names that speake.

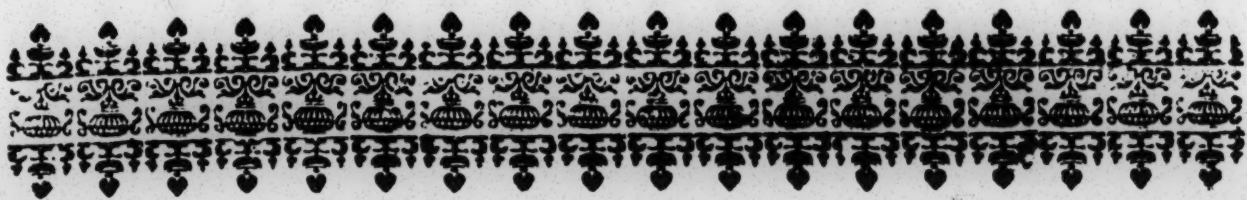
DARIUS.	NUNTIUS.
SISIGAMBEIS, his Mother.	ALEXANDER.
STATIRA his Wife.	PARMENIO, his Lieutenant.
STATIRA his Daughter.	HEPHESTION, his Minion,
TIRIOTES their Eunuch.	POLYSTRATUS, a Souldier.
NABARZANES. } two Trai-	ARTABAZUS, a Noble man of
BESSUS. } tors.	Persia.
PATRON, Captaine of the Mer-	CHORUS, all Persians.
cenary Greekes.	

### The Scene supposed in Babylon.

The







THE  
TRAGEDY OF  
DARIUS.

Act I.

*Darius.*

**W**Hat thund'ring pow'r grown jealous of my state, (fears  
Which (having daunted th'earth) perchance heaven  
Thus arm'd with lightning, breathing flames of hate,  
Big with disdain, high indignation beares?  
Long smooth'd of all, whilst I (pale cares despis'd)  
In fortunes lap asleep, of greatnesse dream'd,  
Even in that calme, my state a storme surpris'd,  
And ere I wak't, my ruine was proclam'd;  
Thus I, whose onely name did terrour give  
(As Idoll of the world,) ador'd over all,  
(With crosses compass'd,) such a wretch doe live,  
That who admir'd my might, admire my fall;  
Ah, then indeed I fell, when gallants stood,  
And Phoenix-like renew'd their lives by death;  
Who having seal'd their force, and faith, with bloud,  
Would rather dye, then draw a borrowed breath;  
Yet I, not I, did view, not venge (though neare)  
Those monstrous mountaines of my Subjects flaine,  
Though even my enemies must my courage cleare,  
Which flames of fury lightned forth in vaine;  
Through greatest dangers, death I did pursue,  
Till heapes of slaughtred bodies barr'd my way,  
And chang'd my Chariot to a scarlet hue,  
Ere wounded honour could be drawne away;  
O how I envy yet their happy Ghosts,  
Who dy'd whilst hope of victory remain'd,  
And in the presence of two famous hosts,  
To praise their valour, even their foes constrain'd:  
Shall I survive that memorable shame,  
Which Persia's glory with disgrace confin'd?



No, rather let me dye, and let my name  
 As vaine, quite vanish, raz'd from every minde.  
 Starre-boasting *Babylon*, all *Asia's* Queene,  
 Blush to behold thy King in such a state,  
 That by the gazing world he now is seene,  
 (A scorned suter) humbly to entreate;  
 But not turn'd vassall, as by pow'r appall'd;  
 Though all my Empire to a period come,  
 Yet none shall vaunt that ever I was thrall'd :  
 " Hearts holding courage, are not quite o're-come.  
 Should I whose Sovereignty so oft was sworne,  
 Be seene submisse to scape a minutes paines,  
 No, let them bow, who but to bow were borne :  
 For *Darius* this indignity disdaines,  
 Since I was once judg'd worthy to command,  
 Shall I descend a Subjects state to try ?  
 No, whilst a sword yeelds homage to this hand,  
 I scorne to grant a greater man then I.  
 Brave sprites, who now possesse the pleasant bow'rs,  
 And glorious Gardens of th'Elysian Plaines,  
 (For, (if deserts may move th'infernall pow'rs)]  
 That happy shade your shadowes now containes)  
 Those fatall fields where I did leade you forth,  
 Your bodies bury, but enlarge your fames,  
 Men shall adore the relickes of your worth,  
 And Trophees reare to your immortall names;  
 I'll sacrifice as Incense to your soules,  
 His dying sighes, and sorrowing Parents teares;  
 Who now, whilst none his prospering pride controules,  
 Our conquer'd Ensignes in his triumph beares:  
 For, it may ease your Ghosts to heare his grones,  
 Whilst burden'd earth rebounding backe doth send  
 A wailing eccho (rais'd from woods and stones,)  
 With wounded words to shew that Armies end.  
 Why spend I speeches to disturbe your rest,  
 As but with words (an idle speaker) pleas'd ?  
 A mighty fury hath inflam'd my brest,  
 And I will rage, till by revenge appeas'd.  
 Did I that strong Cadusian first afront,  
 Who durst advance himselfe to brave our bands,  
 Then turn'd applauded, and in high account,  
 Charg'd with his spoiles, the honour of my hands ?  
 What, could I then (all kinde of doubt remov'd)  
 Alone adventure to an Armies shame ?  
 And should I now (that ancient praise disprov'd)  
 With squadrons compals'd, lose that glorious name ?  
 Blinde fortune, O! thy stratagems are strange !  
 Which spoile my pow'r, and staine my honour too,  
 And (having made my state the stage of change)  
 Hast acted all was in thy power to doe;  
 Lo, I, who late of swarming troupes did boast,



Neere left alone, have fortunes fraud disclos'd;  
And those made captives whom I fancy most,  
To vaunting Victors are by fates expos'd :  
O torment but to thinke, death to beleewe,  
That any may my dearest part annoy,  
And I, wretch'd I, not able to releeve  
Mine eyes chiefe jewell, and my hearts chiefe joy,  
Deare object of my thoughts, my life, my love,  
Sweet Spring of my delights, my one, my all,  
Bright image of th'excellencies above,  
What? dost thou breath, and com'st not when I call?  
And can I be, and not be where thou art?  
Hath heaven the force me from thy face to barre?  
Or are my hands growne traitours to my heart?  
That they should shrink from doing what it dare :  
O! could my minde but distribute a space  
Those emulating thoughts which toss my brest,  
To pointlesse ciphers; who but spend a place,  
Then I alone might animate the rest;  
Since in this great disgrace, I chanc'd to fall,  
Now nothing rests to raise my fame forlorne,  
But by some desperate course to hazard all;  
Ile live with praise, or by my death flye scorne;  
Some prosperous issue afterward may purge  
This crime which fortune hath impos'd on me,  
This crime that carries with it selte a scourge :  
No greater torment then the want of thee;  
" But fortunes course, what mortall can restraine,  
" Who Diadems through dust for sport doth roule?  
A stranger now o're my delights doth raigne,  
And may extort the treasures of my soule;  
Now, not till now, I apprehend my harmes,  
When I imagine how my best belov'd  
Must entertaine mine enemy in her armes,  
And I so farre from offering ayde remov'd;  
A host of furies in my brest I finde,  
Which doe my soule with dreadfull horrors fill,  
Whilst Melancholy musters in my minde  
Strange apprehensions that affright me still;  
And this surmiz'd disgrace, grown throughly strong,  
Reades hourelly in mine eares a hatefull scroule  
Of an imagin'd, yet a helpelesse wrong,  
Such poison'd thoughts like Serpents sting my soule;  
Blinde love beguiles me not, sharpe sighted feares  
With reason fed, doe make suspicion live :  
Would God that I had neither eyes nor eares,  
Which to the heart intelligence might give;  
This aggravates the weight of my despaire,  
When doubt objects to breake loves last defence:  
How he is yong and fierce, she yong and faire.



He to offend, she subject to offence;  
 From wronging me, both cannot long abstaine:  
 Her beauty is sufficient to allure,  
 His bravery is sufficient to obtaine.  
 "Captaines will force, and Captives must endure.  
 O *Alexander*, tender my renowne,  
 Though thus thou travell to usurpe my throne,  
 "I rage to have a rivall in my Crowne,  
 "But in my love I can comfort with none;  
 That boundlesse flame which in thy bosome boyles,  
 If quench'd with ought save bloud (as base) I blame:  
 My fortunes take, but spare her honours spoiles,  
 Which not thy glory, yet must breed our shame.  
 But pardon deare that which griev'd thoughts burst forth,  
 More bright thy fame, that darkened is my state,  
 "By many meanes men may approve their worth:  
 "A woman onely with a wretched mate:  
 "Chast mindes still pure, doe then most firmly stand,  
 "When fortifi'd with wedlockes sacred band.  
 Yet let me doubt, or let me leave to love,  
 "To feare the worst it is affections part:  
 I doubt not of thy truth; yet it may prove  
 Thy face betray thy faith, thy hap thy heart;  
 But on thy worth my confidence relies,  
 This doth dissolve suspitions power againe;  
 I will repell reports as slanderous lyes,  
 Which would my judgement, or thy vertue stain.  
 Though fortune now my ruine doth designe,  
 Yet, with that traitresse scorne to be conjur'd,  
 She soone may helpe her fault, thou never thine:  
 "No helpe for honours wounds, all else are cur'd.

Chorus.

"O More then miserable minde,  
 "Which of all things it selfe worst knowes!  
 "And through presumption made quite blinde,  
 "Is puffed up with every winde,  
 "Which fortune in derision blowes.  
 "The man no stable blisse can finde,  
 "Whose heart is guided by his eye,  
 "And trusts too much betraying shewes,  
 "Which make a cunning lye;  
 "Oft short prosperity  
 "Breeds long adversity:  
 "For, who abuse the first, the last o'rethrowes.  
 "What thing so good which not some harme may bring?  
 "Even to be happy is a dangerous thing.



" Who on himselfe too much depends,  
 " And makes an Idoll of his wit :  
 " For every favour fortune sends,  
 " Selfe-flatterer still himselfe commends,  
 " And will no sound advice admit,  
 " But at himselfe beginnes and ends,  
 " And never takes a moments leisure  
 " To try what fault he may commit :  
 " But, drunke with frothes of pleasure,  
 " Thirsts for praise above measure,  
 " Imaginary treasure,  
 " Which slowly comes, and flies at every fit;  
 " And what is most commended at this time,  
 " Succeeding ages may account a crime.

A mighty man who is respected,  
 And by his Subjects thought a God,  
 Thinkes as his name on high erected,  
 Hath what he list at home effected,  
 It may like wonders worke abroad,  
 O how this folly is detected!  
 For, though he sit in Royall seate,  
 And as he list his vassals lode,  
 Yet others who are great,  
 Live not by his conceit,  
 Nor weigh what he doth threat,  
 But plague his pride oft ere he feare the rod;  
 There are rare qualities requir'd in Kings,  
 " A naked name can never worke great things.

They who themselves too much esteeme,  
 And vainely vilipend their foe,  
 Oft finde not fortune as they deeme,  
 And with their treasure would redeeme  
 Their errour past; behold even so  
 Our King of blame doth worthy sceme,  
 His adversary who did scorne  
 And thought who in his name did goe,  
 The laurell should have worne,  
 His triumphs to adorne,  
 But he with shame hath shorne  
 The fruits of folly ever ripe with woe :  
 " An enemy (if it be well advis'd)  
 (" Though seeming weake,) should never be despis'd.

But what? the Minions of our Kings  
 Who speake at large, and are beleev'd,  
 Dare brag of many mighty things,  
 As they could flye, though wanting wings,  
 And deeds by words might be atchiev'd;

But



*But time at length their lies to light,  
 Their Sovereigne to confusion brings :  
 Yet so they gaine, they are not griev'd,  
 But charme their Princes sight,  
 And make what's wrong, seeme right,  
 Thus ruine they his might :  
 That when he would, he cannot be reliev'd,  
 " Moe Kings in chambers fall by flatteries charms,  
 " Then in the field by th' adversaries Armes.*

*Loe, though the successe hath approv'd  
 What Charidemus had fore-showne,  
 Yet with his words no man was mov'd,  
 " For good men first must be remov'd,  
 " Before their worth can well be known;  
 The King would heare but what he lov'd,  
 And what him pleas'd not, did despise,  
 So were the better sort o'rethrowne;  
 And Sycophants unwise,  
 Who could the truth disguise,  
 Were suffered high to rise,  
 That him who rais'd them up, they might cast downe :  
 " Thus Princes will not heare, though some deceive them,  
 " Things as they are, but as themselves conceive them.*

## Act 2.

### *Alexander, Parmenio.*

**B**Ehold, the heavens with a benigne aspect,  
 To prosper this brave enterprise intend,  
 And with propitious Starres seeme to direct  
 This great beginning to a glorious end.  
 " Who would be famous, must of force aspire,  
 All those (astorish'd) who my Troupes doe view,  
 Doubt of these two, which most they should admire,  
 My comming, or my conquering with so few;  
 " So mighty mindes whilst for great actions bent,  
 " Force fortune oft to favour them in all,  
 " Where brefts more base divining bad event,  
 " Through superstitious feares procure their fall.  
 O how I wonder, when I call to minde  
 That monstrous campe, which not so much as doubted,  
 Dimme seem'd the sunne, while as their armour shin'd,  
 Men had not heard the thunder, whilst they shouted.  
 Avant-courours advanced to examine,  
 When they so meane my numbers had perceiv'd,  
 Did thinke them small to satisfie the famine  
 That their huge host of slaughter had conceiv'd;

And



And yet in end this prov'd a poyson'd food,  
Which of their owne to their confusion yeelds,  
Huge mounts of murthered corpes, and seas of bloud:  
Unburied bodies buried all the fields.

So now, that few whom they contemn'd so farre,  
(See how mortality it selfe deceives)  
Have quite o're-match'd their multitudes in warre;  
And made the world neere waste to people graves.  
Then, deare *Parmenio*, since the fates afford  
So faire an entry to our first designes,  
Let us goe follow (lantern'd by the sword,)  
That fortune which the heavens our hopes assignes.

*Parm.* This high attempt, as we would wish succeeds,  
What hosts have we o'rethrowne, what Cities raz'd?  
Loe, populous *Asia* trembles at our deeds,  
And martiall *Europe* doth remaine amaz'd;  
*Greece*, (which both *Mars* and *Pallas* did defend :)  
A humble supplicant before thee falles,  
Rebellious *Thebes*, which durst with thee contend,  
Lyes now entomb'd within her broken walles;  
That Sea-commanding *Tyre*, reposing much  
In liquid Towers that *Neptune* rear'd in vaine,  
Hath now confirm'd thy forces to be such,  
That nothing can resist thy just disdain.  
No doubt the ancient Grecians Ghosts are glad  
To see the fierce Barbarians brought so low,  
Yet are for envy of thy fortune sad,  
And though un-bodied blush at this o're-throw:  
*Miltiades* by all men was admir'd,  
Who once in *Greece* their flying troupes pursu'd,  
And he who with a stratagem retir'd,  
And *Salamina's* straits with bloud imbru'd;  
But yet for all the Captaines of that age,  
The easterne Monarches Empire was enlarg'd,  
Who in their Country (flaming all with rage,)  
The Sea with shippes, the land with Armies charg'd;  
He with moe swarmes of men, then Autumnes clusters,  
Dranke Rivers dry, and march'd on *Neptunes* backe,  
By measure, not by number, made his musters,  
Did scourge the windes, striv'd mountaines plaines to make;  
All *Europe* fear'd then to be forc'd to bow,  
Whilst th' earth did groane to beare so great an host;  
But thou hast come, seene, and over-com'd them now,  
Even in the bounds wherein their pow'r was most.  
That haughty foe, who vilipended oft  
Our predecessors force, and scorn'd our owne,  
Now laid as low, as he was once aloft,  
With his disgrace, must make thy valour knowne;  
He doth by this acknowledge his distresse,  
In labouring thus to have his friends restor'd,

And

This



This message (mighty Prince) imports no lesse,  
 By his request thy conquest is decor'd;  
 For the recovery of his captiv'd Queene,  
 He offred hath innumerable gold;  
 A masse so great, that such was never seene,  
 More (as they bragge) then *Macedon* can hold:  
 My counsell is, that you accept his offers,  
 And with his daughters render her againe,  
 "Who would make warre, must not have empty coffers,  
 "Where one for glory, thousands fight for gaine;  
 And if those Ladies guarded Captives stay,  
 It cost and trouble breeds to fit their state;  
 Thus more to charge, or charges to defray,  
 To vex or ease, advise, and not too late.

*Alex.* If come to trafficke in a servile sort,  
 And like a Merchant bent but to embrace  
 (All else despis'd) that which might gaine import,  
 Then your opinion purchase might a place:  
 But soone I surfet of such melting things,  
 And famish but for fame, and Crownes of Kings.

*Parm.* If *Alexander*, I, so would I doe.

*Alex.* If I *Parmenis* were, so would I too.

*Parm.* So you binde Souldiers, let them Dames redeeme.

*Alex.* Save thanks, or praise, no treasure I esteeme.

*Parm.* Even good proves ill when done unto a foe.

*Alex.* What greater glory then to conquer so?

*Parm.* "Gold is the God that conquers in all parts.

*Alex.* "True magnanimity doth ravish hearts.

*Parm.* "Wars sinewes treasures are which most not faile.

*Alex.* "Stout breasts, strong hands (not basely given) prevaile.

*Parm.* "The want of wages makes a mutinous band.

*Alex.* "But who dare disobey when I command?

*Parm.* "Those are thought fooles, who riches do disdain.

*Alex.* "A gallant minde likes glory more then gaine.

*Parm.* But who delights in such an aiery store?

*Alex.* If I be singular, I seeke no more.

*Parm.* "The truth by Princes is not understood:  
 But yet I heare your Souldiers oft exclaime,  
 That your ambition but exhausts their bloud,  
 Who perish all to purchase you a name;  
 Yet carelesse what they lose, so you may winne,  
 That like your minde, your kingdome may want bounds,  
 One battels end, another doth beginne,  
 Whilst you the glory gaine, they nought but wounds;  
 Such rash reports oft blowne in every eare,  
 Doe breed bale grudge, and loftie tumults too,  
 "When leaving reverence, duty, love and feare,  
 "What dare not mutinous troupes attempt to doe?  
 Retire in time while as the heavens are cleare;  
 You have perform'd, perform'd, and that even soone,

More



More then your own could hope, your foes could feare,  
 Yea (yet more strange) then some can trust, though done;  
 Your worth in warre (as bright as glory) showne,  
 Which even by envy never could be stain'd,  
 Your skill in peace would likewise now be knowne:  
 Calme vertue guiding, what sterne valour gain'd:  
 " A State well rul'd, the fame of Kings doth raise,  
 " No lesse then foughen fields, or batter'd Townes.  
 " More hard it is, and doth deserve more praise  
 " To guide, then get, to keep, then conquer Crownes;  
 In Fortunes spheares chiefe height your glory plac'd,  
 Can now not move unlesse it be more low,  
 And if it once descend, then quite disgrac'd,  
 Each Artizan your Statues will o're-throw;  
 For in the warre as you may well perceive,  
 There doth no little part depend on Fame;  
 If we but once the least small check receive,  
 The world will gather to procure our shame;  
 Then tempt not Fortune further then you need,  
 Your rashly mounting thoughts let reason raine,  
 Lest whil'st your hopes with Trophies fain'd you feed,  
 A moment lose what many dayes did gaine.  
 Let *Darius* prove all Monarchs patterne now  
 (What wandring Starre doth sway the course of Crownes)  
 That Prince to whom the Orient once did bow,  
 Him onely now his misery renownes,  
 Scarce mov'd to call you King, though twise o're-throwne;  
 At last to match with you he doth agree,  
 And with his daughter hath for dowry showne  
 That great *Euphrates* shall your border be;  
 Or otherwise he condescends to give  
 Great store of gold, or what your selfe desires,  
 If that his mother, wife, and children live,  
 To have them rendred, as he oft requires:  
 And let not loftie thoughts cloud Reasons eyes,  
 Remember what strange Realmes will him embrace,  
 Which scarce he knows, by name, nor never tryes,  
 Where if he fled, your troupes would tyre to chace.

*Alex.* Peace, peace *Parmenio*, now thou mak'st me rage;  
 With those thy words not worthy of our cares;  
 It seemes the cold ruse of declining age  
 Hath kill'd thy courage with a frost of feares:  
 Did I abandon thee my native soyle,  
 And made my Ensignes shadow torraine fields,  
 As fear'd for danger, or else flying toyle,  
 That I should turne whil'st yet our foe not yeelds?  
 Then all my labours are but lost at last,  
 Which have but bred an appetite of praise,  
 That I might dye displeas'd, the time once past,  
 When meanes remain'd, a state like *Ioves*, to raise:

More

H

No,



No, I will raigne, and I will raigne alone,  
 Disdaining to admit of more Commanders:  
 For (as the Heavens can hold no Sunne but one)  
 The Earth cannot containe two *Alexanders*;  
 The spacious circuit of this peopled Round,  
 Seemes not sufficient to confine my thought,  
 And, O, would God there could moe worlds be found,  
 That many might to grace our deeds be brought;  
 O! I could wish that th' ocean were firme Land,  
 Where none but hideous Gyants had retreat,  
 Such as at *Phlegra* field in strife did stand  
 Against the gods for the etheriall seat:  
 These could encourage martiall mindes to strike,  
 Who when subdu'd, would yeeld eternall praise.  
 I conquer men, but many did the like,  
 And after-ages may my equall raise:  
 But since none such my triumphs are to grace,  
 Such as there are, Ile to subjection bring,  
 And as a pest, I vow to flie all peace,  
 Till all the world adore me for their King:  
 Let them retyre in time who danger dread,  
 Yet thinke on this (whilst glory bent to wed)  
 That ye abandon'd me in time of need,  
 And that I stay'd to fight when as ye fled;  
 Passe home in darknesse, servile rest to finde,  
 I measure not my courage by my numbers.

*Par.* Your majestie doth much mistake my minde,  
 You know what I endur'd, what cares, what cumbers;  
 And for my part, I to your eyes appeale,  
 Which well can witnesse what my hands have wrought,  
 All what I spake, proceeded of cleare zeale,  
 And not of cowardice, or feare of ought;  
 Nor match I vile repose with honest paines,  
 My courage (oft-times try'd) is not grown cold,  
 Nor yet that vigour hath not left my veines,  
 Which spurr'd my sprite in youth, though I be old.

*Alex.* T'is not enough, that you your selfe be so,  
 To be the same you should the rest exhort;  
 Is he return'd, who was ordain'd to go  
 And view the captives: what doth he report?

*Parm.* As we have heard of him who thither went,  
 While they as yet not of support despair'd,  
 And courteously were led unto a Tent  
 Which we of purpose caus'd to be prepar'd:  
 Even in the way one fortun'd there to spie  
 The Diademe which *Darius* earst had borne,  
 (Though glorious once) which low on th' earth did lye,  
 As earst for pompe, then wondred at with scorne,  
 Straight they imagin'd from his Royall head,  
 Whose dignity it sometime did decore,



None could it cast except himfelfe were dead,  
 And if fo were, they wifh'd to live no more:  
 When they had entred in the Tent to weep,  
 Your Servant came, and at the entry knock'd,  
 Who (finding them fo quiet) thought a fleep  
 Had clof'd their eyes, or elfe that he was mock'd,  
 At length by force he made a patent way,  
 And was advanc'd them lovingly to greet,  
 When (loe) the Ladies prostrated all lay,  
 And with a floud of teares be-dew'd his feet.  
 Then faid (by death expecting to be free)  
 Let us entombe great *Darius* like a King;  
 Then when we firft his funerall honour fee,  
 Death muft to us a great contentment bring;  
 This oft they urg'd, though he attested there  
 That *Darius* was not dead (as they fuppos'd)  
 But liv'd with hope, his ruines to repaire,  
 And in the pow'r of other Realmes repos'd.  
 Then did he urge what comfort and reliefe  
 They might attend, depending on your Grace;  
 Thus having toil'd to mitigate their grieve,  
 It feem'd they long'd to fee my Sovereignes face.

*Alex.* I pitie ftill, and not infult o're fuch,  
 (Though once mine Enemies) who are humbled fo;  
 And left weake feare opprefse their mindes too much,  
 To comfort them, ftraight to their Tent I'll go.

*Exeunt.*

Chorus.

“ **O**F all the paffions which poffeffe the foule,  
 “ None fo difturbes vaine Mortals mindes,  
 “ As vaine Ambition which fo blindes  
 “ The light of them, that nothing can controll,  
 “ Nor curb their thoughts who will afpire;  
 “ This raging vehement defire  
 “ Of Sovereignty no fatisfaction findes,  
 “ But in the breafte of men doth ever roule  
 “ The reftleffe ftone of Sifyph to torment them,  
 “ And as his heart who stole the heavenly fire,  
 “ The Vulture gnaws, fo doth that monfter rent them:  
 “ Had they the world, the world would not content them.

This race of Ixion to embrace the clouds,  
 Contemne the ftate wherein they ftand,  
 And fave themfelves, would all command;  
 “ As one defire is quench'd, another buds,  
 When they have travell'd all their time,  
 Heapt bloud on bloud, and crime on crime,  
 There is an higher power that guides their hand:



More happie he whom a poore Cottage shrouds  
 Against the tempest of the threatning heaven;  
 He stands in feare of none, none envies him;  
 His heart is upright, and his wayes are even;  
 Where others states are still twixt six and seven.

That damned wretch up with Ambition blowne,  
 Then whil' st he turnes the wheele about,  
 Throwne high, and low, within, without,  
 In striving for the top is tumbling downe.  
 " Those who delight in climbing high,  
 " Oft by a precipice do dye,  
 So do the Starres skie-climbing worldlings flout;  
 But this disease is fatall to a Crowne:  
 Kings, who have most, would most augment their bounds,  
 And if they be not all, they cannot be,  
 Which to their damage commonly redounds,  
 " The weight of too great states themselves confounds.

" The mighty toyling to enlarge their state,  
 " Themselves exceedingly deceive,  
 " In hazarding the thing they have  
 " For a felicity which they conceive;  
 " Though their Dominions they encrease,  
 " Yet their desires grow never lesse,  
 " For though they conquer much, yet more they crave;  
 " Which fatall Fortune doth attend the great,  
 " And all the outward pompe that they assume,  
 " Doth but with shows disguise the Minds distresse;  
 " And who to conquer all the earth presume,  
 " A little earth shall them at last consume.

And if it fortune that they dye in peace,  
 (A wonder wondrous rarely scene)  
 Who conquer first, heavens finde a meane  
 To raze their Empire, and oft-times their race,  
 Who comming to the Crowne with rest,  
 And having all in peace possesse,  
 Do straight forget what bloody broyles have beene,  
 Ere first their Fathers could attaine that place;  
 " As Seas do flow and ebbe, States rise, and fall,  
 " And Princes when their actions prosper best,  
 " For feare their greatnesse should oppresse the small,  
 " As of some hated, envied are of all.

We know what end the mighty Cyrus made,  
 Whom whil' st he striv'd to conquer still,  
 A woman (justly griev'd) did kill,  
 And in a bloody vessell roll'd his head,  
 Then said (whil' st many wondring stood)



Since thou didst famish for such food,  
Now quench thy thirst of bloud with bloud at will;  
Some who succeeded him, since he was dead,  
Have raig'n'd a space with pompe, and yet with paine,  
Whose glory now can do to us no good;  
And what so long they labour'd to obtaine,  
All in an instant must be lost againe.

Loe, Darius once so magnified by fame,  
By one whom he contemn'd o're-come,  
For all his bravery now made dombe,  
With down-cast eyes must signifie his shame;  
Who puf't up with ostentive pride,  
Thinke Fortune bound to serve their side,  
Can never scape, to be the prey of some;  
Such spend their prosp'rous dayes, as in a dreame,  
And as it were in Fortunes bosome sleeping,  
Then in a dull security abide,  
And of their doubtfull state neglect the keeping,  
Whil'st fearfull ruine comes upon them creeping.

Thus the vicissitude of worldly things  
Doth oft to us it selfe detect,  
When heavenly pow'rs exalt, deject,  
Conferme, confound, erect, and ruine Kings.  
So Alexander mighty now,  
To whom the vanquish'd world doth bow,  
With all submission, homage, and respect,  
Doth flie a borrow'd flight with Fortunes wings;  
Nor enters he his dangerous course to ponder;  
Yet if once Fortune bend her cloudy brow,  
All those who at his sudden successe wonder,  
May gaze as much to see him selfe brought under.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Sisgambis, Statira, Regina Statira virgo.



Dismall day detested be thy light,  
And would the Gods (but Gods neglect our case)  
The world were wrapt in a Cymmerian Night,  
That no proud eye might gaze on our disgrace:  
Why did the Heavens reserve my feeble age  
To make my burden more, when strength grows lesse:  
Could nothing but my harmes their wrath assuage,  
Thus offred up on th' Altar of distresse:  
Ah! have I spent my youth in pompe, and pleasure,  
And had my spring-time grac'd with pleasant flowres  
That th' Autumne which should reape the Sommers treasure



Might be distempred with such stormy showres?  
 And did smooth calmes and Sunne-shines for a space,  
 Make all my voyage through the world a sport,  
 That I should fall when neere to end my race,  
 (And toss'd with stormes) even perish at my port?  
 Yet for all this, were I expos'd alone,  
 The wretched object of *Ioves* thund'ring armes,  
 I should not thinke I had just cause to mone,  
 When I but wail'd mine owne, not others harmes;  
 Ah me! on those whom more then life I love  
 The state-disturbing blasts of Fortune fall,  
 Yet each of them some severall losse doth move,  
 But I in anguish beare a part with all:  
 I suffred when I saw *Oxatres* flaine,  
 My loving Sonne, and most entirely lov'd;  
 I dy'd in *Darius*, when he try'd in vaine  
 What Fates would do, yet still their hatred prov'd;  
 The heavens to plague me more, yet make me breath,  
 O rigour rare! what tortures rack my breast?  
 Who feele the sowre; but not the sweet of death,  
 Still cours'd, not kill'd, lest that should breed me rest;  
 Yet, *love*, if this may dis-enflame thine ire,  
 Let all thy lightning light upon my head,  
 To be consum'd with a celestiall fire,  
 Some comfort were, since that I must be dead.

*Sta. Reg.* Leave mother those complaints, as fit for me,  
 Who still must grieve my friends, and grace my foes:  
 Whose fortune is so wretched still to be,  
 That all the world may wonder at my woes.  
 Loe, that deare Lord and treasure of my thought,  
 Whose presence I my Paradise esteem'd,  
 To such a precipice is headlong brought,  
 That he from ruine cannot be redeem'd;  
 Ah! on what prop can I repose my trust,  
 When of his state I first the greatnesse ponder?  
 Next, how his Diademe (drencht in the dust)  
 Was Fortunes Trophée, and all *Asia's* wonder?  
 He whose imperious speech the world respected,  
 And as an Oracle had in regard,  
 He vanquish'd now, and with contempt neglected,  
 (Even as a supplicant) can scarce be heard;  
 And yet I know this more doth grieve his soule  
 Then all the harme which happ'ned to his state,  
 His pow'r ov'r me that any can controull,  
 Who (as his Idoll) was ador'd of late;  
 Shall he (pure quintessence of my best part)  
 Then onely testifie the love he beares?  
 No, by mine eyes I will distill my heart,  
 And for his sake dissolve my selfe in teares;  
 Would God my breast might still transparent be,

That



That as through Cryftall all might marke my minde;  
And of my loyall thoughts the secrets fee,  
Whofe great affection cannot be confin'd.  
This prifons worft hath bounded but mine eyes,  
And banish'd them the object of their joy,  
My fiery heart well wing'd with fancies flies,  
And where thou go'ft doft ftill thy fteps convoy;  
Deare, whil'ft thou doft enjoy this common ayre,  
Thofe who me captive thinke, do grofly erre:  
For whil'ft thou liv'ft, how can thy Queene despaire,  
Whom thou to foule, and Scepter, doft preferre;  
Yet flatter I my felfe who am accurst:  
Of thofe mishaps which make my thoughts to ftay,  
The memory may ferve to make me burft;  
Ah, ah, I faint, I feele my fpirits decay.

*Sif.* Help, help, alas, alas the Empreffe falls.

*Stat. Vir.* O day of darkneffe! what a world of woes?

*Sif.* This heavy fight my panting heart appals:  
Heaven, earth, and all, are now become our foes.

*Stat. Vir.* No creature hath more caufe to mone then I,  
Whofe Fathers Fortune oft afflicts mine eares,  
Whil'ft I my mothers misery muft spie,  
So that of both my breast the burden beares.

*Stat. Reg.* What inhumane humanity is this,  
With fuch a cruell pitie to opprefse,  
To bring pale ghosts back from the fields of bliffe,  
Yet to be plung'd in th' ocean of diftrefse?  
O unkinde kindneffe that by faving flayes,  
And would with lovelefse love, my love controull:  
Ah! of this braving Sunne the loathsome rayes  
Do cleare mine eyes, but to confound my foule.

*Sif.* Deare daughter, ftrove your paffions to reftaine,  
Left that the torrent of your grieve grow fuch,  
That both it carry you where horrors raigne;  
And him o're-whelme for whom you mourn fo much;  
No doubt but he, if we reft captives thus  
Disdaining thofe indignities of ours,  
To venge himfelfe in reobtaining us,  
Will hazard all his orientall pow'rs;  
But ah, what comfort can a wretch afford,  
Whofe care-worne breast the worft of woe containes?  
Yet though my heart would faine impugne my word,  
I hopelefse fpeake of hope, to eafe her paines.

*Stat. Reg.* Plagu'd with what is, what may be never paule,  
Since we muft hold our grieve our greateft good,  
And do not feed false hopes, for we have caufe  
Even to figh out our fouls, and weep our bloud.

*Sif.* I waile my Sonne. *Stat. Reg.* And I my husbands fall.

*Stat. Vir.* I waile my Father, and in him us all.

*Sif.* No woe like mine, mine cannot be releev'd,



I waile his woe who should my woe asswage,  
Who lives by me, by whom I should have liv'd,  
Sport of my youth, and pillar of mine age.

*Stat. Reg.* No woe like mine, who for my Mate mourne here,  
For love of whom, I had all others left;  
But what a Mate? my selfe, or one more deare,  
Yet from my selfe, my selfe by force am rest.

*Stat. Vir.* No woe like mine, who born a Monarchs childe,  
Hop'd by my birth of Fortunes best to boast,  
Yet are my hopes even at the height beguil'd,  
And what I hop'd in most, hath harm'd me most.

*Sis.* I mourne for him who in my wombe was form'd.

*Stat. Reg.* I mourn for him in whom love me transform'd.

*Stat. Vir.* I mourn for him who did give forme to me.

*Sis.* Shall I no more in him my Image see?

*Stat. Reg.* Ah! shall I never in his joy rejoyce?

*Stat. Vir.* Ah! shall I never heare his chearfull voyce?

*Sis.* Would God my ruine might his ransome be.

*Stat. Reg.* Would God my life my lifes life might set free.

*Stat. Vir.* Would God the life he gave him life might give.

*Sis.* Must those gray haire my Sonnes greene youth survive?

*Stat. Reg.* Lest twise made dye, I'll first prevent his fall.

*Stat. Vir.* Shall I live last to suffer for you all?

*Sis.* But whil'st our wretched state we justly mone,  
We may lament this Infant too a space,  
Who in mishap inferiour were to none,  
If he could apprehend his Tragicke case.

*Stat. Reg.* O then how can my heart but burst'd be,  
Whom Nature moves most to bemoane his harmes?  
I thinke the hosts of heaven I thund'ring see  
On me, my husband. and him in my armes:  
Deare Image of my selfe, in whom I live,  
Thy shape not shames the greatnesse of thy Sire,  
But of thy birth cleare evidence doth give,  
Thy sowre-sweet sight addes coals to my desire.  
Thou who should'st comfort most, torment'st thou me?  
Huge hosts of passions now my soule assembles;  
O how I grieve, and yet am glad to see  
Thee, though not him, whom thy sweet face resembles!  
Go beare this Babe from hence, a wound too deep  
Hath pierc'd me with compassion of his part,  
Yet let him stay, I joy to heare him weep;  
This mothers passion melts my bursting heart;  
Of many woes this last is not the least,  
That unbegun thy glory thus must end:  
Thy Fortunes Sunne (my Sonne) set in the East,  
Whil'st all the world thy rising did attend;  
Ah! must this Innocent taste of mishap,  
Whose tender age cannot discerne his state,  
And thus be plagu'd, yea, in his Nurses lap,



Inherit woe by birth? ah cruell fate!  
 If thou could'st hope, what great hopes hast thou lost  
 Who art defrauded of so high a Throne?  
 Ah! in thy cradle must I see thee crost  
 Whom I design'd so great when we were gone?  
 Yet happie haplesse childe, who can'st not know  
 From whence the fountaine of our sorrow flows,  
 Nor what it is that men call high, or low,  
 Nor on what thorne the rose of honour grows.  
 Yet hast thou felt the pricke before the smell;  
 Is this the benefit thy birth-right brings,  
 A captive here in misery to dwell?  
 Then better not be borne, nor come of Kings.  
 O! what a noise is this that thus affrights?  
 I thinke of teares the torrent to restraine,  
 (Since soules when sad a just complaint delights)  
 They still would plague, yet stop me to complaine;  
 Or is it one who doth lament our case,  
 And is (a rare thing) in affliction kinde?  
 Who would behold how we can death embrace!  
 Death soveraigne phyicke for a troubled minde.

*Sis.* By many signes we may our selves assure  
 T'is *Alexander* whom we long'd not for.

*Stat. Reg.* What? ah I die, and must mine eyes endure  
 That hatefull object which I most abhorre?

*Sis.* Spare, spare such speeches now, lest all go wrong,  
 We are environ'd with outrageous hosts;  
 Those who are weake must yeeld unto the strong:  
 For, Victors rage when as the vanquish'd hosts;  
 I will entreat him too, not for my selfe  
 (Age bows my body to embrace pale death)  
 But that you yet may shunne this wrackfull shelve,  
 Whose youth and beauty worthy are of breath.

Act. 3. Scene 2.

*Alexander, Sifgambis, Statira Regina,  
 Hephestion.*

**R**ise Mother, rise, and calme those needlesse cares,  
 I come to cure, not to procure your woe;  
 The duty which I owe thole silver haire,  
 Doth grieve my minde to see you humbled so.

*Sis.* Most gracious Prince, forgive me if I err'd  
 In taking him for you, who stands you by.

*Alex.* I finde no fault to see my friend preferr'd,  
 Even to my selfe; this is another I.

*Sis.* My sorrows so confounded have my minde

That



That scarce I know my selfe, another lesse,  
My soule in such an agony I finde,  
As words, nor teares, nor grones cannot expresse.

*Alex.* I pray you mother set those plaints apart,  
They vex me more then sterne *Bellona's* broils.

*Sis.* This tender name of Mother wounds my heart,  
Whil'st nam'd by him, who of that name me spoils:  
I was (woe that I was) a Mother late  
Of two faire Sonnes (faire Sunnes) lights of my life,  
But one is dead, and in a worse estate,  
The other lives, involv'd in woe, and strife;  
Like to the trunk of some disbranched tree  
Which *Æolus* hath to confusion brought,  
Since spoil'd of those brave Impes which sprung from me  
Unprofitable stock, I serve for nought.

*Stat. Reg.* I serve for nought, since serving him no more,  
Who onely may my blasted hopes revive,  
Loe (quite confounded) farre from what before,  
Who him of me, me of my selfe deprive.  
I live without my halfe, without my whole,  
Prodigious Monster, whom the world admires,  
I want the point, the pilot, and the pole  
Which drew, addrest, and bounded my desires:  
Toss'd by sad sighs in floods of bitter teares,  
I (save from ruine) look for no reliefe,  
By what I feele still plagu'd, but worse with feares,  
All comfort loath'd, my glory is my griefe:  
My soule seemes to presage disastrous chances,  
And warring with it selfe hath never peace,  
My heart surcharg'd doth faint in deadly trances,  
My eyes must grace the ground of my disgrace.  
Hell hath assembled all her horrors here;  
Ah! in the dungeons of this desp'rate brest,  
As in the dark *Tartarian* groves, appeare  
A thousand shadows to bereave my rest.

*Alex.* Faire Princeesse, spare those passionate complaints,  
Which may augment, but not amend your harmes;  
This voice which with your woe the world acquaints,  
Doth move me more then all the *Persians* Armes.  
Take courage (Madam) be afraid of none:  
That you may hope what help I can afford,  
I sweare by *Joves* inviolable Throne,  
And do protest by my Imperiall word;  
Though for a while barr'd from your royall seat,  
You compass'd here with troupes of strangers stand,  
Yet shall you still be us'd as fits your state,  
And may (as earst in your owne Court) command.

*Stat. Reg.* Ah! how can I command whil'st I am thrall?  
What can I have, who wanting one, want all?

*Alex.* Though brave it seeme in some proud victors fight,



To plague their captives, and triumph in ill:  
The larger grow the limits of my might,  
The more I labour to restraine my will.  
What can be fear'd by them whom I defend?  
Foes have not pow'r, and who with me remaine,  
They dare not wrong, nor offer to offend  
The least in ranke who doth attend your traine;  
If any would impugne what I appoint,  
Or would in ambush for your honour lye,  
Or discontent you but in any point,  
As *Alexander* lives, that wretch shall dye.

*Stat. Reg.* O what an host of evils where ere I go  
Are still encroaching to o're-throw my state?  
Ah! must I be beholding to my foe,  
And owe him love, to whom my love owes hate?  
Should he help me who still his ruine plyes?  
Heavens curse my heart, if stain'd with treason this;  
Let death in darknesse first entombe mine eyes,  
Ere such a sight accepted be by us.  
I (Lord) am thine, and thine I will remaine,  
Thy love was planted in a fertile field,  
Which gratefull now thee to reward againe  
From flourish'd faith chaste flames for fruits doth yeeld;  
Yet doth misfortune this good fortune bring,  
My constancy shall now be clearly knowne;  
Another might have lov'd an happie King:  
But I will love thee, though thou be o're-throwne.

*Alex.* I labour much to comfort in some measure  
This grieved Queene, that was a Monarch's choice,  
Whose woe doth make my victory no pleasure,  
For whil'st she mournes, I cannot well rejoyce.

*Sis.* Most mighty King thou dost deserve indeed,  
That (as for *Darius*) we should pray for thee,  
Who do'st so much in clemency exceed,  
That thou bewail'st our losse, no lesse then he;  
Not onely thou surmount'st all other Kings,  
In glory rising from thy labours gone;  
And for those benefits which Fortune brings,  
But in all vertues worthy of a Throne;  
Thou do'st vouchsafe on me (more then I crave)  
The title of a Queene, and Mother still,  
But I confesse my selfe thy humble slave,  
Whose life hath now no limits but thy will:  
The dreamed good, that Greatnesse gave, forgot,  
My count'nance shall be free from clouds of cares,  
And I'll allow of this my present lot,  
As one who for my fate my force prepares;  
Yea, if this wofull woman here were free,  
Who hath no heaven except her husbands face;  
I could content my selfe (great Prince) to be



The meanest hand-mayd that attends your Grace.

*Alex.* As if your Sonnes, command all that is mine,  
And I will seek to second your desire.

*Sis.* Heavens recompense this courtesie of thine,  
Which in all ages thousands shall admire.

*Alex.* Those captiv'd Princesses have pierc'd my soul,  
Which even amid'st our heaven, have found a hell.

*Hep.* His passions so what Stoick could controule,  
Whom now to weep, their teares would not compell?  
What age could eas't such stately beauties show,  
Which of perfection hold the highest place,  
And borne to bring, though now they be brought low,  
Do Beauty beautifie, give Griefe a grace?  
Sir, such a victory hath not beene scene  
As you have gain'd, since conquering (as appeares)  
The largest kingdome, and the fairest Queene,  
That *Asia* vau'ted of, these many yeares.  
Durst *Leda's*, or *Agenors* brood compare  
With that sweet Queene, the honour of her kinde?  
But as she is above all others faire,  
As farre her daughters make her go behinde;  
It seem'd at first that sorrow had beene sleeping,  
Then whil'st those Virgins in their Grand-dames bosome,  
With weeping beauty, and with beauteous weeping,  
Did with a haile of pearle, blast Beauties blossome:  
So large a pow'r, no Prince on Earth can have,  
As hath Loves Empire in their face confin'd.

*Alex.* What, what, *Hephestion*, what doth thee deceive?  
Dare folly seeke to bragge so brave a minde?  
Dare *Cupid* enter in an armed Camp,  
And them who *Mars* have match'd for sport appall?  
Must his soft scale even through hard metall stamp,  
And make who conquer men, to women thrall?

*Hep.* We dare resist (whil'st many a thousand dyes)  
The steely tempests of a world of men,  
But if from yvorie orbes two Sunnie eyes  
Do charge the soule (I know not how) O then  
A lecrei pow'r (compos'd of hopes and feares)  
So charms the minde, that it strange thoughts conceives,  
And straight the heart (quaff'd drunke by th'eyes and th'ears)  
Doth staggering reele, and full of fancies raves.

*Alex.* But yet, in my conceit, I scorne all such,  
And do disdaine to yeeld my selfe at all;  
Yea, in that sort to bow I loath so much,  
Let rather *Mars* then *Cupid* make me fall:  
Should I be bound with fraile affections chains,  
As one oblivious of my former fame?  
No, no, this purpose still my soule retaines,  
To ballance nothing with a noble name;  
O! what a great indignity is this?



To see a Conquerour to his lust a slave !

“ Who would the title of true worth were his,

“ Must vanquish vice, and no base thoughts conceive :

“ The bravest Trophée ever man obtain’d

“ Is that, which ov’r himselfe, himselfe hath gain’d.

*Hep.* I’m glad (my Sovereigne) that as you excell,

Not onely men, but *Mars* himselfe in armes,

That from your minde, you likewise may repell

The flatt’ring pow’r of loves alluring charmes;

That vertue rare, whose rayes shine in your words,

With generous ardour doth enflame my soule,

And o’re my selfe to me such pow’r affords,

That some brave deeds must straight this course controule.

Act 3. Scene 3.

*Bessus, Narbazanes.*



*Narbazanes*, now ere the time be gone,

Let us accomplish that which we intend,

And joyne our wit, our force, and all in one,

(Ere known begun) that it may quickly end :

You see th’occasion (if our course we keepe)

To raile rare fortunes, points us out the way,

Yea, blames our sluggishnesse that as a sleepe,

So great a purpose doe so long delay.

Loe, angry *Iove* our Princes part disproves :

For, Fortunes worst what ever he attempt

From following him, the peoples minde removes :

“ Distresse is still attended by contempt,

A ground for so great hopes who ere did see,

As heavens so happily breed in our mind,

For, since our King confounded is to be,

We by his fall, a meanes to rise may finde.

*Nar.* I will most willingly performe my part,

For, I the same exceedingly allow :

Deare wealth and honour, Idols of my heart,

If you I may enjoy, I care not how;

Yet that this course may best be kept obscure,

Our care must seeme all for our Country bent;

“ When mask’d with zeale, crimes are reputed pure;

“ A shew of good doth vulgar mindes content :

“ In dangerous plots where courage joynes with Art,

“ Let slow advice, a quicke dispatch be us’d :

“ What can (lave successe) justifie our part,

“ Who must command, or come to be accus’d ?

*Bes.* To *Alexander* one was sent of late,

To speake of peace, whose speech was spent in vaine;



So that (thus tofs'd) most desp'rate is his state,  
 Who peace cannot obtaine, nor warre maintaine;  
 To cleare his thoughts which many doubts doe sway,  
 He now craves each mans minde who squadrons leads;  
 This for our purpose must prepare the way :  
 " Those who would compasse Kings, need crafty heads:  
 And that to gaine which we so much esteeme,  
 We can upon no meanes more safe conclude,  
 Then crooked counsels that doe upright seeme  
 To maske our selves, and others to delude;  
 He must (advis'd by some) renounce a space  
 The shew of pow'r, and from affaires retire,  
 That for a fashion one may use his place,  
 Not as usurp'd, but at his owne desire :  
 So may he try if others can bring backe  
 That which his fortunes ebbe hath borne away,  
 Then he againe his Diadem shall take,  
 And (as before) the regall Scepter sway.

*Nar.* Well, then amongst our selves to flye debate,  
 Which such great actions oft-times under-mines,  
 I yeeld that you possesse the highest seat,  
 And will my faction frame for our designs.

*Bes.* All that is one, which of us two receive it,  
 Since every thing doth equally belong us,  
 I'll take it for the forme, 'tis one who have it,  
 For we will part his kingdomes all among us.  
 But if he condescend to this we crave,  
 To judgements rash, which would at first seeme good,  
 Let him not thinke us two such fooles to leave,  
 That which so many else have bought with bloud;  
 " Who once advanc'd, would willingly goe downe,  
 " And (prop'd with pow'r,) not love in state to stand :  
 " This not the custome is to quite a Crowne,  
 " When one hath knowne how sweet it's to command;  
 " This name of faith but to get credit fain'd,  
 " Is (weigh'd with kingdomes) lighter then a Crowne,  
 " And even in them whose thoughts are most restrain'd,  
 " A Scepters weight would presse all goodnesse down.

*Nar.* Yet of my thoughts some doubt new counsell claimes,  
 And with huge horror aggravates disgrace :  
 The staine of treason still attends our names,  
 And with our error burdens all our race;  
 Our purpose must accomplish'd be with paine,  
 And we (though pompe a space appease our soules)  
 Shall finde afflictions to disturbe our raigne,  
 And be when dead, defam'd by famous scroules,  
 The sacred title of a Sovereigne King  
 Doth worke a terrour more then can be thought,  
 And Majestie to brave my minde doth bring,  
 Whose count'nance only strange effects hath wrought.



*Bes.* To idle sounds and frivolous reports,  
Give straight a passport, for they last not long,  
And what thou do'st alledge, not much imports :  
“ A Crowne may cover any kinde of wrong;  
“ What hainous thing so odious is by nature,  
“ Which for a Kingdome not committed is ?  
“ To be a King, let me be call'd a traitour,  
“ Faith (if for ought) may broken be for this.  
“ Those are but feeble braines which fancies loade,  
“ With timorous dreams which bare furnishing brings;  
“ Who feare vaine shadowes, must not walke abroad,  
“ Too warie wits dare never worke great things.  
If our brave project happily succeed,  
(As now I doubt not but it shall doe soone)  
We straight will numbers finde to praise our deed,  
And sooth us up in all that we have done.

*Nar.* Now that the time and manner may be sure;  
The Bactrian bands shall all attend in Armes;  
Yet faine a cause that he may live secure,  
And be surpris'd not looking for alarmes.  
Then through the campe a rumour must be spread,  
That hopelesse *Darius* hath despair'dly gone,  
By violence to dwell amongst the dead,  
Which (as much griev'd) we must appeare to mone:  
The Persians may with promises be pleas'd,  
So to disarme him of his native pow'rs,  
Then taking him, our thoughts may all be eas'd,  
For whil'st he is his owne, we are not ours;  
Till strong with titles, we with pow'r command,  
His shadow shrouds, while rights are forc'd, or fain'd,  
And his to daunt, or strangers to gaine-stand,  
To raise our state, his shew must be maintain'd.  
To *Alexander* after we will send,  
And offer him his foe to bondage brought,  
Then crave that us his favour may defend,  
As those who all things for his good have wrought;  
Then if we thus his grace cannot procure,  
But that he us with rigour doe pursue,  
With *Darius* death we will our states assure,  
Then first our force, and next the warres renew.

*Bes.* Let us hence-forth for nothing be dismay'd,  
But strive our selves courageously to beare.  
This dangerous action would not be delay'd,  
Least time make him to doubt, and us to feare.

*Exeunt.*



## Chorus.

**T**ime, through loves judgement just,  
 Huge alterations brings :  
 Those are but fooles who trust  
 In transitory things,  
 Whose tailes beare mortall stings,  
 Which in the end will wound;  
 And let none thinke it strange,  
 Though all things earthly change :  
 In this inferiour round  
 What is from ruine free ?  
 The Elements which be  
 At variance (as we see)  
 Each th' other doth confound :  
 The Earth and Ayre make warre,  
 The fire and water are  
 Still wrestling at debate,  
 All those through cold and heat,  
 Through drought and moisture jarre.  
 What wonder though men change and fade,  
 Who of those changing Elements are made ?

How dare vaine worldlings vaunt  
 Of fortunes goods not lasting,  
 Evils which our wits enchant ?  
 Expos'd to losse and wasting !  
 Loe, we to death are hasting,  
 Whil' st we those things discusse :  
 All things from their beginning,  
 Still to an end are running,  
 Heaven hath ordain'd it thus ;  
 We heare how it doth thunder,  
 We see th' earth burst asunder,  
 And yet we never ponder  
 What this imports to us :  
 Those fearefull signes doe prove,  
 That th' angry pow'rs above  
 Are mov'd to indignation  
 Against this wretched nation,  
 Which they no longer love :  
 What are we but a puffe of breath  
 Who live assur'd of nothing but of death ?

Who was so happy yet  
 As never had some crosse ?  
 Though on a Throne he sit,  
 And is not us'd with losse,



Yet fortune once will tосse  
 Him, when that least he would;  
 If one had all at once  
 Hydaspes precious stones;  
 And yellow Tagus gold;  
 The Orientall treasure,  
 And every earthly pleasure;  
 Even in the greatest measure;  
 It should not make him bold:  
 For while he lives secure,  
 His state is most unsure;  
 When it doth least appeare,  
 Some heavy plague drawes neare,  
 Destruction to procure.  
 Worlds glory is but like a flowre,  
 Which both is bloom'd, and blasted in an houre.

In what we most repose,  
 We finde our comfort light,  
 The thing we soonest lose  
 That's pretious in our sight;  
 For honour, riches, might,  
 Our lives in pawne we lay;  
 Yet all like flying shadowes,  
 Or flowers enamelling meadowes;  
 Doe vanish and decay.  
 Long time we toile to finde  
 Those Idols of the minde,  
 Which had, we cannot binde  
 To bide with us one day:  
 Then why should we presume  
 On treasures that consume,  
 Difficult to obtaine,  
 Difficult to retaine,  
 A dreame, a breath, a fume?  
 Which vexeth them most, that them possesse,  
 Who starve with store, and famish with excessse.

Act 4. Scene 1.

Darius, Tiriotēs.



H! must I poyson now my Princes eares,  
 With newes the worst that ever burden'd fame?  
 Had I as many tongues as I have teares,  
 All would not serve my sorrowes to proclaime.  
 Dar. Great signes of griefe I in thy face discernē,  
 And I care not to report this heaueie crosse



To one (I feare) whom it doth most concerne :  
 Ist death, disgrace, destruction, treason, losse ?  
 Tell on the summe of horroure at the first;  
 With no ambiguous words my paine prolong :  
 " A wretch for comfort craves to know the worst,  
 And I have learn'd to be unhappy long;  
 What least I speake, and yet suspect too much,  
 Art thou the Trumpet to proclaime my scorne  
 Which must wound me ? (but ah) no torment such  
 As this to her who that disgrace hath borne.

*Tir.* She was not wrong'd, as you have wrong conceiv'd;  
 The Gods from harme did study to preserve her;  
 She from your foe such favour hath receiv'd,  
 As from her Subjects who were bound to serve her;  
 But what a volly doth my voyce prepare  
 Of woes to charge your eares ? woes full of dread,  
 Would God ere I my message can declare,  
 That I may dye in saying she is dead.  
 And was it not enough (poore wretch alas)  
 That I beheld her dye, and would have dy'd ?  
 But that I must (arm'd with sad tidings) passe  
 To wound all them who heare what I have spy'd ?  
 See how he stands (mov'd with those words of mine,)  
 As if by grieve arrested unto death.

*Dar.* Yet doth the Sunne on my affliction shine,  
 And cleare the ayre though tainted by my breath ?  
 And can I live, and looke them in the face,  
 Who have my o'rethrow (shamefull o'rethrow) scene ?  
 And how I vanquish'd, vanquish'd with disgrace,  
 Did lose at once my Kingdome and my Queene ?  
 Heaven bruise me all to powder with thy thunder,  
 That I no more may in the world remaine  
 The object of thy wrath, and fortunes wonder,  
 Spoil'd of all hope, yet kept for greater paine.  
 Ah, art thou dead ? and doe I live behinde thee ?  
 Thy faulty husband, think'st thou so to flye ?  
 If it be thus, then know I where to finde thee,  
 This onely grieves me that too late I dye.  
 O *Alexander*, what such hainous ill  
 Have I done thee, that thou requit'st me thus ?  
 Whom of thy friends or kindred did I kill ?  
 This cruelty comes undeserv'd of us,  
 Though justly thou intended had this warre,  
*Mars* from his rage made women alwaies free,  
 This tyranny shall all thy Trophees marre,  
 And still to thy reproch reported be.

*Tir.* Thus of that Prince, you without cause esteeme,  
 I know her death him grievously displeas'd,  
 A wondrous thing which few or none would deeme,  
 He wail'd it long, and could not be appeas'd.



Even as my Sovereigne now, then did he smart,  
And when he came to calme your mothers griefe,  
As acting not his owne, but even your part,  
He seem'd to need, and not to give reliefe.

*Dar.* If any sparkes of that respect remaine,  
Which much with thee should (duely weigh'd) import,  
I pray thee (*Tiristes*) now be plaine,  
Or else strange torments shall the truth extort;  
I loath to let this question scape my mouth,  
Which both I blush to crave, and long to know,  
And can it be, that this transported youth  
Not urg'd to have that which I onely owe?  
Could this fierce Prince even in his flaming age,  
Have such a beauty purchas'd by his toiles,  
And yet not seeke (forc'd by affections rage)  
Her honours ruine, and my pleasures spoiles?  
Speake frankly now, and tell what fatall shelve  
Hath crush'd my treasures Barke, and me defac'd:  
The feare of ill is worse then ill it selfe,  
"They twise doe dye, who dye, and dye disgrac'd.

*Tir.* Let not those love-bred feares abuse your thought;  
By all the world no fable I contrive;  
If partially I speake, or lye in ought,  
Earth open wide, and swallow me alive:  
He whom your grace so wrongfully suspects,  
Hath not in any sort your Queene abus'd,  
But as his sister still (in all respects)  
As chastly and as honourably us'd;  
When angry *Iove* subverted had our state,  
And view'd our thundred troupes disordered flight,  
Light fortune then who flattered us of late,  
Did make our state a mirrour of her might,  
For, having found a Crowne foil'd on the ground.

*Dar.* O endlesse shame which never can be cur'd!

*Tir.* We straight imagin'd that some cruell wound  
Had kill'd our Lord, and wail'd it as assur'd.

*Dar.* Would God I then had dy'd, as I desir'd,  
To have prevented those ensuing harmes,  
Whil'st ere my honour and my hap expir'd,  
A Crowne my head, a Queene enrich'd my armes.

*Tir.* But *Alexander* having heard our cries,  
Sent one to learne the cause that mov'd our woe;  
Who finding whence our error did arise,  
Gave full assurance that it was not so.  
Then he himselfe did to our Tent resort,  
And with the mildest words he could conceive,  
Your Mother, Wife, and Children did exhort  
Such terrours vaine (since but surmiz'd) to leave;  
And he protested that they should expect  
No harme of him their courage to appall,

Then

Even



Then all things did with great regard direct,  
 That no man might endamage them at all.  
 Thus when they were against all dangers arm'd,  
 (I thinke, for feare (for who would not have fear'd?)  
 Lest such rare graces might his minde have charm'd)  
 He never more before her face appear'd;  
 Else generous vertue, jealous of each thing,  
 Which (tempting reason) senses might allure,  
 (What rare restraint in a victorious King)  
 He fled what fault, or scandall could procure.  
 He doth his fame above all things preferre,  
 And will not be where it may blemish finde,  
 Nor give his eyes commodity to erre,  
 Lest thoughts impure might strive to staine his minde.  
 He whil'st that she was sicke, did loath delight,  
 And (gravely griev'd) all pompe and pleasure left.

*Dar.* O hatefull heaven! that with such hellish spight  
 The worlds chiefe treasure, Natures glory rest.

*Tir.* When he beheld deaths triumph in that face,  
 Which had triumph'd o're such a Monarchs heart,  
 With witness'd woe, even passionate a space,  
 The lookers on did much commend his part;  
 And when some time his dolour had o're-come,  
 Her funerall rites solemnly to decore,  
 He us'd such honour, as might well become  
 The Persian pompe in prosp'rous times before.

*Dar.* O pow'r supream! that of great states dispos'est,  
 And ratifi'st thy will with fearefull thunder,  
 Who as thou pleasest, placest, and depos'est  
 Vncertaine worldlings, now above, now under :  
 I pray thy Deitie in my soules distresse,  
 If that th'inhabitants of heaven can heare  
 The plaints of them who this low point possesse,  
 Or that th'immortals can give mortals care,  
 This favour last I onely doe require,  
 Establish first the Scepter in my hand;  
 But if through my desert, or thy desire,  
 The race of *Cyrus* must no more command,  
 Since angry heaven so high a hate contracts,  
 That I must needs my Diadem forgoe,  
 Let him succeed, who proves in all his acts,  
 So milde a Victor, and so just a foe.



*The Tragedy of Darius.*

Act 4. Scene 2.

*Darius, Artabazus, Nabarzanes, Patron,*

*Bessus.*

**I**F joyn'd by fates with men of dastard mindes,  
Who to a noble death, base life preferr'd,  
I should not waste my words amongst the windes,  
But labour would that time might be deferr'd;  
Though still resolv'd, your course confirms me much,  
Whom no disaster could divorce from me,  
What man can doubt whom heavens doe backe by such,  
When (bragg'd with bondage) fighting to be free?  
My courage twels to see you marching forth,  
Whose force and faith, which all the world doth sing,  
(Oft clear'd by prooffe, though fortune envy worth)  
Might serve to make, farre more to keepe a King.  
He gives our rebels Townes, not mov'd by love:  
"Each Prince (though using them) all traitours hates.  
But that their course to take, this might you move,  
His turne once serv'd, so forfeiting your states.  
Ye to my fortune have not had regard,  
As of my peace, so partners of my warres,  
Which, though that I might not, ~~you~~ would reward,  
And all the world extoll you to the starres.  
How long shall I a vagabond remaine,  
And flye a stranger who my right would reave,  
Since by one battell we may re-obtaine  
All that we lost, or lose all that we have:  
Like some vile traitors, whom I will arraigne,  
To hold me up, shall I goe cast me downe?  
Must *Darius* onely by entreaty raigne?  
No, none hath pow'r to give, or take my Crowne.  
I shall not my authority survive,  
Nor will I proffer a submissive breath,  
My hand shall hold a Scepter while I live,  
My head shall beare a Diadem till death;  
If those franke thoughts which doe possesse my soule,  
Such flames of courage kindled have in you,  
A Macedonian shall not us controule,  
Nor with disdainfull smiles brag whilst we bowe,  
My state may testifie fraile fortunes change,  
May she not him o're-whelme, as well as mee?  
At least our hands beare death, if not revenge,  
" Brave mindes when no more rests may still dye free.  
Now call your valorous ancestors to minde,  
Who from the Grecians tribute still requir'd,  
And of whose deeds rare monuments we finde,  
Whose merits make their memories admir'd;

Shall



Shall of your deeds, posterity be dumbe,  
Which doth your fathers names (though dead) adore ?  
I am resolv'd, my triumph, or my tombe,  
A Laurell, or a Cypresse shall decore.

*Art.* What doubtfull silence thus your thoughts detaines ?  
We need advise with nought but with our swords;  
He who the Persians wonted worth retaines,  
Will answer now with deeds, and not with words.  
Let us accompany our King in Armes,  
Through bloody squadrons to this fatall strife :  
" No profit can be had without some harmes,  
By slaughter onely we must looke for life;  
And when our host (as I hope) doth prevaile,  
Our Country shall have peace, we praise of right;  
And if our fortune (not our courage) faile,  
We dye with honour in our Soveraignes fight;  
Let us (if vanquish'd) scorne base breath to buy,  
A noble death may greater glory give,  
Doe to o're-come, and yet not feare to dye :  
'Tis needfull that we fight, not that we live.

*Nar.* My words will first your Majestic displease,  
Yet duty makes me speake where silence spilles;  
" The best Physitian cures a sharpe disease,  
" With some sowre potion that corruption killes;  
" And skilfull Pilots when they feare a storme,  
" To save the ship, will cast out pretious things,  
You in some sort may imitate their forme,  
For else a tempest totall ruine brings.  
Since bent against the Gods, how can we speed ?  
To all our actions, fortune is oppos'd,  
We must of force some other way proceed,  
So have the heavens of our affaires dispos'd :  
Give (Sir,) the state, at least your titles place  
On some more happy man, not in effect,  
But with your shadow cloath him for a space,  
Till he your Realmes from ruine may protect.  
This storme once calm'd, that now disturbs your state,  
And *Asia* free from any forraigne hoste,  
He shall with haste resigne the Soveraigne seat,  
These Kingdoms gain'd againe, which you have lost :  
All *Bactria* yet abides at your command,  
The Indians, loe, would dye to doe you good,  
Yea, many thousand thousands armed stand,  
Bent for your State to offer up their bloud;  
What? should we rush like beasts to needlesse strife ?  
Be well prepar'd, and then your fortune try,  
" Brave mindes should death despise, not loathing life :  
" For feare of danger cowards crave to dye.  
" But vertue first all hopes accounts doth cast,  
" And of each meane to helpe maturely thinks,

Then



“ Then, when all else is done, death is the last,  
 “ The which to meet true courage never shrinkes.  
 Now for the time, let *Bactria* be our seate,  
 To *Bessus* for the forme your Crowne resigne,  
 Who, when he once hath re-advanc’d your state,  
 Shall with your foes o’ rethrow his charge confine.

*Dar.* Wretch travell’st thou thy Sovereign to betray?  
 Such treason dar’st thou to our eares impart?  
 Such treason under trust? stay traitour stay,  
 My sword shall search what lurkes within thy heart.

*Art.* Sir, reyne your rage: this but new trouble breeds.  
 And weigh well what they are, what is the time;  
 It may be this from ignorance proceeds,  
 “ In thought, and not in word, consists a crime;  
 Since that against your enemies you goe, .  
 Be not severe in cens’ring Subjects parts,  
 But tolerate your owne, to grieve your foe,  
 Now must we strive to gaine, not lose mens hearts.  
 It by all meanes shall be exactly try’d,  
 How first his braine such fancies did embrace,  
 And if but simply, not puffed up with pride,  
 He must be pardon’d, and restor’d to grace.

*Dar.* And of my Subjects I would rather have  
 Then one to punish, them to guerdon all.

*Nar.* If I have err’d, no pardon (Sir) I crave.  
 First heare. and if I faile, then let me fall;  
 I call the Gods to testifie my part,  
 Who can (commenting thoughts) cleare truth afford,  
 If ever treason harbour’d in my heart,  
 Straight let me dye, not pittied, but abhorr’d;  
 I counsell gave according to my skill,  
 It was my upright minde that made me bold,  
 And though my wit not answer’d to my will,  
 “ Still zeale what it conceives, must needs unfold.  
 “ We should be loth to speake in great affairs,  
 “ Where words are damn’d, or ballanc’d by th’ event:  
 “ For, if things faile, the fault is still thought theirs,  
 “ Who gave advice, though of a good intent,  
 Great Prince forget this not well grounded grudge:  
 Who dare be free if thus for words rejected?  
 At least examine first before you judge,  
 I rather dye absolv’d, then live suspected.

*Dar.* Your fond opinion justly might be fear’d,  
 Which seem’d indeed sinistrously inclin’d;  
 For, at the first your speech to me appear’d  
 The poyson’d birth of some malicious minde.  
 But your purgation now hath taken place,  
 And of your faith I will no further doubt,  
 But hold you in the same degree of grace,  
 That you enjoy’d, before those words chanc’d out.



I thinke that *Patron* lookes with speaking eyes,  
As if his minde were mightily perplex'd,  
Come, *Patron*, tell what in thy bosome lyes,  
By which thou seem'st so wonderfully vex'd.

*Pa.* Sir, I would speake in private if I could,  
That which affection fir'd with zeale affords,  
" Let silence teale what friends with feare unfold,  
Take you my thoughts, none else shall have my words:  
Though onely bound by voluntary choice,  
We follow you (all other hopes quite lost)  
Your bodies shadowes, th' Ecchoes of your voyce,  
As faithfull now as when you flourish'd most;  
For where you are, we must remaine with you,  
Since both our lots are in one vessell throwne,  
I wish our Tent were made your lodging now,  
For, we will save your life, or lose our owne.  
We have abandon'd *Greece* our native soile,  
And our retreat no *Bactria* now attends,  
But those who us would of your person spoile,  
Spoile us of all, whose all on you depends.  
Would God all yours were bent to doe their due,  
" Fame big by feare doth bring forth rumours rife;  
I grant it grosse, if that his owne were true,  
To trust a stranger with a Monarchs life.

*Dar.* What sudden danger doth of late dismay you,  
Such inconveniences that you fore-cast?

*Pa.* Sir, *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* betray you,  
This day to you, or them, will be the last:  
They faine repentance onely for the forme,  
Till every thing be for the fact prepar'd;  
The clouds are gathering which doe boast a storme,  
And they ere night, minde to invade your guard.

*Dar.* I trust thy words, but yet I cannot wrong  
Those who by nature love to me should beare,  
Shall I leave them who follow'd me so long?  
Then they may thinke, I merit what I feare.  
I will await on what the heavens will send,  
For, who can stand when fates his fall conspire,  
And with mine owne, at least, least griev'd will end,  
I live too long if they my death desire.

*Bes.* Take heed in time (Sir) to this subtile Greeke,  
The Grecian faith to all the world is knowne,  
I am enform'd he by all meanes doth seeke  
To gratifie your foe, as borne his owne;  
" And marvell not, though mercenary men,  
" Who sell themselves, sell all, this is not strange,  
" They have no God but gold, nor house, how then  
" Can they be constant, who doe live by change?  
" Can the same man pre-occupy you thus,  
Though this vaile themselves abuse your grace,  
And such as would



Faith shall be found untainted still in us,  
When our accuser dare not shew his face.

*Dar.* Of *Alexander* those who hope for gaine,  
By trait'rous meanes do but themselves deceive,  
Since none in earth doth Traitors more disdain,  
Nor treason can in greater horroure have.

*Bes.* Well, Sir, you shall know shortly what we are,  
I will go see your Ensignes all displai'd.

*Dar.* It better is since things are gone so farre,  
Then seeme but to mistrust, to be betray'd.

Loe, *Artabazus* I have acted here  
My part of greatnesse, and my glasse is runne,  
Now *Patrons* speech doth evident appeare,  
I see my end, yet can their course not shunne.

*Art.* The *Bactrians* onely have imbarck'd in this,  
Go to the *Greeks*, which if with courage done,  
When once your danger manifested is,  
The *Persians* all will follow after soone.

*Dar.* And what if I were gone to *Patrons* Tent,  
And had the *Greeks* for guard as you desire?  
He hath but thousands foure which are well bent,  
They thirty thousand who my fall conspire;  
And (doing this) I should their deed excuse,  
In giving them a cause who have most might;  
They may indeed my lenity abuse,  
But by my deed they shall pretend no right.

*Art.* O Prince to be bemoan'd, who can but weep  
To see thee thus involv'd in such a state?

*Dar.* Retyre you all, and seek your selves to keep,  
I here attend the issue of my fate.

Ye wonder that a wretch yet breathing stands,  
To whom the heavens no comfort can impart:  
Feare shall not make me fall by mine owne hands,  
No, let another sinne though I must smart;  
None of you all have falsifi'd your truth,  
But loyall still unto the end abide,  
Now I you all disburthen of your oath,  
Leave me alone, and for your selves provide.

Act. 4, Scene 3.

*Darius.*

O Stormy state of Kings, vaine Mortalls choice,  
The glorious height whence greatnesse grones to fall!  
Ah! we (who courting fame, do hunt each voyce)  
To seeme but Sovereigne must be slaves to all:  
" Yet blowne like bladders, with Ambitions winde,  
" On envy'd Scepters weakly we relye;  
" And (whil'st swoln fancies do betray the minde)  
" Not onely th'earth, but heavens themselves defie.

K

" Whilft



" Whil'ft lottie thoughts tumultuous mindes do tosse,  
 " Which are puffed up with popular applause,  
 " A state extended by our Neighbours losse,  
 " For further trouble but procures a cause;  
 " If Fortunes dark ecclipse cloud glories light,  
 " Then what avails that pomp which pride doth claim?  
 " A meere illusion made to mock the fight,  
 " Whose best was but the shadow of a dreame;  
 " Of glassie Scepters, let fraile greatnesse vaunt,  
 " Not Scepters, no, but reeds, which (rais'd up) break,  
 " And let eye-flatt'ring shows our wits enchaunt,  
 " All perish'd are, ere of their pomp men speak,  
 " Those golden palaces, those gorgeous Halls,  
 " With furniture superfluously faire,  
 " Those stately Courts, those skie-encountering walls  
 " Do vanish all like vapours in the ayre.  
 " O! what affliction jealous greatnesse beares,  
 " Which still must travell to hold others downe,  
 " Whil'ft all our guards not guard us from our fears,  
 " Such toile attends the glory of a Crowne?  
 Where are they all who at my feet did bow,  
 Whil'ft I was made the Idoll of so many?  
 What joy had I not then? what have I now?  
 Of all once honour'd, and now scarce of any.  
 " Our painted pleasures but apparrell paine:  
 " We spend our nights in feare, our dayes in dangers,  
 " Balls toss'd by Starres, thralls bound to Fortunes raigne,  
 " Though known to all, yet to our selves but strangers.  
 " A golden Crowne doth cover leaden cares;  
 " The Scepter cannot lull their thoughts asleep,  
 " Whose souls are drown'd with floods of cold despair,  
 " Of which base vulgars cannot sound the deep.  
 " The Bramble grows, although it be obscure,  
 " Whil'ft loftie Cedars feeble the blust'ring windes,  
 " And milde *Plebeian* souls may live secure,  
 " While mighty tempests tosse Imperiall mindes;  
 " What are our dayes but dreames, our raigne a glance,  
 " Whil'ft Fortunes feaver makes us rage and rave,  
 " Which with strange fits doth to a height advance,  
 " Till, ere paine us, we first our life must leave?  
 " For glist'ring greatnesse by Ambition lov'd,  
 " I was the wonder of all gazing eyes,  
 " But free from shadows (reall essence prov'd)  
 " States just proportion ruine onely tryes.  
 Loe, charg'd with chains which (though they be of gold)  
 My states distresse diminish not the more,  
 When this preposterous honour I behold,  
 It but upbraids me what I was before,  
 And what was I before (as now I see)  
 (Though what afflicted was not clearly knowne)



But still in fetters, whilst appearing free,  
And in a labyrinth of labours throwne.  
Was I not forc'd to serve a thousand humours,  
To scape the censure of a Criticke storie,  
Still clog'd with cares, enrag'd with many rumours;  
O glorious bondage, and ô burd'nous glory!  
That dignity which deifi'd me late,  
And made the world doe homage to my name,  
Doth not oppose that which pursues my state,  
But by my fall gives feathers unto fame;  
My best was but a momentary blisse,  
Which leaves behind this ever-lasting sting,  
That of all woes no woe is like to this,  
To thinke I was, and am not now a king.  
No man with me in all th'accomplish'd joyes  
That satisfie the soule, could once compare;  
No man may match me now in sad annoyes,  
Or any crosse which can provoke despaire.  
Thrice fortune did my gallant troupes entrap,  
And I to fall did desperately stand,  
Yet could not be so happy in mishap,  
As to have di'd by some renowned hand;  
But for my greater grieve, disgrace, and scorne  
(The mindes of men so apt are to deceave)  
They whom aloft my favours wings had borne,  
Even they have made their Master thus a slave.  
Ah! did not death in prison from me reave,  
The sacred Sovereigne of my soules desires?  
And I (wretch'd I) not present to receave,  
The last cold kisse that should have quench'd my fires?  
Yet, o thrice happie thou, who hast not liv'd  
To beare a burden of this great disgrace!  
More then a thousand deaths this had thee grievd,  
To know I di'd, and di'd in such a case.  
Ah! doe the pledges of our mutuall love,  
(The onely comfort that the fates have left)  
Rest prison'd yet? and may I not remove  
My mother thence, as of all power quite rest?  
My paines are more then with my pleasures even,  
Since first my head was burden'd with a Crowne;  
Was I exalted once up to the Heaven,  
That to the Center *Love* might throw me downe?  
My ample Empire, and my Princely birth,  
My great magnificence, and vaine excessse,  
All cannot yeeld my minde one minutes mirth,  
To ease me now in this my great distresse.  
Loe here reduc'd vnto the worst of ills,  
Past helpe, past hope, and onely great in grieve,  
Two abject vassals make me waite their willes,  
Not looking, no, nor wishing for reliefe.



If that my honour had beene first repair'd,  
 Then what though death had this fraile fortresse wonne?  
 I waile my life (since for disgrace prepar'd)  
 Not that it ends, but that it was begunne:  
 What fatall conflict can my count'nance marre,  
 Though me to bragge, death all his horrors bring:  
 I never shall wrong Majestie so farre,  
 As ought to doe that not becomes a king.

Chorus.

*Some new disaster daylie doth fore-show*  
*Our comming ruine: wee have seene our best:*  
*For fortune bent us wholly to o'rethrow,*  
*Throwes downe our king from her wheelles height so low,*  
*That by no meanes his state can be redrest:*  
*For, since by armes his pow'r hath beene repress,*  
*Both friends and servants leave him all alone;*  
*Few have compassion of his state distrest,*  
*To him themselves a number false doth show;*  
*So foes and faithlesse friends conspir'd in one,*  
*Fraile fortune and the fates with them agree:*  
*" All runne with Hatchets on a falling tree.*

*This Prince in prosp'rous state hath flourish'd long,*  
*And never dream'd of ill, did thinke farre lesse,*  
*But was well follow'd whilst his state was strong;*  
*Him flattering Syrens with a charming song*  
*Striv'd to exalt, then whilst he did possesse*  
*This earthly drosse, that with a vaine excessse*  
*He might reward their mercenarie love;*  
*But now when fortune drives him to distresse,*  
*His favourites whom he remain'd among,*  
*They straight with her (as hers) their faith remove;*  
*And who for gaine to follow him were wont,*  
*They after gaine by his destruction hunt.*

*" O more then happie ten-times were that king,*  
*" Who were unhappie but a little space,*  
*" So that it did not utter ruine bring,*  
*" But made him prove (a profitable thing)*  
*" Who of his traine did best deserve his grace;*  
*" Then could, and would of those the best embrace;*  
*" Such vulturs fled as follow but for prey,*  
*" That faithfull Servants might possesse their place.*  
*" All gallant minds it must with anguish sting,*  
*" Whilst wanting meanes their vertue to display;*  
*" This is the grieve which bursts a generous heart;*  
*" When favour comes by chance, not by desert.*



Those minions oft to whom kings doe extend  
Above their worth, immoderate good-will,  
(The buttes of common hate oft hit in end)  
In prosp'rous times they onely doe depend,  
Not upon them, but on their fortune still,  
Which if it change, they change, them though they fill  
Their hopes with honour, and their chests with Coyne:  
Yet if they fall, or their affaires goe ill,  
Those whom they rais'd will not with them descend,  
But with the side most stronge all straight doe joyne,  
And doe forget all what was given before,  
When once of them they can expect no more.

The truth hereof in end this strange event,  
In Bessus and Nabazenes hath prov'd,  
On whom their Prince so prodigally spent  
Affection, Honour, Titles, Treasure, Rent,  
And all that might an honest minde have mov'd.  
So bountyfull a Prince still to have lov'd.  
Who so benignely rendred had their state;  
Yet Traitors vile (all due respects remov'd)  
They him to strike the strength he gave have bent,  
Soe as he now may rue, although too late,  
That like Camelions changing thus their hue,  
To servants were preferr'd, who still were true.

But though those Traitors for a space doe speed,  
No doubt the Heavens once vengeance will exact;  
The very horreur of this hainous deed,  
Doth make the hearts of honest men to bleed:  
Yea, even the wicked hate this barbarous act:  
The Heavens no higher choler can contract,  
Then for the forcing of a sacred king,  
Whose state (if rage doe not their mindes distract)  
Must feare and reverence in inferiours breed,  
To whom from him all what is theirs doth spring;  
But though on th'earth men should neglect this wrong,  
Heavens will those Traitors plague ere it be long.

Act 5. Scene 1.

Hephestion, Alexander, Polystratus.



H A T Story or what fable can record  
Of such a numb'rous troupe so strangely lost:  
I know they quak'd to know it was my lord,  
Whose name alone is worth anothers hoite:  
It scarce can trusted be in many parts;  
But Traitors feare, though all the world them backe,



They were but bodies destitute of hearts:  
 Moe prisoners they were then men to take.  
 Who would believe so few durst strive to meeete  
 So great an Army, and the Army shrinkes?  
 "But Glories flattery, and fames sounds are sweet:  
 "True valour dare attempt all that it thinkes.

*Alex.* In this encounter to have had the best,  
 It would content more then a common minde;  
 But since we want the chiefe, what of the rest?  
 I must in all a satisfaction finde;  
 Those Traitors thought to finish thus the warre,  
 By giving me their Lord whom they have bound,  
 But I who march with confidence so farre  
 Doe scorne to build upon so base a ground;  
 To venge my wrongs dare others then designe?  
 Since *Darius* was ordain'd my prey to be,  
 How durst they but have aim'd at ought of mine?  
 His o'rethrowes glory did belong to mee.  
 Whilst in himselfe he onely did confide,  
 I by all meanes did strive to make him bow,  
 But since his hard estate abates that pride,  
 My fury turn'd is to compassion now;  
 Though he contemn'd me oft, and did me wrong,  
 Yet am I griev'd that he was thus deceav'd,  
 If but acknowledg'd once to be more strong,  
 I not his blood, nor yet his kingdome crav'd;  
 And if those Traytors have not kill'd him straight,  
 Yet his delivery shall my name renowne,  
 I would not lose a Subject of such weight,  
 By which my clemency might be made knowne.

*Po.* Sir, now your comming cannot doe him good.

*Alex.* What? all are fled, none have my force withstood?

*Po.* Yet can not *Darius* be redeem'd againe.

*Alex.* Why, have they set him free, or is he slaine?

*Po.* Now he enjoyes a libertie at last;  
 But ransom'd is by offering up his breath.

*Alex.* Then is all *Asia's* expectation past?  
 Tell on at length the manner of his death.

*Po.* The boiling ardor of the rising Sunne  
 (All moisture gone) did breede so great a drouth,  
 That from the way I had a little runne,  
 To finde some fountaine to refresh my mouth;  
 There, by the borders of a ryding brooke,  
 Which shadow'd was from *Titans* ryding beames,  
 From liquid crystalls I a tribute tooke,  
 Which seem'd to murmur, that I forc'd their streames:  
 When (loe) I saw (a lamentable sight)  
 Two wounded horses draw a bloody Coach,  
 Which clad with skinnies, shew horreur at the height;  
 And it to spie when as I did approach,  
 One was within, who could not long time scape,



The fatall passage of th'infernall gates;  
 Yet Majestie triumphing o're mishap,  
 Hee seem'd to bragge both fortune and the fates.  
 And to so base a state as first not borne,  
 Then whilst his bloode abundantly did fall,  
 He bursted forth those words in fortunes scorne,  
 As one whose courage nothing could appall:  
 You gaze to see (and have good cause wherefore)  
 A man no man, a king no king: what change?  
 Now lesse then nought who once was both, and more;  
 This would seeme wond'rous; but no state is strange;  
 And yet a midst my evils I must rejoyce,  
 That this last comfort doth forgoe my end.  
 I speake to one who can conceave my voice,  
 And not in vaine my dying speeches spend;  
 I am, but how? in name, and not in pow'r;  
 That wretched *Darius* (which I should suppress)  
 Once happie (as was thought) but at this hower,  
 A lively patterne of extreame distresse.  
 Then having paus'd (he said) my griefe is great,  
 Tell *Alexander* (as the world may spie)  
 That though of me he never had but hate,  
 Yet am I forc'd farre in his debt to die:  
 The favour past extended to my Queene,  
 And that poore remnant my surviving rest,  
 (When weighing well what I to him have beene)  
 I wish continu'd, but can scarce request;  
 They to his foe belong, and yet he strives  
 To have them honour'd now, as in times past;  
 But those who held of me both states, and lives,  
 Of state and life have me depriv'd at last.  
 Entreat him too that unreveng'd below  
 I wander not as haplesse in all things:  
 Let men his justice, and their treason know;  
 This (as a common cause) doth touch all kings.  
 Beside the honour which he shall acquire  
 In plaguing them who have betrai'd my trust,  
 His magnanimity men shall admire,  
 And feare to grieve him whom they finde so just.  
 "As watric rounds which rise and reele in raine,  
 "Do swell, and flote, yet when they breake (though bright)  
 "Last, leave (when fall'n) no token save a stayne,  
 Pompe quickly thus both courts and scornes the sight:  
 And since my glasse is runne, my glory gone,  
 I dead unto the world, the world to me,  
 I wish (save his) that th'earth adore no throne:  
 For, from his raigne what subject would be free?  
 Then drowping downe, faint, bloodlesse, and halfe dead,  
 He prai'd me for some water that ranne by,  
 (A small request by such a monarch made)

Which



Which when that he had got: yet, eare I die  
 This crosse must come (said he) to kill me quite;  
 Though Nations once to mee as Sovereigne fought,  
 I have not now the pow'r but to requite  
 This little benefit, that thou hast brought:  
 But *Alexander* shall reward thee well,  
 And him the Heavens, still yeelding his desires,  
 Since that his foes (though envie burst) must tell  
 That courtesie which all the world admires.  
 Now none hath pow'r his pleasure to controule,  
 But if he use them well whom he retaines,  
 It will procure contentment to my soule,  
 And make him famous whilst the world remaines.  
 When breath abandon'd hath this brittle clay,  
 Then cause some friend defray my funerall cost,  
 That churlish *Charon* force me not to stray  
 Where darkenesse dwells, an unregarded Ghost.  
 Last, give my corpes to her who brought it forth,  
 Who may it with my Ancestours entombe,  
 And since she lov'd me much, though little worth,  
 May waile this burden which once grac'd her wombe;  
 And to that Prince whose state I wish to stand,  
 In signe of love which all my thoughts doe send,  
 My soule gives him my heart, it thee my hand:  
 Thus though I liv'd his foe, I die his friend.  
 I had but held his hand a little space,  
 When dying like a Torch whose waxe is spent,  
 In spite of payne, even with a princely grace,  
 His hands still seem'd directing as he went.

*Alex.* Who could refraine from teares to heare declar'd  
 The huge mishapps, which all at once did light;  
 Have subiects slaine their Prince, whom strangers spar'd:  
 Vs hath he fled, that perish thus he might!  
 I for his fall am wonderfully sorry,  
 Whom first I forc'd, but last would have maintain'd:  
 I envie death, because it rob'd the glory  
 Which I (by giving him his life) had gain'd.

*Hep.* Since death hath put a period to his woes,  
 That favour which to him you would extend,  
 Let it with furie flame against his foes,  
 For your designs can have no fairer end:  
 So shall you both the peoples love obtaine,  
 Whilst by your meanes reveng'd their Sovereigne rests;  
 And likewise may the more securely raigne,  
 The state well purg'd from such contagious pests,  
 " If but one vertue did adorne a king,  
 " It would be justice; many great defects  
 " Are vail'd thereby, whereas each vertuous thing  
 " In one who is not just, the world suspects.

*Alex.* Though this your Counsell, nor yet his request,



Had not the pow'r to penetrate my care,  
A generous stomach could not well digest,  
So great a wrong which courage stormes to beare.  
My sprite (impatient of repose) disdaines;  
That they so long their infamie survive:  
But I will punish with most grievous paines  
The monstrous Treason that they did contrive.  
What? doe they thinke (though back'd with numbrous bands)  
That *Bactria* is a bulwarke for mine Ire?  
Flie where they list, they cannot scape my hands,  
My wrath shall follow like consuming fire.  
Such damned soules the heaven cannot receave,  
Ile force Hells dungeons, as *Alcides* did,  
And they on th'earth no bounds but mine can have;  
I'll search them out though in the center hid,  
And when as threatning now I once may strike,  
Betwixt the bending boughs of some strong tree,  
To Traitors terrours who intend the like,  
They shall by violence dismembred be.

*Poll.* Sir, may it please you to extend your care,  
That some his funerall offices performe.

*Alex.* Goe presently, and every thing prepare,  
As best becomes the military forme.

Act 5. Scene 2.

*Sisigambis, Nuntius, Chorus.*



HIS looke alas, hath charg'd my soule with feares:  
Speak, for my life doth on thy lippes depend,  
Thy count'nance (ah) a dolefull copie beares  
Of some sad summons to denounce my end.  
Starve not my eares, which famish for thy words,  
Though they when swallow'd may but make me burst.

*Nun.* The message (madame) which my soule affords  
Must once be knowne, and once knowne still accurst.

*Sis.* Be not a niggard of ill newes. *Nun.* And why?

*Sis.* Fame will tell all the world. *Nun.* But first to you.

*Sis.* Tell soone. *Nun.* Your sonne is dead. *Sis.* Then let me die.

*Cho.* Her joyes and pleasures all are perish'd now.

*Sis.* Why opens not the Earth straight to devoure  
A hopelesse caitive who all good hath lost?  
The longer that I live, my grieve growes more,  
As but to mischief borne, kept to be crost;  
Would God this masse where miserie remaines,  
A weight of Earth from sight of men might keepe;  
Or that the Seas all raging through the plaines  
Would make my tombe amid't their tumid deepe.  
O *Alexander*! hast thou rob'd his life,

Yct

Had



Yet entertain'd me still in hope to finde him?  
 Why did'st thou not first kill this poore old wife,  
 Who was not worthie to have liv'd behind him?  
 That I should live till thou my Sonne had'st flaine,  
 Was all thy kindnesse for this cause imploi'd?

*Nun.* You wrong that Prince, for he with hast in vaine  
 Came him to helpe whom others had destroi'd.

*Sis.* What impious thoughts durst dreame so vile a deed,  
 A monarchs murther, *Asia's* glories end?

*Nun.* Two whom he rais'd did his confusion breed,  
 He found his friend his foe, his foe a friend.

*Sis.* Tell on thy message, messenger of death,  
 And loade my minde with mountaines of distresse,  
 That tears may drowne my sight, sighs choake my breath,  
 Whilst sorrow all my senses doth possesse.

*Nun.* When *Alexander* (who at peace repin'd)  
 Did (save submission) hold all offers vaine,  
 Bent of sterne *Mars* to try the doubtfull minde;  
 A generall muster *Darius* did ordaine,  
 And (in one battell bent to venture all)  
 He caus'd his will be publikely proclaim'd,  
 Whilst two vile Traitors did conspire his fall,  
 Who *Bessus* and *Narbazanes* were nam'd;  
 Those two in councell did discover first  
 Some portion of the poison of their heart,  
 Which caus'd the king suspect, but not the worst,  
 Yet with a sword he sought to make them smart.  
 But having scap'd what first was fear'd from rage,  
 They seem'd so much their error to lament,  
 His indignation that they did assuage,  
 (False hypocrits) pretending to repent.  
 Whilst *Artabazus* as an honest man  
 Who judg'd of others by his vpright minde,  
 (No fraud conceav'd) sought more to scape then scan,  
 What they with craft to compass Crownes design'd.

*Cho.* A mind sincere is ever least suspicious:

“These think all faultie, who themselves are vitious.

*Nun.* They urg'd him with the king to interceed;  
 That in his favour he would give them place,  
 And did protest that by some valorous deed,  
 They labour would to gaine againe his grace;  
 Then *Artabazus* came and told the king,  
 That in the battell he might try their faith,  
 And both before his majestie did bring,  
 Who (when submisse) did quickly calme his wrath.  
 With hands stretch'd up to Heaven, and humbled knees,  
 With teares like those which Crocodiles doe shed,  
 Woe in their face and pitie in their eyes,  
 Did for compassion (though from rigour) pleade.  
 The king of nature milde did them receive,

And



And them (who thus but for the forme complain'd)  
 Not onely all (relenting) quite forgave;  
 But wept in earnest too whil'ft they but fain'd;  
 When in his Coach from all fufpition free,  
 With count'nance fad long following on behinde  
 (As ftill pretending fupplicants to be)  
 They bow'd to him whom they were bent to binde;  
 The *Grecian* Captaine curioufly neare  
 (When mark'd a futer) crav'd what he requir'd,  
 By pregnant proofes did evidently cleare,  
 What treason was againft his ftate conspir'd:  
 He told what way their purpose might be tri'd,  
 And how the *Bactrians* were for trouble bent,  
 Then for his fafety pray'd him to provide,  
 By ftraight with him retyring to his Tent;  
 But in the King who did neglect his ftate,  
 No kinde of care this friendly offer bred:  
 So that (it feem'd) he by fome pow'rfull fate  
 Was head-long forward to confufion led:  
 The *Greeke* paff thence defpairing him to fave,  
 Who thus all meanes to help himfelfe refus'd;  
 With fubtle words then *Beffus* there did crave  
 To purge himfelfe, and errours paff excus'd;  
 Old *Artabazus* happ'ning to approach,  
 The King to him did *Patrons* fpeech report,  
 Who then perceiv'd what danger did encroach,  
 And wifh'd he would where *Greeks* were ftrong refort.  
 But in his breaft this purpose firmly plac'd,  
 That from his Subjects he would never flie,  
 With mutuall teares they tenderly embrac'd,  
 And parted there, like two who went to dye.  
 Now filent night in pitchie vapours cled,  
 Had muft' red myfts, and march'd out of the Weft;  
 (Dayes beauties darkning, shadowie horrors fpread)  
 The Sentinels were fet, and all at reft,  
 When (loe) a terrour did diftract the hoft!  
 Whofe bands to murmure were difpers'd in parts,  
 With founds refembling fhips in ftormes neare loft,  
 Whil'ft each to other caufe of feare imparts.  
 Thofe who their King appointed were to guard,  
 From what was due by fraud or feare did stray;  
 And (to his danger having no regard)  
 His Fortunes Minions fled with her away.  
 The defolation then growne wondrous great,  
 With fome few Eunuchs *Darius* left alone,  
 (No ftrength remaining, nor no figne of ftate)  
 He thus them fpake, who for his fall did mone:  
 Go, part in peace ere further harme be had,  
 Left that my ruine likewise you fuprife.  
 They hearing thofe fad words (as men gone mad)

Went

And



Went howling through the host with dolorous cries;  
 So that all those who heard what plaints they made,  
 Thought that they had their Sovereignes death bewail'd;  
 And (forcing trust) some forg'd reports were spread,  
 That he had kill'd himselfe, all hope quite fail'd.  
 The *Persians* griev'd whil'st these things did occurre,  
 Did first encourage all their Countrey bands  
 To help their Prince, but yet they durst not stirre  
 For feare of falling in the *Bactrians* hands;  
 Even in the time when this confusion was,  
 The Traitors to deferre the fact no more,  
 Did to their Sovereignes Tent with Squadrons passe,  
 And took, and bound, him whom they serv'd before;  
 Who in a golden Coach once proudly rode,  
 Was throwne in one for common carriage us'd,  
 And who of late was honour'd like a God,  
 Two of his owne (as if their slave) abus'd:  
 Those royall hands to beare a Scepter borne,  
 Were basely bound, and which the more him griev'd,  
 " (Thus misery can hardly scape from scorne)  
 " With bands of gold, which burden'd, not reliev'd.  
 When *Alexander* (great with courage) spy'd  
 Our Armies flie, he (who in hope them chac'd)  
 To follow us with diligence did ride,  
 " Base seem'd the Conquest which no danger grac'd;  
 But when at last at length by some inform'd  
 How he was made a captive to his owne,  
 At this indignity he highly storm'd,  
 As if by it his hopes had beene o're-throwne.  
 Out of his host he did select a few  
 Who were best hors'd, and fit for such a fight,  
 With whom his foes he did so fast pursue,  
 That ere they could suspect, he came in sight;  
 The Traitors vex'd when spying him appeare,  
 Came to the Cart whereas the King did stay,  
 And call'd to horse in haste, since foes were neare,  
 Lest that they else might finde him for a prey.  
 He look'd aloft, and cry'd aloud, I see  
 That *Nemesis* is frowning from above;  
 Should I with Traitors as a captive be?  
 And flie from him, who but brave warres doth move?  
 Then those in whom impiety abounds,  
 Throw'd Darts at him (vile beasts to be abhorr'd)  
 And hurt the horses with an hundred wounds,  
 Then men more trusty, dying for their Lord;  
 As false in hearts, so feeble with their hands,  
 When Guilt and Danger doubled had despaires,  
 The Traitors first, then all their trait'rous bands  
 Fled from a number lesse by halfe then theirs.  
 But to the bounds of Deaths pale kingdome brought,



The King retyr'd where least by people spy'd,  
More wounded with ingratitude then ought,  
Did leave the world, whose folly he had tri'd;  
The last divorce which lasts, was scarcely made  
Twixt soule and body whil'st the eyes grew dim,  
When *Alexander* came and found him dead,  
Who labour'd had so long to ruine him,  
And (whil'st his teares a generall mourning mov'd)  
That stately vesture which himselfe array'd,  
(Much fear'd for valour, more for vertue lov'd)  
With his owne hand on *Darius* corps he lay'd;  
Then wailing long as for a brother lost  
To have his funerals furnish'd like a Kings,  
He bids you use his wealth, and spare no cost;  
For, you shall want no necessary things.

He hath his body hither sent by me,  
And funerrall rites solemnely bent to do,  
He thinks that they may best accomplish'd be,  
Whil'st who him bred doth see him buried too.

*Cho.* Behold how grieve hath her of sense bereft,  
Whil'st breath for passage struggling is with grones,  
No will, nor pow'r to live, just grieve hath left,  
Since what she valued vanish'd is at once.

*Sis.* Ah! shall I see (no, let me first be blinde)  
That body breathlesse, which I brought to light?  
Where would my soule a force sufficient finde  
That could encounter with so sad a sight?  
O flinty heart! what hinders thee to breake,  
Since (crush'd with cares) a stranger to repose?  
Why part'st thou not (poore soule) that whil'st I speake  
In opening of my lips, mine eyes may close?  
This heritage of death, this wither'd stocke  
Is but a place appointed for despaires,  
A torture to it selfe, a stumbling block,  
Whose aged furrows fertile are in cares.  
Once for good Fortunes, now for bad design'd,  
(To state betray'd) drawne forth from calme repose,  
To have beene happie most afflicts my minde,  
Who, rais'd to fall, got much, the more to lose.  
Ah me! malicious fates have done me wrong,  
Who first come to the world, should first depart,  
And ah! why should the old o're-live the yong?  
This Nature wrongs by a prepost'rous art;  
Ah! why should Death so indiscreet be found  
To spare a caitive, and to spoyle a Prince?  
My halfe-dead body, bending to the ground,  
Through grieve is grown ripe for the grave long since.

L

Chorus.



## Chorus.

**W**Hat makes vaine worldlings so to swell with pride,  
 Who come of th' earth, and soone to th' earth returne?  
 " So hellish furies with their fire-brands burne  
 " Proud and ambitious men, that they divide  
 " Them from themselves, and so turmoyle their mindes,  
 " That all their time they study still  
 " How to content a boundlesse will,  
 " Which never yet a full contentment findes;  
 " Who so this flame within his bosome smothers,  
 " He many fancies doth contrive,  
 " And even forgets himselfe alive,  
 " To be remembred after death by others;  
 " Thus while he is, his paines are never ended,  
 " That whil'st he is not, he may be commended.

What can this help the happinesse of Kings  
 So to subdue their Neighbours as they do?  
 And make strange Nations tributaries too?  
 " The greater state, the greater trouble brings;  
 Their pompes and triumphs stand them in no stead;  
 Their Arches, Tombes, Pyramides high,  
 And statues are but vanity:  
 They dye, and yet would live in what is dead;  
 And while they live, we see their glorious actions  
 Oft wrested to the worst, and all their life  
 Is but a stage of endlesse toyle, and strife,  
 Of tumults, uproares, mutinies, and factions;  
 " They rise with feare, and lye with danger downe;  
 " Huge are the cares which wait upon a Crowne.

And as Ambition Princes under-mynes;  
 So doth it those who under them rule all:  
 We see in how short time they rise and fall,  
 How oft their light eclips'd but dimmely shines;  
 They long time labour by all meanes to move  
 Their Prince to value much their parts,  
 And when advanc'd by subtle arts,  
 O what a danger is't to be above!  
 For, straight expos'd to hatred, and despight,  
 With all their skill they cannot march so even;  
 But some opprobrious scandall will be given:  
 For all men envy them who have most might;  
 " And if the King dislike them once, then straight  
 " The wretched Courtiers fall with their owne weight.

Some of a sprite more poore, who would be prais'd,

And



And yet have nought for which to be esteem'd,  
 What they are not in deed would faine be deem'd,  
 And indirectly labour to be rais'd.  
 This crue each publicke place of honour haunts,  
 And (changing garments every day)  
 Whil'st they would hide, do but bewray  
 With outward ornaments their inward wants;  
 And men of better judgement justly loath  
 Those, who in outward shows place all their care,  
 And decke their bodies, whil'st their mindes are bare,  
 Like to a shadow, or a painted cloth,  
 The multitude which but th' apparrell notes,  
 Doth homage, not to them, but to their cotes.

Yet Princes must be serv'd, and with all sorts:  
 Some both to do, and counsell what is best,  
 Some serve for Cyphers to set out the rest,  
 Like life-lesse pictures which adorne the ports;  
 " Faire Palaces replenish'd are with feares,  
 " Those seeming pleasures are but snares,  
 " The royall robe doth cover cares;  
 " Th' Assyrian dye deare buys he who it beares;  
 " Those dainty delicates, and farre-fetch'd food,  
 " Oft (through suspition) savour out of season,  
 " Embrodred beds, and tapestries hatch treason;  
 " The golden Goblets mingled are with bloud.  
 " Such shows the shadows are when Greatnesse shines,  
 " Whose state by them the gazing world divines.

O happie he who farre from Fame at home,  
 Securely sitting by a quiet fire,  
 (Though having little) doth not more desire,  
 But first himselfe, then all things doth o'recome;  
 His purchase weigh'd, or what his parents left,  
 He squares his charges to his store,  
 And takes not what he must restore,  
 Nor eats the spoyles that from the poore were rest:  
 Not proud, nor base, he (scorning creeping Art)  
 From jealous thoughts and envy free,  
 No poyson feares in cups of tree;  
 No treason harbours in so poore a part:  
 No heavy dreame doth vex him when he sleeps,  
 " A guiltlesse minde the guerdlesse cottage keeps.

He doth not studie much what stormes may blow,  
 Whose poverty can hardly be impair'd;  
 He feares no forraine force, nor craves no guard;  
 None doth desire his spoyle, none looks so low,  
 Whereas the great are commonly once crost,  
 As Darius hath beene in his flowre,



*Or Sisigambis at this houre,  
Who hath scap'd long, and now at length is lost:  
But how comes this, that Potentates oft fall,  
And must confesse this trouble of their soule?  
There is some higher pow'r that can controule,  
The Monarchs of the Earth, and censure all:  
Who once will call their actions to account,  
And them repress who to oppresse were prompt.*

*FINIS.*

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THE  
ALEXANDRÆAN  
TRAGÆDIE.

THE ARGUMENT.



*When Alexander the Great, after all his Conquests (shining with the glory of innumerable victories) was returned backe to Babylon, where the Ambassadors of the whole world did attend his coming, as one who was expected to command over all: there, being admired by the Grecians, adored by the Barbarians, and as it were drunk with the delights of an extraordinary prosperity, he suffered himselfe to be transported with an inundation of pleasure; till sitting at one of his feasts by the meanes of the sonne of Antipater, one of his Cup-bearers, in the best both of his age and fortune, he was suddenly poysoned.*

*Incontinent after his death, those who were in greatest estimation with himselfe during his life, and then with the Armie, assembled themselves together neglecting for a long time his funerals, whilst busied about the disposing of his Empire: at last (after divers opinions) it was concluded, that if Roxane, the widow of their Sovereigne, (who was then at the point to be delivered of her birth) happened to beare a sonne, he should succeed in his Fathers place, and till he were come to some maturity of age, Perdiccas, Leonatus, Craterus, and Antipater were appointed to be his Tutors: But the foot-men in a disdain, that their advice was not required, proclaimed Arideus, Alexanders bastard brother, King, and gave him a guard, of which Meleager procured himselfe to be made Captaine. At this sudden alteration, the horse-men being troubled, following Perdiccas, pitched their Camp without the City, yet in the end, this tumult being by the eloquence of Perdiccas appeased, all the Captains re-assembled themselves, and having divided the Provinces, made an agreement, which lasted not long.*

*For, such was the vehement ambition of those great men, that with all manner of hostility, they studied how to undermine one another, and first of all Meleager after a pretended reconciliation (though having fled to a Temple for refuge) was slaine by the appointment of Perdiccas, who (after aspiring to a superiority over the rest) whilst he went to warre against Ptolomie in Egypt, by a sudden mutiny of his owne Souldiers, was miserably murdered. Then the onely Captaine of his faction who remained alive, was Eumenes, a man singularly valourous, who encountering with Craterus and Neoptolemus, by the death of themselves defeated their Army, whereby being highly advanced, he was greatly envied: and (Leonatus having lately before dyed in a conflict betwixt him and the Athenians.) Antigonus in the name of*



the rest, was sent against him with a great Army, betwixt whom there having passed divers skirmishes with a variable successe, and some private conference without agreement: In the end, he was betrayed by his owne Souldiers, and delivered bound to Antigonus, who shortly after caused to take his life.

Then Antigonus (his rivals in the authoritie being removed out of his way) did aspire to that himselfe, from which he was sent to seclude others, and having murdered divers of the governours, he disposed of their Provinces as he pleased: whereof Cassander, Ptolomie, and Lysimachus, advertised by Seleucus, who fled for feare of incurring the like danger; did enter together in a league against Antigonus.

Now at this time Olympias plagued all the faction of Cassander in Macedonie, having caused Arideus and his Queen Eurydice to be put to death; by which, and by some other cruelties (having lost the favour of the people) she was constrained, when Cassander came against her, to retyre her selfe within a Town; which (by reason of the scarcitie of victuals (not being able to defend) she rendered, together with her selfe to Cassander, by whom notwithstanding of his promise to the contrary) she was violently deprived of life, and so having proceeded so farre in wickednesse, he thought it no time to retyre till he had extinguished all his Masters race; whereupon he caused Roxane and her sonne to be murthered, and soone after, Hercules, Alexanders bastard sonne; which multitude of murthers, gave to him the Crowne of Macedonie, and to me the subject of this Polytragicke Tragedie.



*The persons names who speake.*

<b>The Ghost of ALEXAN-</b>	[P E R D I C C A S,	} <i>his greatest Captaines.</i>
<b>D E R,</b>	[M E L E A G E R,	
<b>OLYMPIAS his mother,</b>	[P T O L O M I E,	
<b>ROXANE his wife,</b>	[A N T I G O N U S,	
<b>ARISTOTLE his master,</b>	[E U M E N E S,	
<b>PHOCION his old friend,</b>	[L Y S I M A C H U S,	
<b>PHILASTRUS a Chaldean,</b>	[S E L E U C U S,	
<b>CHORUS,</b>	[C A S S A N D E R,	





THE  
ALEXANDRÆAN  
TRAGÆDIE.

Act I.

*The Ghost of ALEXANDER the Great.*

**B**Ack from th'umbragious caves (still rob'd of rest)  
Must I returne, where *Phæbus* guilds the fields,  
A Ghost not worthy to be *Pluto's* Guest,  
Since one to whom the world no buriall yeelds:  
O what a great disgrace is this to me,  
Whose Trophies Fame in many a kingdom keeps.  
That I (contemn'd) cannot transported be  
A passenger for the Sulphurean deeps?  
Dare churlish *Charon* (though not us'd to bow)  
The raging torrent of my wrath gain-stand?  
Must I succumbe amidst hels dungeons now,  
Though all the world accustom'd to command?  
But it may be that this hath wrought me harme,  
What bloud-lesse Ghosts do stray on Stygian banks,  
Whose falls (made famous by my fatall arme)  
Gave terrour oft to many martiall ranks?  
Yet (for a prey expos'd to ravenous beasts)  
Could never have the honour of a Tombe;  
But (though for such rude guests too pretious feasts)  
Were basely buried in a brutish wombe.  
Thus (as it seemes) the horreur of such deeds,  
With like indignity attends my sprite;  
What stormy breast this thirst of vengeance breeds,  
To plague for that which valour did acquite?  
Ah! might *Alcmena's* sonne (as sonne of *Iove*)  
Once force the driery forts of endlesse night,  
To match sterne *Dis* in the *Tartarian* grove,  
And draw forth foaming *Cerberus* to light?  
Then leading *Thesens* through the dungeons darke,  
A second rape aym'd for their ravish'd Queene,  
Durst he (hels terrour) force the fatall Barke,  
By squadrons pale (an envi'd victor) scene?

And



And in my rage may I not tesse this Round,  
 Till roaring Earth-quakes all the world affright,  
 Heaven stain'd, hell clear'd, earth torne, all to confound  
 Enlightning darknesse, or else darkning light:  
 What, though I from terrestriall Regions swerve,  
 Whom in this state (it may be) some mistake:  
 May not the voyce of *Alexander* serve  
 To make th'earth tremble, and the depths to shake:  
 Or, straight return'd, shall I my fortune trust,  
 And th'Earth dispeople, slaughtering scatt' red hosts;  
 Then *Pluto* plague, all charg'd with bloud and dust,  
 When men are kill'd to be a King of Ghosts:  
 O how I burst to thinke how some above,  
 Who for their glory did my steps attend,  
 My off-springs title proudly do disprove,  
 And to my Chaire by violence ascend:  
 " Ingratitude doth grieve a generous sprite,  
 VVould God therefore that with a body stor'd,  
 I might returne these Traitors to acquite,  
 My back with Armes, my hand charg'd with a sword:  
 As when I entred in a populous Towne,  
 To warre alone with thousands in my wrath,  
 Whil' st (prizing honour dearer then my Crowne)  
 Each of my blows gave wounds, each wound gave death:  
 Then thundring vengeance on rebellious bands,  
 I would make them redeeme my grace with grones,  
 Where now my Ghost (empall'd with horror) stands,  
 Lesse grac'd then those whom I commanded once;  
 And yet the glory by those Captaines had,  
 Whom first my Ensignes did acquaint with fame,  
 Doth make my soule (whil' st hating them) more sad,  
 Then all the sufferings that the hells can claime.  
 O now I see what all my Minions blindes,  
 To grace my funerals that they take no paine!  
 My state (betraying me) distracts their mindes,  
 Who have forgot all love, save love to raigne;  
 But *Ptolomie* doth yet by time intend  
 To *Alexandria* to transport me once,  
 Not mov'd by love, no, for another end,  
 In hope my Fortune will attend my bones.  
 And must I then so great a trouble have  
 (To whom the Earth did all belong before)  
 For some few foots of Earth to be a grave,  
 VVhich meane men get, and great men get no more.  
 Though many thousand at my signe did bow,  
 Is this the end of all my Conquests then  
 To be thus barr'd that little circuit now,  
 A benefit even common unto men?  
 But of those kingdomes which were thrall to me,  
 Lest that a little part my body bound,



Th'earth arch'd with heaven my fatall bed should be;  
Still unconfin'd, and even when dead, yet crown'd.  
O blinde ambition! great mindes viprous brood,  
The scourge of mankinde, and the foe to rest,  
Thou guilty art of many millions bloud,  
And whil'st I raign'd, didst raigne within my brest;  
This to my soule but small contentment brings,  
That I some Cities rear'd, and others raz'd:  
And made Kings captives; captives to be Kings,  
Then whil'st the wond'ring world did stand amaz'd.  
All that doth now but torture after death,  
Which rais'd my Fame on pillars more then rare;  
O costly conquest of a little breath,  
Whose flattrring sounds both go and come with th'aire!  
Can I be he who thought it a disgrace  
To be but weigh'd with other mortals even,  
Who would be held of an immortall race,  
The off-spring of great *Iove*, the heire of heaven?  
By many meanes I all mens mindes did move,  
For Altars (as a God) with off'rings stor'd,  
Till of his glory *Iove* did jealous prove:  
"All kings should reverenc'd be, but not ador'd.  
Ah! whil'st (transported with a prosp'rous state)  
I toil'd to raise my Throne above the Starres,  
The thund'rer straight (who still doth pride abate)  
Did wound my fame with most infamous warres.  
Made I not grave *Calistenes* to smart,  
Who did disdaine a mortall to adore,  
(What knowne unknowing) bent by foolish art,  
Though but a man to be imagin'd more?  
All fear'd the danger of my roaring wrath,  
(Like Lyons when asleep) which none durst wake;  
My fury was the Messenger of death,  
Which when inflam'd, made flaming squadrons quake:  
Ambition did so farre my thoughts engage,  
That I could not abide my Fathers praile,  
But (though my friend) kill'd *Clitus* in a rage,  
Who *Philips* Fame durst in my presence raise.  
Thus though that I mine Enemies did abate,  
I made my greatest friends become my foes,  
Who did my insolence (as barbarous hate)  
And for the like afraid wail'd others woes.  
Those tyrannies which thousands chanc'd to see  
As inhumane a multitude admir'd:  
And my familiars strangers growne with me,  
As from a Tyrant for distrust retyr'd:  
Yea, there were many too who did conspire  
By base ambushments to have snar'd my life;  
Of all my labours, loe, this was the hire!  
"Those must have store of toils who toile for strife.

And



And I remember that amid' st my joyes,  
 (Even whil' st the chase of Armies was my sport)  
 There wanted not a number of annoyers  
 To counter-poise my pleasures in some sort.  
 " Of those on th' earth most happy that remaine,  
 " (As ag'd Experience constantly records)  
 " The pleasures farre exceeded are by paine:  
 " Life greater grieve then comfort still affords.  
 What grieve, no, rather rage did seaze my soule,  
 Whil' st bigge with hopes a battell bent to prove!  
 That sudden sicknesse did my course controull,  
 Which (cold when kinde) embracing flouds did move.  
 From the Physician then (though deem'd for ill)  
 I took his potion, gave him scandalous lines;  
 Then whil' st he red did drinke, yet ey'd him still,  
 And by accusing looks sought guilty signes;  
 Not that suspitious feares could make me sad,  
 This was the ground whence did proceed my paine,  
 Lest death my victory prevented had:  
 For, I was sure still where I fought to gaine;  
 But when that I extended had my state  
 From learned *Athens* to the barbarous *Indes*,  
 Still my tumultuous troupes my pride did hate,  
 As monstrous mutinies unmask'd their mindes.  
 I (so my name more wonderfull to make)  
 Of *Hercules*, and *Bacchus* past the bounds,  
 And (whil' st that *Memnon's* Sunne-burnt bands did quake)  
 Did write my worth in many a Monarchs wounds.  
 Kings were my Subjects, and my servants Kings,  
 Yet my contentment further did require,  
 For, I imagin'd still more mighty things,  
 And to a greater greatnesse did aspire.  
 The spacious carriere of the speedy Sunne,  
 (All quickly thrall'd) like lightning I o're-ran:  
 Yet wept, and wish'd more worlds t' have been wonne,  
 As this had wanted roome to eale one man,  
 No wonder I was thought a God by some,  
 Since all my aymes (though high as heaven) prevail'd,  
 And what man (save my selfe) did still o're-come?  
 Of all my fancies, never project fail'd.  
 This made me thought immortaliz'd to be,  
 Which in all mindes amazement yet contracts:  
 I led blinde Fortune, and she courted me,  
 As glad to grace the greatnesse of my acts.  
 Yet I have found it a more easie thing,  
 To conquer all whereon the Sunne ere shin'd,  
 Then mine owne selfe, and (of my passions King)  
 To calme the tumults of a stormy minde.  
 What comfort justly could my soule receive  
 Of all my Conquests past, if that even then

Whilst



Whil'st I triumph'd (to wrath and wine a slave)  
 I scap'd not scandall more then other men;  
 Ah! (seazing without right on every state)  
 I but my selfe too great a Monarch made,  
 Since all men gap'd to get the golden bait  
 Which by my death seem'd easie to be had;  
 Whil'st from humanity too much divorc'd,  
 My deeds all hearts with feare, and horroure fill'd,  
 I who by foes could never have beene forc'd,  
 By friends did fall, yet not over-com'd, but kill'd.  
 But now I see the troublous time draws neare,  
 When they shall keep my obsequies with bloud:  
 No wonder too, though such a warriours beere,  
 At last doth swimme amidst a scarlet floud:  
 For, as my life did breed huge broils o're all,  
 My death must be the cause of monstrous cumbers;  
 And it doth best become a strong mans fall,  
 To be renown'd by ruining of numbers.  
 The Snake-tress'd Sisters now shall never need  
 Their fatall fire-brands, loathsome *Plato's* pests,  
 Nor inspirations strange whose rage doth breed  
 A thirst of murther in transported breasts.  
 Ambitions flames may from my ashes shine  
 To burne my Minions mindes with high desires,  
 Each of their sprits that hath a spark of mine,  
 To ruine all the world, may furnish fires.  
 The Beauties of the Earth shall all look red,  
 Whil'st my Lieutenants through that pride of theirs,  
 With Armes unkinde huge streames of bloud do shed;  
 By murthering of my heires, to be my heires.  
 Is this that Greatnesse which I did designe,  
 By being eminent, to be o're-throwne,  
 To ruine first my selfe, then root out mine;  
 As conquering others, but to lose mine owne?  
 O happie I, more happie farre my race!  
 If pleas'd with that which was our ancient rent,  
 I manag'd had th' *Æmæthian* pow'r in peace,  
 Which was made lawfull by a long discent:  
 Then farre sequestred from *Bellona's* rage,  
 I had the true delights of Nature tri'd,  
 And ag'd with honour, honour'd in my age,  
 Had left my Sonne secure before I dy'd;  
 And he inheriting a quiet state  
 (Which then because lesse great had beene more sure)  
 Had (free from envy) not beene harm'd by hate,  
 Which of most States the ruine doth procure;  
 But since they will en-earth my earthly part,  
 Which now no badge of majestie retaines,  
 To roaring *Phlegeton* I must depart  
 Farre from the lightsome bounds of th'aieri plaines.

And



And must I there who did the world surmount  
 (Arrested by the Monarch of the Ghosts)  
 To *Rhadamanthus* render an account  
 Of all the deeds done by my ravenous hosts:  
 There whilst with *Minos Aacus* sits downe,  
 A rigorous Iudge in hels most horrid Court,  
 With me who passe his Nephew in renowne,  
 (Though of his race) he no way will comport.  
 O what pale Ghosts are here together brought,  
 Which were of bodies spoil'd by my Decree!  
 And first *Parmenio* without whom I nought  
 But who did many great things without me:  
 At the tribunall of *Tartarian* pow'rs,  
 He aggravates ingratitude too great,  
 And (whilst the raging Tyrant foaming lowres)  
 All whom I wrong'd, for vengeance do entreat:  
 Yet guilty thoughts torment me most of all,  
 No spirit can be by plaguing furies pin'd,  
 (Though charg'd without with snakes, within with gall)  
 As by the stings of a remording minde.  
 If it be true that drowfie *Lethes* streames  
 In darke oblivion drowne all things at last,  
 There, let me bury farre from *Phæbus* beames,  
 The loath'd remembrance of my labours past.

*Exit.*

## Chorus.

**V** What strange adventures now  
 Distract distressed mindes  
 With such most monstrous formes:  
 When silence doth allow  
 The peace that Nature findes,  
 And that tumultuous windes  
 Do not disturbe with stormes  
 An universall rest:  
 When Morpheus hath repress  
 Th' impetuous waves of cares,  
 And with a soft sleepe bindes,  
 Those Tyrants of the brest,  
 Which would spread forth most dangerous snares  
 To sink affliction in despair:  
 Huge horrors then arise  
 The Elements to marre,  
 With most disastrous signes:  
 Arm'd Squadrons in the skies,  
 With lances throwne from farre,  
 Do make a monstrous warre,  
 Whilst furie nought confines:  
 The Dragons vomit fire,

*And*



*And make the Starres retire  
Out of their Orbes for feare,  
To satisfie their ire,  
Which heavens high buildings not forbear,  
But seem the Crystall Towres to teare;  
Amidst the ayre, fierce blasts  
Doe boast with blustering sounds,  
To crush this mighty frame,  
Which (whilst the tempest lasts)  
Doth rent the stately rounds,  
To signifie what wounds  
To all her off-springs shame,  
Shall burst th'earths veynes with bloud,  
And this all-circling floud,  
(As it the heavens would drowne)  
Doth passe the bounding bounds,  
And all the scalie brood,  
Reare roaring Neptunes foamie Crowne,  
Whilst th'earth for feare seems to sinke downe,  
Those whom it hid with horrour!  
Their ashy lodgings leave,  
To re-enjoy the light,  
Or else some Panicke terrour  
Our judgement doth bereave,  
Whilst first we misconceive,  
And so prejudge the sight;  
Or, in the bodies stead,  
The genius of the dead  
Turnes backe from Styx againe,  
Which Dis will not receive,  
Till it a time engendring dread,  
Plague (whilst it doth on th'earth remaine)  
All else with feare, it selfe with paine.  
These fearefull signes fore-show  
(All nations to appall)  
What plagues are to succeed.  
Since death hath layd him low,  
Who first had made us thrall,  
We heard that straight his fall  
Our liberty would breed;  
But this proves no reliefe:  
For, many (O what grieve!)  
The place of one supply;  
And we must suffer all;  
Thus was our comfort brieve:  
O! rarely doe usurpers dye,  
But others will their fortune try.*

Exit.



## Act 2. Scene 1.

*Perdiccas, Meleager, Ptolomie, Antigonus,  
Eumenes.*



Hat eye (not big with teares) can view this host,  
 Which hath in one (ah, as the end doth prove)  
 A King, a Captaine, and a brother, lost,  
 Crown'd, follow'd, try'd, by right, for worth, in love?  
 I thinke amongst us all, there is not one,  
 Whom divers favours doe not justly binde  
 To please that *Heroes* Ghost (though from us gone)  
 With all the off'rings of a thankefull minde.  
 Ah, had the fates beene subject to my will,  
 So great a losse should not have crost our life;  
 But we had kept great *Alexander* still,  
 And he those kingdomes which procure this strife.  
 " Yet heavens decrees can never be recall'd,  
 " And thoughts of harme past helpe, breed double paine,  
 " Though once to griefe a space, by passions thrall'd,  
 " The living must embrace the world againe.  
 As one whose intrest in that Prince was chiefe,  
 A sorrow singular my soule affects,  
 But I will not defraud the generall griefe,  
 To waile a-part particular respects.  
 Though all the ayre still Ecchoes plaintive sounds  
 Of widow'd hopes now wedded to despair,es,  
 Yet time must cicatrize our inward wounds,  
 And to the publike good draw private cares.  
 Let us give physicke to the sickned state,  
 Which at this present in great danger stands,  
 VVhilst grudging Subjects that our greatnesse hate,  
 By bloud would venge their violated lands.  
 " Those who by force are thrall'd, to be made free;  
 " Precipitate themselves in dangers still,  
 " And this of Nature seemes a rule to be:  
 " What Realme not scornes to serve a strangers will?  
 " From forc'd obedience, nought but hate proceeds;  
 " The more we have subdu'd, the more our foes:  
 A soveraigne head this States huge body needs,  
 That might make us securely to repose:  
 And who more meet to have that great mans place,  
 Of those whose states he tooke who gain'd the hearts,  
 Then one descended from that Regall race,  
 Whose birth both worth and right to raigne imparts?  
 If heavens enrich *Roxane* with a Sonne,  
 That long'd-for birth a lawfull Soveraigne brings,  
 And till that course of doubtfull hopes be runne,  
 Let some be nam'd who manage may all things.



*Anti.* The Macedonians (swolne with wrath) would scorne,  
That to their King a stranger should succeed:  
Can men obey a Babe, a Babe not borne?  
What fancies strange would this confusion breed?  
This could not well become our grave fore-sight,  
A doubtfull birth so long t' attend in vaine,  
Which may abortive be, and brought to light,  
(Through natures error) made not apt to raigne.  
But if affection carry us so farre,  
That of that race we must be rul'd by some,  
Though neither train'd by time in peace, nor warre,  
As those who must indeed by kinde o're-come:  
Then have we *Hercules* the eldest sonne,  
To our great Prince by faire *Barfines* borne,  
Who fourteene yeares of age, hath now begun  
His Princely birth by vertue to adorne.

*Ptol.* To thinke of this, it makes my soule asham'd,  
That we should serve a base Barbarians brood,  
What? should we beare the yoke that we have fram'd?  
To buy disgrace, have we bestow'd our bloud?  
Our ancestors whose glory we obscur'd,  
Would get some vantage of their off-spring thus:  
That peoples bondage they would have procur'd,  
And have we warr'd to make them Lords o're us?  
Ah, bury this as a most odious thing,  
Which may bring danger, and must breed our scorne.  
Though (in effect) descended from our King,  
They (come of Captives) are but basely borne.  
O! brave *Leonides*, I like thy strife,  
Who with so few perform'd so glorious things,  
And death prefer'd before th' infamous life,  
Which bondage still from a Barbarian brings.  
Those (loath to take a stranger for their Lord)  
Did with their bloud renowne a forraigne field,  
And shall we honour them whom they abhorr'd,  
And even (though victors) to the vanquish'd yeeld?  
To what did tend that eminent attempt,  
Which makes the Persians yet abase their brow?  
But to our countries scorne (in a contempt)  
To take by force that which we offer now.  
Was this the scope of all our conquests then,  
Of abject Captives to be made the prey?  
No, let us still command like valorous men,  
And rule our Empire by some other way.  
May we not use this policy a space,  
Till Time afford, or we a course devise?  
Least dangerous discord doe disturbe our peace,  
Still when we would of serious things advise;  
With Majestie let us assembled be,  
A sacred Senate with a chayre of state,



That of the Sovereigne pow'r all signes may see,  
 Then whilst we compasse that respected seate :  
 There, those who were in credit with the King,  
 Whose merits in mens mindes have reverence bred,  
 Shall (weigh'd by judgement) ballance every thing :  
 How kingdomes should be rul'd, how armies led;  
 " And what the greatest part hath once approv'd,  
 " To that the rest will willingly incline;  
 By such a harmony the Army mov'd,  
 Will execute what ever we designe.  
 This concord would prove happy for us all,  
 Whicheach mans state free from all danger renders :  
 And by this meanes our Macedonie shall  
 In place of one, have many *Alexanders*.

*Eum.* Though silence (I confesse) becomes me best,  
 Who, am a stranger, and the lesse beleev'd,  
 Yet of your toyles since I a partner rest,  
 I must unfold my minde, a minde much griev'd :  
 And thinke you that a Babe repaires our losse ?  
 How can good wits so grossly be beguil'd ?  
 This in all Countries hath been thought a crosse :  
 " Woe to that soile whose Sovereigne is a childe.  
 Nor would these great men (as is thought) agree,  
 They be too many bodies for one minde :  
 Ah (pardon *Ptolomie*) it cannot be,  
 This union would disjoyne us all I finde :  
 Thus would the Army from good order swerve,  
 " If many might forgive, all would offend,  
 " As thinking well though they did death deserve :  
 " No man so bad, but some will him befriend.  
 And when so many Kings were in one Court,  
 One Court would then have many humours too,  
 Which fostering factions for each light report,  
 Would make them jarre as neighbouring Princes doe;  
 No, let this strange designe be quite suppress'd,  
 " Whilst equall all, all would unequall be,  
 So that their mindes (by jealousie posses'd)  
 From pale suspicion never could be free.  
 But ah! what needs contention at this time,  
 To cloud a matter that was made so cleare :  
 And doe you now account it not a crime,  
 To damne his will, who once was held so deare ?  
 When that great Monarch march'd to match with death,  
 Whilst all his Captaines were assembled there,  
 And did demand (whilst he dispos'd of breath)  
 Whom he himselfe adopted for his heire :  
 Then (that none might such doubtfull questions breed)  
 As loving valour more then his owne race :  
 He (that a brave man, brave men might succeed)  
 Said: let the worthiest have the worthiest place.



Nor did he speake this in a secret part,  
 With double words which might more doubt have mov'd,  
 As breathing thoughts in each ambitious heart,  
 To have his worth in *Vulcans* fornace prov'd:  
 For, whil'st ye hedg'd the fatall bed about,  
 (With an unpartiall care distracted long)  
 Then he amongst you all did chuse one out,  
 Who for so great a charge did seeme most strong.  
 He to *Perdiccas* did present the Ring  
 That us'd to seale the secrets of the State,  
 By which it seem'd that he design'd him King,  
 And so would seaze him of the regall seat.  
 Thus made this worthy man a worthy choice,  
 That further strife might not the state deforme,  
 And all the world now justly may rejoyce,  
 That who rais'd many, did prevent this storme.  
 For, if he had not thus declar'd his will,  
 Yee (*Mars* his Minions) should have liv'd at jarres:  
 Whil'st emulation amongst equals still,  
 Had made sterne Trumpets thunder civill warres;  
 What huge disorders threatned to burst forth,  
 If that our Sovereigne had no Prince design'd,  
 Who oft hath beene a witnesse of our worth,  
 And can weigh vertue in a vertuous minde?  
 I see consenting signes applaud my speech:  
 Rise, doe, *Perdiccas*, that which they decree,  
 Whil'st modesty doth Majesty impeach,  
 Though thou crav'st not this Crowne, this Crowne craves thee.

*Meleag.* I wonder not though thus *Perdiccas* shrinke,  
 To take this place, still brag'd with new alarmes:  
 The Sunne must make nights ugly bird to winke:  
 This Scepter weighs, too much for so weake armes.  
 The Gods will never grant, nor men agree,  
 That such a one should tyrannize o're us:  
 Though vulgar mindes might yeeld his thralls to be,  
 His betters scorne to bow so basely thus.  
 He would have us *Roxanes* birth t' attend,  
 Which though it come to passe as some expect,  
 He can exchange, or cause be brought to end,  
 As bent to like all meanes, when one effect.  
 Thus would he temporize to our great scorne,  
 Till time might helpe to further his designs:  
 No Kings *Perdiccas* likes, but babes unborne;  
 He labours well in undiscovered Mynes.  
 I need not now insist to tell at large,  
 What brave men are amid'st this martiall band,  
 Who better doe deserve so great a charge,  
 Both for their skill, and courage to command;  
 Yet are the best not worthy to succeed,  
 That man admir'd who never can be match'd;



The thought of whom must make our mindes to bleed,  
 Whose adversaries this advantage watch'd.  
 But, if that great man did consent so soone,  
 That our obedience should be thus abus'd,  
 Of all that ever yet he would have done,  
 I thinke this onely ought to be refus'd.  
 That valorous band, whose worth the world oft prov'd,  
 Then, whil'st their glory shin'd through silver shields :  
 By all that Monarchs deeds when no way mov'd,  
 (As conquer'd) would have left the conquer'd fields.  
 And when despising such a Princes throne,  
 To whom his ancestors their Scepter brought.  
 What reverence would they beare to such a one,  
 Who all this time was as their equall thought ?  
 " To those who o're their equals raise their state,  
 " Advancement envy breeds, and envy hate;  
 " If such with all would rest familiar still,  
 " This in contempt the Sovereigne title brings :  
 " And if they second not their Subjects will,  
 " Men cannot beare with them, as with borne Kings.  
 Our lofty bands some lofty minde must tame,  
 Whole Princely birth doth procreate regard ;  
 Whose Country may confound each slanderous clayme,  
 As one with whom none else can be compar'd.  
 Loe, *Alexanders* brother, *Philips* sonne,  
 Who alwayes was a partner of our paine :  
 Can there be any else below the Sunne,  
 O're Macedonians who deserves to raigne ?  
 And I must wonder what so strange offence  
 Hath forfeited his title, maym'd his right ?  
 That any now with a disguis'd pretence  
 Dare wrong him thus, even in his peoples sight.

*Ptol.* None needs to wonder much, though we neglect  
 One whose election might procure our shame :  
 His mothers basenesse, justice might object,  
 Whom bastardy secludes from such a claime.  
 But yet had Nature purg'd the spot she made,  
 We with his birth the better might comport,  
 If (like his Syre, fierce squadrons fit to leade)  
 His parts were such as might the State import;  
 He falsifies his race, of wit so weake,  
 That all his inward wants are soone perceiv'd,  
 All of his judgement in derision speake,  
 By which great things can hardly be conceiv'd :  
 And though his body might from paines be spar'd,  
 Whose constitution is not very strong;  
 But with infirmities so farre impair'd,  
 That it alive cannot continue long;  
 " Yet since in State he never hath beene school'd,  
 " His ignorance would racke him still with feares :



*The Alexandrian Tragedy.*

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“ Whilst he who rul’d, still needing to be rul’d,  
“ Spoke but with others tongues, heard with their cares.  
“ A King inconstant, great confusion makes,  
“ Whom all mistrust, and most amid’st a Campe :  
“ Whilst (soft like waxe) he each impression takes,  
“ A little labour changing still the stampe;  
“ Ah, should our lives depend upon his breath,  
“ Who of himselfe cannot discerne a crime :  
“ But for each rash report damnes men to death,  
“ Then yeelds a fruitlesse pitty out of time.  
“ Thus whilst some alwaies must his judgement sway,  
“ Which still doth harbour in anothers head,  
“ Of Sycophants this Prince may be the prey,  
“ Who where they list him (as quite blinde) will leade.  
“ And since but base, that they may be the best,  
“ Such still will toyle, that we may be o’ rethrowne :  
“ And to the credulous King may meanes suggest,  
“ To taint our fame, lest it obscure their owne.

What grieve were this to us, whilst such as those  
Might make their vantage of th’ all-pow’rfull breath ?  
And that our actions ballanc’d by our foes,  
Were guerdon’d with disdain, or else with death ?

*Me.* Since private hopes your judgements doe bewitch,  
I’le leave this counsell where no good can please :  
Come follow me all those who would berich :  
Few have regard (poore souldiers) to your ease.

*Perd.* That shall prove best which first I went about,  
Though some would wrest my words from what I thought:  
Loe, *Meleagers* spite doth now burst out,  
Like flaming fires which burne themselves to nought.  
Thus, naughty mindes which never dreame but ill,  
Doe construe all things to a crooked sense :  
What I propos’d, reposing on your will,  
He would interpret for a great offence.  
And (thus puff’d up) this parting hence of his,  
To many former faults hath added one :  
By his seditious words incens’d ere this,  
The souldiers are to sacke the treasure gone.

*Ant.* With one consent then let us all conclude,  
That *Alexanders* race (when borne) must raigne :  
So shall we stablish still that sacred bloud,  
Which rais’d our state, and may it best maintaine.  
And let us now (before we part) appoint  
Who shall command till that the babe be borne :  
And circumspectly ponder every point,  
That successe so our Councell may adorne.

*Eum.* I heare a tumult rais’d amongst the Tents,  
And *Arideus* is proclaimed King :  
To which the multitude (soone chang’d) consents,  
As bent for all whose course a change may bring.

The



The foot-men are to indignation mov'd,  
 In this assembly that they want a feat,  
 Where our proceedings they might have approv'd,  
 As knowing all that did concerne the state.  
 They soone forget their Prince (expecting spoiles)  
 That dare revolt from what we all advis'd :  
 " Thus too much liberty breeds many broiles,  
 " And makes the giver still to be despis'd.  
 " The want of discipline all things confounds.  
 Their deeds want order, and their pride all bounds.  
*Perd.* And dare they then against that fortresse rise,  
 Where *Alexanders* Ensignes are displaid ?  
 Or violate the walles where as he lyes ?  
 May not his shadow make them all afraid ?  
 What? how comes this? and dare they then presume,  
 To bragge their Capitaines, and abuse their Armes ?  
 Armes armes, just wrath these Rebels must consume,  
 Our count'nance will them curbe, sound, sound th'alarmes.

*Exeunt.***Act 2. Scene 2.***Lysimachus, Seleucus.*

Oe, here a great and more then sudden change !  
 All men for mirth were like to have gone mad,  
 So that of late it would have beene thought strange,  
 In all this Citie to have seene one sad.  
 Each wall resounded some melodious song,  
 To ravish curious eares with rare delight;  
 Strange Tapestries were stretch'd the streets along,  
 And stately objects made to charme the sight;  
 As if our King his conquests so would crowne,  
 Of all the world a Parliament to hold,  
 He (plac'd with pompe in this imperiall towne)  
 Did of magnificence the height unfold.  
 Here glory (in her richest robes array'd)  
 Should have shewne all that Greatnesse could expect :  
 Yet were our hopes even at the height betraid :  
 To death those Trophees fortune did erect.  
 A tragicke end this triumph quite confounds,  
 All our applauses vanish in complaints,  
 Our Musicke marr'd by melancholy sounds,  
 Loe, by the Cypresse press'd, the lawrell faints.  
 To funerall shrieks, our shouts of joy we turne,  
 (With gorgeous garments, Griefe cannot comport,)  
 We that so much rejoyc'd, farre more must mourne,  
 " Dayes spent with woe are long, with pleasure short.  
 This breeds most anguish, when that one compares  
 The present time with others that are past,

*Whil't*



Whilst wonted hopes are ballanc'd with despaires,  
Which all heroicke mindes with woe doe waste,  
Betwixt these two, what difference finde we forth,  
The rising Sunne, and it that is declin'd?  
Where is that Zodiacke (lodging of all worth)  
Whence valours beames (still lightning courage) shin'd:  
Now desolation spreads it selfe o're all:

A solitary silence, grieve allowes,  
Ah, (as quite crush'd by that great Monarchs fall)  
How many male-contents cast downe their browes:  
A strange suspition hath possess'd the streets,  
Whilst every man his neighbours fall conspires,  
Each one who unawares another meets,  
(As fearing treason) with distrust retires.  
Of rumours strange each eare is greedy growne,  
Which (though but doubtfull) move the minde to rue,  
And (doting still on that which is their own)  
What they conjecture, all affirme for true.

*Sel.* With eyes that flame for rage, our deeds heaven viewes,  
And (mov'd for us) a high disdain doth beare;  
Loe, all mens heads are heavy for ill newes,  
And though we know not what, yet still we feare:  
For, since the widow'd world doth want a head,  
Each member now doth labour to be chiefe,  
Which (whilst they divers wayes the body lead)  
May give beginning to some endlesse grieve;  
Some (like the foole who thunder fayn'd like Iove)  
Would make their fame like *Alexanders* sound,  
And (all brought low) to be themselves above,  
Would order all, or else would all confound;  
Then some vaine wits which onely would seeme wise,  
(By flatt'ring mirrours of their shape deceiv'd)  
Doe every thing that is not theirs despise,  
And perish would, ere them another sav'd.  
A number too whom all things doe content,  
What each one thinkes, are still resolv'd to doe:  
They make a choice, then doe the choice repent,  
And straight repent of that repentance too.  
The publike good is spoil'd by private hope,  
Whilst many thus high dignities doe claime;  
This discord gives to rash ambition scope:  
"For, all would fish within a troubled streame.  
See how dissention hath dissolv'd so soone,  
All kinde of order, and confusion brought:  
Our Councell quite this variance hath undone,  
"Whilst one would have done all, all have done nought:  
Although *Perdiccas* (as it would have seem'd)  
Whilst for his masters race he onely stood,  
Sought (by that meanes more vertuous to be deem'd)  
His Princes honour, and his Countries good;

Yet



Yet his companions having in contempt,  
 He did by subtile meanes himselfe advance :  
 And so to shadow his disguis'd attempt,  
 Aym'd at the royall place as but by chance;  
 He toyles that the unborne none should beguile,  
 As by the heavens for th' Orphanes good reserv'd :  
 Yet wanting of a King nought but the stile,  
 He would not want that when th' occasion serv'd.  
 And *Meleager* partially dispos'd,  
 To hinder others, doth pretend a love  
 To bastard *Philip*, by effect disclos'd,  
 Since he but seekes *Perdiccas* to disprove;  
 And if that foe, whom he doth feare, but faile,  
 He cares not much what Emperour they proclaime :  
 And his designe with many may prevaile :  
 " A cloake of right, apparels any claime;  
 " They whose descent some title doth disclose  
 " (As by their birth made capable to raigne :)  
 " Must be preferr'd by reason unto those,  
 " Who of all right without the bounds remaine.  
 The furious foot-men (insolently stout)  
 A title to maintaine; did brave our band,  
 And (indignation thundring threatnings out)  
 Would with our bloud have bath'd this barbarous land.  
 O! what indignity would this have been,  
 Whilst those whom we subdu'd with such great toiles,  
 Had in this sort their victors vanquish'd seen,  
 So of their spoilers purchasing the spoiles :  
 Thus darkening all that we had done before,  
 (Our swords first stayn'd by ignominious wounds)  
 We, of our conquests could have kept no more,  
 But burials base (if those) in th' enemies bounds.  
 O! what excellency consists in th' one,  
 (Though oft not mark'd till mis'd) cleare at this houre:  
 " Some with a word, or look, doe more alone,  
 " Then thousands joyn'd with policy and pow'r.  
 When squadrons arm'd with Ensignes full displaid,  
 As of their Prince all due regard quite lost,  
 His generous course would (obstinate) have staid,  
 By them abandon'd, when endanger'd most;  
 Then of disorder yeelding bitter fruits,  
 They boldly march'd with bragges before his Tent,  
 And charg'd their Sovereigne with unlawfull suits,  
 To innovations violently bent;  
 Of duty then, they by no band detain'd,  
 First grudg'd, grew factious next, last rebels plaine,  
 Like waters for a time (by Art restrain'd)  
 Their bounds once pass'd, which do all bounds disdain:  
 But from that patterne of accomplish'd worth,  
 Whom imitate none may, all must admire,

Through



Through just disdain when fury spark'led forth,  
 These troupes (astonish'd) trembling did retire;  
 His stately count'nance calm'd tumultuous sounds,  
 And lightned Majesty through clouds of wrath,  
 That (even as if his words had given them wounds)  
 They fell, afraid of him, though not of death:  
 Those lofty bands which were of late so proud,  
 That they disdain'd to wait their Emperours will:  
 Then (by his looke all at an instant bow'd)  
 Did beg but leave that they might serve him still;  
 And yet what wonder though he gain'd all hearts,  
 Which to his presence happened to repaire,  
 With that perfection of all vertuous parts,  
 As large in him, as in all others rare:  
 Loe, when we meet to treat, by peace or warres,  
 How all our conquests may be best secur'd,  
 The Souldiers doe burst out in publike jarres,  
 Even by their Captaines no respect procur'd.  
 And who can call that valorous Prince to minde,  
 That unto vertue any reverence beares,  
 But he must be constrain'd, or prove unkinde,  
 To offer up a tribute of some teares?

*Eys.* His death doth make my soule faint sorrows prey,  
 Though many thought that I for it had long'd;  
 For, if by any whom he should obey,  
 One can be wrong'd, then I indeed was wrong'd.

*Sel.* Though fame abroad by divers tongues did bring,  
 To what huge danger you were once expos'd;  
 It did not paint out each particular thing,  
 Which by your selfe I long to heare disclos'd.

*Lysim.* When wise *Calistenes* for no request,  
 With superstitious customes could comport,  
 But with franke words all flattery did detest,  
 He was abus'd, and in a barbarous sort:  
 "So plaguing him (no doubt) the King did ill,  
 "Yet to prosperity we must impute  
 "Those fatall faults which follow fortune still,  
 "As of great mindes a kinde of bastard fruit;  
 "We should in Kings, as loth their state to touch,  
 "Speake sparingly of vice, praise vertue much.  
 But I whose soule that wise man dearely lov'd,  
 Whilst his perfections spying thus injur'd,  
 (To tender passions by compassion mov'd)  
 Would his reliefe have willingly procur'd.  
 But when my credit fail'd, all hope quite past,  
 That I could purchase grace in any sort:  
 I desp'rate physicke did afford at last,  
 That if his life was ill, it might be short.  
 The King enrag'd, that I had thus presum'd  
 To limit his revenge by giving death,

That



That by a Lyon I should be consum'd,  
 Did throw my doome out of the depths of wrath;  
 But when with rowling eyes the Lyon roar'd,  
 He, by my strength (as strengthlesse) was o're-thrown,  
 Which to the King whose minde did then remord,  
 My constancy and courage both made knowne,  
 So that incontinent I was set free,  
 By this rare prooffe esteem'd amongst the strong,  
 And with a minde from inward rancour free,  
 As he his wrath, so I forgot the wrong:  
 For, whilst alone he through a Forrest rang'd;  
 A prey expos'd, yet did no danger dreame,  
 Some at that time had former wrongs reveng'd,  
 If but for mischief bent to gaine a name;  
 Yet that which others did attempt in vaine,  
 And (tyr'd by travell) of a surfet dy'd,  
 I did performe, and brought him backe againe,  
 As swiftly running as his horse could ride;  
 And of that deed my sprite rests well appaid:  
 For, since that time my Sovereigne held me deare,  
 Which afterwards he to the world bewraid,  
 Whilst by this meanes his favour did appeare.  
 VVhen unawares my brow he chanc'd to wound,  
 To stay my bloud which striv'd to dye his Launce,  
 He with his Diadem my Temples crown'd,  
 A happy signe though comming but by chance;  
 And O! who knowes but once before I dye,  
 Some good event may second the presage?

*Selen.* What hinders us but we should fortune try,  
 And for a Crowne our travels straight engage?  
 Those bended mindes which ayme at Greatnesse still,  
 " (Growne popular, of purpose to be prais'd: )  
 " Doe winde themselves in every mans good will,  
 And would seeme humble, that they may be rais'd.  
 " What counterfeited friends seale trustlesse bands,  
 " VVhilst in the generall cause that wit pretends,  
 " Though never joyning hearts, all joyne their hands,  
 " And worke one way, yet worke for divers ends?  
 Yea, those whose mindes move in the sphere of State,  
 Have purchas'd pow'rs, as purpos'd for the fields,  
 VVith jealous mindes their rivals to abate,  
 VVhilst (equals all) none to another yeelds;  
 Yet with suspended thoughts they doubtfull stand,  
 And their designs to venture doe forbear,  
 Least all the rest joyn'd by a generall band,  
 Doe him o're-throw, who first gives cause of feare;  
 But he may speed who for a Crowne doth thirst,  
 And (free from feare) with courage doth advance:  
 Some to be second, doubting to be first,  
 Will make their course depend upon his chance;



And by a battell if that one prevails,  
There will rich hopes at easie rates be sold,  
Whil'st those seek help, whose Fortune then doth faile,  
As first by hope, last by despair made bold;  
All this to me great cause of feare affords,  
Lest that we two protract the time too long,  
And wounded be before we draw our swords:  
"All at such times must do, or suffer wrong."

*Lysi.* No chance of late hath brought me to bow,  
But I have throwne some thoughts at those high hopes:  
"Yet in my minde that man do most allow  
"Who doth with judgement moderate fancies scopes:  
Those Provinces which are to us assign'd,  
As calme in minde, we manage must a space:  
Till all attempt that which they have design'd,  
By enterchanging damage and disgrace:  
Then living but like those whose force is small,  
From which the world no great thing can expect:  
We shall professe a favour to them all,  
As who nought else, save publicke peace affect;  
Yet then, our thoughts shall not have leave to sleep,  
But subtle plots must circumspectly frame,  
Those whom we feare at variance still to keep,  
So alwayes strengthening us, and weakening them;  
If wrongs provoke, or when occasion claimes,  
We may make warre with some ere it be long,  
Like cunning wrestlers at th'Olympick games,  
Who exercise themselves to be more strong;  
And when themselves have thus prepar'd the way,  
Whil'st that their pompe doth beare a lower fayle.  
(For at the last their force must much decay,  
Since all must alwayes lose, though one prevails)  
Then prompt to tempt that which we now contrive,  
(By ruining the remnant that remaines)  
We may possesse the state for which they strive;  
Thus they the toils, and we shall get the gaines.

*Exeunt.*

*Chorus.*

O Happy was that guiltlesse age,  
When as Astræa liv'd below:  
And that Bellona's barbarous rage  
Did not all order quite o'rethrow.  
Then whil'st all did themselves content  
With that thing which they did possesse,  
And gloried in a little rent,  
As wanting meanes so make excesse;  
Those could no kinde of want bemoane,  
For, craving nought, they had all things:

N

And

And



*And since none sought the regall Throne,  
Whil' st none were Subjects, all were Kings:*

*"O! to true blisse their course was set;*

*"Who got to live, not liv'd to get.*

*Then innocency naked liv'd,*

*And had no need, nor thought of Armes,*

*Whil' st spightfull spirits no meanes contriv'd,*

*To plague the simple sort with harmes;*

*Then snaring laws did not extend*

*The bounds of Reason as they do,*

*Strife oft begun where it should end,*

*One doubt but clear'd to foster two:*

*By conscience then all order stood,*

*By which darke things were soone discern'd,*

*Whil' st all behov'd there to be good,*

*Where as no evill was to be learn'd:*

*And how could any then prove naught,*

*Whil' st by example vertue taught?*

*Then mortals mindes all strong and pure,*

*Free from corruption lasted long,*

*(By innocency kept secure)*

*When none did know how to do wrong;*

*Then sting'd with no suspicious thought,*

*Men mischief did from none expect:*

*For, what in them could not be wrought,*

*In others they would not suspect;*

*And though none did sterne laws impart,*

*That might to vertue men compell,*

*Each one by habite in his heart,*

*Had grav'd a law of doing well:*

*And all did wickednesse forbear*

*Of their free-will, and not for feare.*

*The first who spoyl'd the publike rest,*

*And did disturbe this quiet state,*

*Was Avarice, the greatest pest*

*Which doth of darknesse fill the seat:*

*A Monster very hard to daunt,*

*Leane, as dry'd up with inward care,*

*(Though full of wealth) for feare of want,*

*Still at the borders of despayre;*

*Scarce taking food for Natures ease,*

*Nor for the cold sufficient clothing,*

*She whom her owne could never please,*

*Thinks all have much, and she hath nothing:*

*This daughter of sterne Pluto, still*

*Her fathers dungeon strives to fill.*



That Monster-tamer most renown'd,  
The great Alcides, Thebes glory,  
Who ( for twelve severall labours crown'd )  
Was famous made by many a story,  
As one who all his time had toyl'd  
To purge the world of such like pests,  
Who robbers rob'd, and spoylers spoyld,  
Still humbling haughty Tyrants crests,  
He by this Monster once o're-throwne,  
Did passe in Spaine o're lands and flouds,  
And there took more then was his owne,  
What right had he to Gerions goods?  
Thus Avarice the world deceives,  
And makes the greatest Conquerours slaves.

Ah! when to plague the world with griefe,  
This poore-rich Monster once was borne:  
Then weaknesse could finde no reliefe,  
And subtiltie did conscience scorne:  
Yet some who labour'd to recall  
That blisse which guilded the first age,  
Did punishment prepare for all,  
Who did their thoughts to vice engage;  
And yet the more they laws did bring,  
That to be good might men constraine,  
The more they sought to do the thing  
From which the laws did them restraine:  
So that by custome alfred quite,  
The world in ill doth most delight.

Exeunt.

Act. 3. Scene 1.

Perdiccas, Eumenes.



Ow Fortune smyles upon my rising State,  
And seemes to promise more then I require;  
Loe, by degrees my glory doth grow great,  
And by their death who did my death conspire.  
Proud Meleager who disdain'd to bow,  
And my advancement alwayes did mislike,  
Hath with his blood seal'd my assurance now,  
To fright all those who would attempt the like.

Eum. Yet of his fall the forme my minde appalls,  
Even at Ioves Altar, and without regard;  
We were too rash to violate those walls  
Which the most impious could not but have spar'd.  
Lascivious Ajax by Minerva's spight,  
Earst for prophaning such a sacred place,  
On the Capharian Rocks did lose the light,

That

N 2

And



And all his Navie too for ones disgrace.

“ We should not irritate celestiall powr’s;

“ And, all beginnings are considered most:

Such horroure breeds this odious act of ours,

That we (I feare) opinions pow’r have lost.

*Per.* Let others seek to keep such points as those,  
I am not scrupulous, for, I protest,

Ov’r all, and by all meanes I’le kill my foes,

And then thereafter argue of the rest.

“ They wrong the Gods who think their Church should be

“ A refuge free for Malefactors still:

“ For, with their justice this cannot agree:

“ Who guard ill doers, guilty are of ill.

Was he not stain’d with many a monstrous crime,

And *Salamander*-like amidst the fire

(Contentiously dispos’d) did spend his time,

And (never pleas’d) did still some change require?

*Eum.* “ One hum’rous head that doth in brawls delight,

“ May poyson thousands with the gall of spight.

*Per.* As still seditiously affecting strife,

He but abus’d the credit of his King:

And sent some of his slaves to take my life,

Such bitter envy did his stomach sting.

*Eum.* I saw, how that advanc’d before our band,

You first did check, then chase them in the end:

And did with courage resolutely stand,

Our Soveraignes corps (though dead) bent to defend.

*Per.* “ He but a dastard is who basely yeelds,

“ And in no conflict hath his Fortune try’d,

We (if in time not ventring to the fields)

Like beasts (all sacrific’d) had poorely dy’d:

But when without we masters did remaine,

(Lest *Babylon* had straight beene barr’d from food):

I those proud squadrons quickly did constraine

Even as we pleas’d, a Treaty to conclude.

Grac’d whilst my foe (as in some kinde compar’d)

A chiefe in charge, he many mindes did sway,

But (found inferiour) when a friend declar’d,

My credit did increase, and his decay.

*Eum.* Yet in this course all (who observe) do see,

That of the multitude the minde prevail’d:

He whom they did elect our Prince must be,

And our designe hath altogether fail’d:

But how comes this? that every Captaine gets

A certaine Realme committed to his charge,

And with an Army bravely forward sets,

Their bounds allow’d to guard, or to enlarge?

*Per.* I by my means have every great man crown’d,

That from my greatnesse great things might proceed:

Yet by that meanes to make my pow’r renown’d,



The doing lik't me better then the deed;  
I this division chiefly did procure  
To have those great-men from the Court remov'd,  
Where they might be imploy'd, yet I secure,  
Their favour purchas'd, or at least thus prov'd:  
For, him who hath them to such honour brought;  
They must be bound to hold in high account,  
And their advancement for this end I sought,  
That by their meanes I with more ease might mount.

*Eum.* O! but your fancies may be much deceiv'd,  
"There is no bond can binde unthankfull mindes:  
I feare the favour that they thus receiv'd,  
Hath shewn them wayes to sayle by other windes.  
So long, of late, as they had need of you,  
To seeme your friends they (courting kindnesse) sought:  
But since their greatnesse is well grounded now,  
They will disdain what derogates in ought.  
"To those all great men friends most frankly prove,  
"Whom (for their pleasure) freely they affect,  
"And (loathing bands) cannot be forc'd to love,  
"As brav'd by worth; when merits urge respect.  
"Few mark from whence they rose, when once aloft;  
"None can endure that they should owe their state:  
"Defarts grow odious when upbraided oft,  
"And are deprav'd, not gilded, when too great.  
"Yea, in my judgement you have greatly err'd,  
"Them to exalt, whose state you would surprise:  
"Their common custome is who are preferr'd,  
"That they may stand, not to let others rise.

*Per.* "To ruine loftie mindes when least afraid;  
"Whil't carelesse carriage jealous censures sift;  
"By spies abroad to foes at Court betray'd,  
"Then by preferment what more subtle drift?  
Their hearts with hate are parted all by pride;  
One is already to confusion gone:  
I long to learne how *Leonatus* dy'd,  
Not that I minde his funerals to bemoane.

*Eum.* That Prince magnanimous whom all admire,  
(As was his custome) clemently proclaim'd,  
That banish'd *Grecians* might to *Greece* retyre,  
Save onely such whom murder had defam'd;  
But who them banish'd, griev'd for their returne,  
Did feare what just revenge might have design'd,  
As knowing well (whil't wrongs make wrath to burne)  
"How misery doth irritate a minde;  
The indignation which they had conceiv'd,  
Did breed rebellion bursting out with rage,  
The which our King (deep in his minde ingrav'd)  
By *Athens* spoiles did purpose to assuage:  
But since that death afforded them releefe,



Growne bold to prosecute their proud attempt,  
 Th' *Athenians*, and th' *Ætolians* were the chiefe  
 Who brought *Antipater* first in contempt;  
 And by their pow'r constrain'd to quite the field,  
 He (in a little Towne enclos'd) at last,  
 Was once reduc'd in danger neere to yeeld,  
 And staine the glory of his actions past;  
 But yet by accident as oft it falls,  
 " (It better is to happy be, then wise)  
 An unsuspected shaft throwne from the walls,  
 Their foes chiefe Captaine happened to surprise;  
 Then did *Antipater* his courage reare,  
 Which had almost his stagg'ring hopes betray'd:  
 Yet still in doubt, and not quite free from feare,  
 He *Leonatus* did intreat for aide;  
 And he who seem'd his friendship to affect,  
 To further him desirous did appeare;  
 But (if he had prevail'd) some do suspect,  
*Antipater* had bought his succours deare.  
 Yet by the end his purpose bent to show  
 (How ever in effect) he seem'd a friend;  
 But when th' *Athenians* did his coming know,  
 They him to fight did all directly tend.  
 And though their thoughts in depths of doubts did fleet,  
 They when alone, to match him thought it best,  
 And whil'st they march'd th' adventrous troupes to meet,  
 Did hardly welcome the unwelcome Guest:  
 When both the Armies were to battell brought,  
 And shew with what bright flames their breasts were stor'd,  
 Brave *Leonatus* like a Lyon fought,  
 So to prove worthy of his wonted Lord:  
 But whil'st he bravely did his charge acquite,  
 Yet lost himselte, who others came to save;  
 And by their Captains fall discourag'd quite,  
 His scatt' red troupes great damage did receive;  
 When old *Antipater* was surely told  
 Of their mishap, who came for his reliefe,  
 He not one signe of sorrow did unfold:  
 " A little gaine doth mitigate much griefe:  
 Well did he know that though his foes prevail'd,  
 Yet this great fight enfeebled had their host,  
 And then he took to him (which much avail'd)  
 Those beaten bands who had their Captaine lost;  
 Yet that in which he did most comfort finde,  
 Was his delivery from a secret foe,  
 Who did with jealousie torment his minde,  
 Though outwardly not seeming to be so.

*Per.* Thus, we who earst below one ensigne warr'd,  
 Slept in one Tent, and all one Fortune prov'd,  
 And (with a friendship then, that never jarr'd)



Like *Pylades*, and mad *Orestes* lov'd,  
 Since that we want a Lord, and all are Lords,  
 We (loe) renounce all kinde of kindnesse now,  
 And (secret rancour budding in discords)  
 Do others harmes procure, at least allow.  
 " Such is the sacred famine of a Crowne,  
 " That it to satisfie, before we faile,  
 " What in our way doth stand, all must go down,  
 " And bands of bloud, or friendship not availe:  
 " These glory-ravish'd souls that would be great,  
 " No meanes omit, although they be unjust,  
 " None beares with patience partners in the state;  
 " What jealous lover can his Rivals trust?

*Eum.* Well, I perceive *Antipater* doth tend  
 With all his pow'r to gaine that sacred prey,  
 Whose meanes (of late enlarg'd) to reach his end:  
 Through every danger may enforce a way;  
 And *Alexander* sometimes spake at large,  
 Then whil'st *Antipater* with *Agis* striv'd,  
 That he (without the limits of his charge)  
 More like a King, then a Lieutenant liv'd.

*Antigonus*, and *Ptolomie* in Armes  
 Are joyn'd in one, our ruine bent to breed;  
 I feare that friendship procreate our harmes,  
 Unlesse their spight prevented be with speed.

*Per.* I'll lodge you now (*Eumenes*) in my brest,  
 And let you see the ground of my intent:  
 Since that we both alike must toyle, or rest,  
 As those whose courses must have one event.  
 Since at his death, I by our dying Lord,  
 Was in his place appointed to succeed,  
 And that my Fortune doth a meanes afford,  
 How I may compasse that which he decreed.  
 To leave that place I cannot well agree,  
 As if I wanted courage to command,  
 I'll take that which the fates do force on me:  
 For, if without a Throne, I cannot stand.  
 " And those who would performe difficult things,  
 " Must not regard what way, so they prevaile:  
 " Oft fraud, then force, a greater furtherance brings,  
 " The Foxe must help, if that the Lyon faile.  
 So old *Antipater* to have betray'd,  
 His daughter I in marriage did require,  
 That so the time might but have beene delay'd,  
 Till that I had accomplish'd my desire:  
 For, with the shadow of pretended love,  
 And hop'd affinity which seem'd design'd,  
 I from his bounds some bands aym'd to remove,  
 By raising me that he might have declin'd;  
 " But who can snare a minde all ey'd with feare?



He quickly did mistrust the purpos'd wrong,  
And from my Messengers straight barr'd his eares,  
As did *Vlysses* from the *Syrens* song.

*Eum.* Yet this, (if rightly weigh'd) might much import,  
If that you match your selfe with such a Mate,  
Whose beauty, pleasure, birth might bring support,  
And both concur in one to blesse your state,  
If you to make your high attempts more sure,  
By *Hymens* meanes with some your selfe allie,  
Thus of some Prince you may the pow'r procure,  
On whom for help you boldly may relye.  
What griefe were this if you have hap to gaine,  
That faire *Idea* which your fancies frame,  
If after you, none of your owne remayne  
To keep your Conquests, and revive your name?  
"Kings live most safe who of their owne have heires,  
"Whose sacred persons none dare seek to wound:  
"Since, though they dye, yet there rest some of theirs,  
"Who are to venge their death, by Nature bound.

*Per.* All shall be try'd which may enlarge my might;  
I minde to match my selfe with such a one,  
Who (if she have my pow'r to prove her right)  
May be thought worthy of her Fathers Throne.  
I with *Olympias* have devis'd a thing,  
Which may secure her state, and make mine strong,  
And (if accomplish'd) prove a prosp'rous spring,  
From whence may flow great acts ere it be long:  
By *Cleopatra* may a meanes be catch'd,  
Which to a glorious end our course may bring,  
She whom at first her Father *Philip* match'd  
With *Alexander* of *Epirus* King,  
Who having heard great *Alexanders* fame,  
(In emulation of that Monarchs praise)  
Went with his troups th'Etrurians bent to tame,  
Which enterprise did but abridge his dayes:  
In marriage with that widow'd Queene combine,  
(If that her Mother thus her course assist)  
Whil'st I performe that which I have in minde,  
Who dare presume my purpose to resist?  
For, whil'st this friendship doth my name renowne,  
It may my thoughts from further feare seclude:  
Since having thus a title to the Crowne,  
As one engrafted in the royall blood.

*Eum.* I feare that this your purpose to prevent,  
A number now take armes all in one forme,  
As those whole feares conjecture your intent,  
And by the lowring clouds fore-know a storme.  
Already many do together runne,  
Who for our ruine wonderfully thirst.

*Per.* Where do you think that we should then begin,



And exercise hostility at first?

*Eum.* Though we our selves in strangers Thrones install,  
And (having *Asia* to subjection brought)  
Make *Nilus*, *Indus*, and *Euphrates* thrall,  
Yet all those victories would serve for nought,  
Whil'st *Macedonie* doth continue free,  
(A fertile field to bring brave Armies forth)  
Which (till first forc'd) can now not subject be,  
And ere they love a King, must prove his worth,  
" Then unto those who seek a Prince in Armes,  
" His chiefeft Realme the greatest vantage gives,  
" Where warres (held out) are alwayes with his harmes,  
" Since that his foe still at his charges lives;  
" And warres protracted with a peoples losse,  
" Do from their Sovereigne alienate their love;  
" They lose their hearts, whom Fortune once doth crosse,  
" And foil'd at home, can no where else remove:  
Who *Macedonie* hath, hath still the best,  
Which of our state the stately Mistrisse is:  
As which with courage conquer'd all the rest,  
And but depends on *Mars*, as onely his:  
If you were Lord of that undaunted soyle,  
And by *Olympias* countenanc'd but a time,  
Straight from *Antipater* all would recoyle,  
And, bent t'undo him, we would finde a crime;  
To you who are a *Macedonian* borne,  
(If match'd with *Cleopatra*, great in pow'rs)  
The *Macedonians* gladly would be sworne,  
And (if commanding them) then all were yours.

*Per.* Yet this opinion partly I disprove,  
Which would not (as you thinke) our troubles end:  
For, if we do from hence our force remove,  
And to th' *Æmathian* bounds directly tend,  
There must at first a doubtfull warre be prov'd,  
With those brave bands whose valour is well known:  
Of whom *Craterus* dearly is belov'd;  
*Antipater* is borne, and bred their owne.  
And though indeed (as kindly to those parts)  
My friendship may affected be by some,  
Yet those who start in time by many arts,  
May under-myne their mindes before we come.  
Then whil'st we trouble *Macedony* most,  
And leave those Realmes unarm'd which now are ours,  
Straight *Ptolomie* when strengthened is his host,  
May (like a tempest) swallow *Asia's* pow'rs.  
I, for the time most willingly would take  
The course which seemes to make our state most sure:  
" A foe is dangerous, when behinde ones backe,  
" (Who whil'st not look'd for) may our harme procure:  
My purpose is, though yet to none made knowne,

And

That



That *Egypt* first shall burden'd be with warre:  
 For, if that *Ptolomie* were once o'rethrowne,  
 Then that from *Greece* all hope of help would barre.

*Eum.* Hold still with you those of the sacred bloud,  
 Whom to protect you alwayes must pretend:  
 "The count'nance of the great, may do much good,  
 "Whom still (though weake) all glory to attend.

*Exeunt.*

## Act. 3. Scene 2.

*Olympias, Roxane.*

Et sorrow prove a tyrant to my soule,  
 Whose rage with reason now no measure keeps;  
 What of my teares the torrent can controull,  
 Since flowing from afflictions deepest deeps?  
 How can my breast but burst whil' it sobs rebound,  
 Since once the seat of joyes now not the same?  
 May not huge horrors presse me to the ground,  
 In thinking what I was, and what I am?  
 I was a great mans wife, a greater's mother,  
 Even she to whom the heavens their best did give;  
 Yet, I, even I, more plagu'd then any other,  
 In dungeons now of desolation live.  
 My sonne who was the glory of his time,  
 Staine of times past, and light of times to come,  
 (O fraile mortality! O slippery flyme!)  
 Though having all o're-com'd, death did o're-come.  
 And I (dejected wretch) whose dying eyes  
 (By Natures custome bound) he should have clos'd;  
 Was not to shut his starres with th'yvory skies,  
 Which curtain'd once where Majesty repos'd:  
 But ah! his falling in a forraine part  
 Hath (if ought can enlarge) enlarg'd my grieve,  
 Or else on him I melted had my heart,  
 And spent my selfe to purchase his reliefe.  
 Yet though I was not present at his death,  
 He shall not be defrauded of my teares:  
 But for his funerall fires my flaming breath  
 Shall smoak, and to his Ghost a tribute beares.

*Rox.* Ah! to what corner rolls my warric fight;  
 Where it not findes some matter to bemone?  
 O foolish eyes! why lose ye not your light,  
 Since your delight is lost, your object gone?  
 Once of all Queenes I might the fortune scorne,  
 To whom just love that great man did engage,  
 Whose match in worth the world hath never borne,  
 Nor never shall enrich another age.  
 When those perfections do transport my minde,

Which



Which admiration doth disclose too late;  
 I curse the fates that did his judgement binde,  
 To make me partner of so high a state.  
 And I repent that to his sight I past  
 (Though highly grac'd) once on a festuall day,  
 A feast which many a time must make me fast,  
 And with slow woe that flying mirth defray;  
 Then if my fortune had not blinded me,  
 But ah! whose judgement had it not bereav'd?  
 Whil'st that great Monarch daign'd to like of me,  
 Of my high flight I had the fall conceiv'd.  
 Of *Asia's* Prince whose state did then decline,  
 He both the wife, and daughters had at will,  
 Whose beauties lustre might have darkned mine,  
 Yet free from snares restrain'd his fancies still.  
 And when my father chose out from the rest  
 Those Virgins all whom Fame affirm'd for rare;  
 Though having view'd them all, he lov'd me best,  
 Then thought most fortunate, if not most faire;  
 And when this match, his Nobles all dismai'd,  
 That he himselfe with captives had alli'd:  
 That act, he then (as love had dited) said  
 Took from the vanquish'd shame, from victors pride;  
 Yet me (as Empresse) all did entertaine,  
 Though his inferiour farre in all respects,  
 Till I from him by death divorc'd remaine,  
 Whom with his Sonne now all the world neglects.

*Olymp.* Although this will but aggravate my woe,  
 From whom the fates all comfort now seclude,  
 Yet I do tender his remembrance so,  
 That of my Sonne to heare, it doth me good;  
 And (daughter) now to double my distresse,  
 Make me at length acquainted with his death,  
 That sorrow may each part of me possesse,  
 Sad news mine eares, teares eyes, and sighs my breath.

*Rox.* Though grieve to me scarce liberty affords,  
 To presse forth passions which oppresse my minde,  
 Yet would affection wrestle out some words  
 To speake of him who all my thoughts confin'd;  
 When he had conquer'd all that could resist  
 (A Monarchie not equall with his minde)  
 Still in his haughty course he did insist,  
 And search'd the Ocean other worlds to finde:  
 But when from it his Navy was redeem'd,  
 He stood in doubt where Trophies next to reare:  
 The world (though large) for him too little seem'd:  
 His minde could more conceive, then Nature beare.  
 Last (ah!) this Emp'rour purpos'd was in th'end,  
 At *Babylon* his glories hight to show,  
 Where all the world his coming did attend;

As



As *Iove* above, who onely raig'n'd below.  
 When he drew neare that then thrise Monarchs seat,  
 The Astrologians by their skill fore-told,  
 What danger huge was threatned to his state,  
 The which else-where might better be contrould:  
 But he who was not capable of feare,  
 And could not muse of misadventures then,  
 Would triumph there, and the worlds Scepter beare,  
 Back'd with moe Kings then other Kings with men.  
 There (as a God) transporting mortals fights,  
 (Which mirth with mourning I must still record)  
 He spent, or lost a time, in all delights,  
 Which Fortune could (when flatt'ring most) afford,  
 Till *Thessalus*, for mischiefe but reserv'd,  
 Once to his house invited him to dine,  
 Where false *Cassander* at the Table serv'd,  
 And as he us'd with water mixt his wine.

*Olymp.* Alas, alas, and so it prov'd in th'end,  
 "But who could feare a benefited friend?"

*Rox.* There were all creatures valued for their worth,  
 As wholesome, dainty, sumptuous, stately, rare,  
 Which (forc'd by *Phæbus*) th'Easterne Realms bring forth,  
 To live by Sea, by Land, or in the ayre.  
 Then when that Reason drunk with pleasure slept,  
 Which all the senses with abundance stor'd,  
 And whil'st (save Musicke) nothing measure kept,  
 With *Ceres*, *Bacchus* onely was ador'd.  
 Even when the King beginning was to drinke,  
 (As strangely mov'd) he thund'red forth a grone:  
 And from the Table suddenly did shrink,  
 His wonted vigour at an instant gone;  
 Whil'st he was softly to a Chamber led,  
 That death a title to his body claim'd,  
 The sorrowing Souldiers swarm'd about his bed,  
 With looks once fierce, then for compassion fram'd:  
 But he whom victory had still array'd,  
 With others past this battell bent to even,  
 Did look like one whom all the world obey'd,  
 And boasted shortly then to take the heaven:  
 Whil'st (lightning comfort to afflicted bands)  
 He stretch'd them forth to kisse in severall parts,  
 By Sword then Scepter his more honour'd hands,  
 On which, it seem'd, they melted all their hearts.  
 Last, unto them those gen'rous words he told:  
 Yet to my life my death doth bring no blot:  
 Thus, to dye yong in yeares, in glory old,  
 Of all our Family is still the lot;  
 And since no worlds are resting to o're-come,  
 Life serves for nought; I did an Empire found:  
 Liv'd, warr'd, and raig'n'd (all done) for which I come:

Then



Then goe great Ghost (not griev'd) below the ground.  
 No further weighing what belong'd to life;  
 He with a count'nance constant even in death,  
 (As too victorious in that fatall strife)  
 The ayre perfuming, spent th'imperious breath.  
 But through the Campe when that it once was knowne,  
 That from the world that world of worth was gone,  
 What anguish was, it cannot well be showne,  
 I had my part, yet had not all alone.

O! let that day which makes my dayes all night,  
 Be registred amongst the dismall dayes,  
 Whose melancholy, and portentuous light  
 With some disaster still the world dismayes.  
 And *Babylon*, curst be thy fatall towres,  
 Once seate of Monarchs, Mistresse of the earth,  
 But from hence-forth (a slave to forraine pow'rs)  
 Still burden'd be thy bounds with bloud and dearth.

*Olym.* You need not use those execrations more,  
 Though *Babylon* of breath that Prince depriv'd,  
 Yet (as an Oracle had told before.)

In *Macedonie* was his death contriv'd;  
*Antipater* had heard, how divers times  
 The King against him had been mov'd to wrath,  
 And damn'd (as guilty of opprobrious crimes)  
 His sonne in law *Lincestes* unto death.

Then he was told, the King did strictly try  
 How his Lieutenants had their places us'd,  
 Still making all as traitours straight to dye,  
 Who had the same in any sort abus'd;  
 Thus, he who well did know his owne misdeeds,  
 Had learn'd by others what he might expect,  
 As whose ambitious brest in pride exceeds,  
 And alwayes did a Sovereignty affect:  
 But when *Craterus* was to have his place,  
 And he requir'd the Army to attend,  
 He thought that thus Time would some means embrace,  
 To plague his pride with a deserved end;  
 Then to prevent that which I thinke was still  
 More fear'd by him, then purpos'd by the King,  
 With guilty thoughts oft exercis'd in ill,  
 He sought what might to death his Sovereigne bring;  
 And this the traitour compass'd at the last,  
 As I (alas!) have learn'd (although too late)  
 When to my sonne, his sonne *Cassander* past,  
 As to congratulate his prosp'rous state;  
 Then in his company he did retaine  
 A poyson powerfull where it was employ'd,  
 Whose violence no metall could restraine,  
 But in a horses hoofe was still convey'd;  
 He and his brother fit occasion watch'd,

Then

O

And



And for their Prince a cup of poyson made;  
 Thus he who never could by force be match'd,  
 By treason, loe (O cruell fate!) lyes dead.

*Rox.* And could, or durst those traitors be so bold,  
 The pillar of all worth to undermine?  
 But (Madame) ah, *Antipater* of old,  
 Against your greatnesse alwaies did repine.  
 And (I remember) on a time he sent  
 A messenger of minde to make you bow,  
 Who to your Sonne a letter did present  
 Full of invectives to discredit you;  
 The King whilst reading what it did comprise,  
 Did smile with scorne, then to *Hephestion* say:  
 In writing of such things he is not wile,  
 Which straight one mothers teare will wipe away.

*Olym.* I oft inform'd my sonne (strange waies devis'd)  
 How that disloyall man striv'd to be great:  
 But as a womans wit, mine was despis'd,  
 And construed still unto the sense of hate.  
 Yet of my Sonne (I thought) the deeds were such,  
 That all men them admir'd, none envy could;  
 And that none durst his sacred person touch,  
 Whom men ador'd, and *love* as his did hold.  
 How oft have I those bitter throwes allow'd,  
 By which I brought that demi-god to light?  
 And well I might of such a birth be proud,  
 Which made me glorious in the peoples sight;  
 Though divers too (as I have some time knowne)  
 To draw his love from me did wayes prepare,  
 Yet were their flights by dutious love o're-throwne,  
 And I respected with a reverend care.  
 His tender love to me was much extold,  
 Then when he sought to stablish a decree,  
 That with Immortals I might be enrolld,  
 And (as a Goddesse) honours have to me.  
 Ah! how can I this tragicke time survive,  
 Who lost a sonne so great, a sonne so kinde?  
 And all the meanes which make me now to live,  
 Is with revenge a hope to ease my minde.

*Rox.* His love to you it could not but abound,  
 (By nature, parents of their owne are lov'd)  
 Since those to whom he by no band was bound,  
 Of his humanity the fruits have prov'd.  
 His clemency did make his state more sure,  
 Then all the terrours rising from his name,  
 Which whilst he liv'd, did publike love procure,  
 And after death a never dying fame.  
 Old *Sisigambis* lifting up her heart,  
 (Of her owne sonnes the death who had surviv'd)  
 To *Alexander* did that love impart,

Which



Which was to *Darius* due while as he liv'd;  
But when these tidings wounded had her eares,  
That heaven from th'earth had rob'd that praise of men:  
(Whilst all dissolv'd in floods of bitter teares)  
She hated life, as never spoil'd till then.  
Her widow'd nephew groning at her feet,  
Who of *Hephestion* did the death bewaile,  
In depths of woe she (drown'd with teares) did fleet,  
Till that o're-whelm'd, her strength began to faile;  
Then barr'd from food, she groveling did abide,  
Till that lifes course (then hastened fast) was runne:  
Thus she surviv'd her sonne, yet with him dy'd,  
In whom she found the kindnesse of a sonne.

*Olym.* It but when hearing this his tragicke end,  
A stranger (once his Captive) dy'd for griefe,  
Ah, shall his mother yet on hope depend,  
As such a losse might looke for some reliefe?  
And yet I will, for 't were a great disgrace  
To me the mother of that matchlesse man,  
(Like other women) to give fortune place,  
And faintly yeeld as vulgar wretches can.  
Though griefe at first must mollifie me once,  
Or (as unnaturall) I might be admir'd  
Yet will I not burst my brest with grones;  
Then that, of me more courage is requir'd,  
I'll not degener from my generous kinde,  
“(Faint-hearted Hindes brought never Lyon forth)  
“Nor yet a Mother of an abject minde,  
“Had never borne a Monarch of such worth.  
And O! who knowes, but once the time may come,  
That I to venge my selfe a meanes may have?  
Whilst those vile traitors ruin'd are by some,  
Who with their bloud may bath their Soveraigns grave.  
Now on *Perdiccas* I repose my trust,  
Who with *Eumenes* would our wrongs redresse;  
Their valour (ventring in a cause so just)  
By all appearance, promise doth no lesse.

*Rox.* Loe, now of late delivered of a sonne,  
I to those Captaines scarce dare make it knowne,  
His kingdomes all to part who have begunne,  
And might (by killing him) make them their owne.  
Ah! (Madame) this doth move me most to pause,  
Who of those great men the ambition feare,  
Lest by pretending but a publike cause,  
They seek themselves the Diadem to beare.  
Thus, they of my yong babe (fraud masking wrath)  
Would but be Tutors first, and Traitors then,  
Farre from obedience, duty, love or faith:  
“No things more deare then Diadems to men.

*Olym.* As those whose courage cannot be dismayd,



Let us now strive what way a force to finde;  
 And whilst that pittie doth procure for ayde,  
 The peoples passions tune unto our minde.  
 If that their love not vanish'd with his life,  
 Of *Alexander* (in a high degree)  
 I thinke the Sonne, the Mother, and the Wife,  
 By Macedonians still must reverenc'd be.  
 And this doth with disdain my soule consume,  
 That *Arideus* amongst other wrongs,  
 And proud *Euridice* his wife presume  
 To take the honour which to us belongs.  
 O! they shall finde my fortune not so chang'd,  
 But I am able yet to curbe their pride:  
 What? what? *Olympias* must be reveng'd,  
 And (save her selfe) no Queene she can abide.

*Exeunt.***Chorus.**

**L**oe, how all good decays,  
 And ills doe now abound;  
 " In this sky-compass'd round,  
 " There is no kinde of trust:  
 " For, man-kinde whilst it strays  
 " In pleasure-paved wayes,  
 " With flouds of vice is drown'd;  
 And doth (farre from refuge)  
 In endlesse shadowes lodge,  
 Yet strives to rise no more:  
 " No doubt (as most unjust)  
 " The world once perish must,  
 And worse now to restore,  
 Then it was of before,  
 When at the last deluge,  
 Men by Deucalion once  
 Were made againe of stones;  
 And well this wicked race  
 Bewrayes a stony kinde,  
 Which beares a stubborne minde,  
 Still hardned unto sinne.  
 Loe, now in every place  
 All vertuous motions cease,  
 And sacred faith we finde,  
 Farre from the earth is fled,  
 Whose flight huge mischief bred,  
 And filles the world with warres,  
 Whilst impious brests begin  
 To let base Treason in:  
 Which common concord marres,  
 Whilst all men live at jarres,  
 And nets of fraud doe spreade,




The simple to surprise,  
 Too witty, but not wise;  
 Yet those who in deceit  
 Their confidence repose,  
 A thing more deare doe lose  
 Then can by guile be gain'd;  
 Which when repented late,  
 May ruine once their state,  
 Whilst purer sprites disclose  
 With what their breasts are stor'd;  
 For, though they would remove,  
 They get not trust againe;  
 But, having honour stain'd,  
 And covenants prophand,  
 Are held in high disdain,  
 " And doe in end remaine,  
 " Of all the world abhorr'd;  
 " Not trusty when they shew'd,  
 " Not trusted when they would:  
 But ah! our Nobles now,  
 Loe, like Lysander still,  
 So that they get their will,  
 Regard not by what way,  
 And with a shamelesse brow,  
 Doe of the end allow,  
 Even though the meanes were ill;  
 Which all the world may see,  
 Disgraceth their degree,  
 Who (changing every houre)  
 Doe all base slights assay;  
 What can brave mindes dismay,  
 Whose worth is like a Tower,  
 Against all fortunes pow'r,  
 Still from all fraud whilst free?  
 " These keepe their course unknowne,  
 " Whom it would shame if showne:  
 Who not from worth digresse,  
 To flights which feare imparts,  
 Doe shew heroicke hearts,  
 The which would rather farre  
 An open hate professe,  
 Then basely it suppress:  
 " No glory comes from fearefull Arts:  
 But those who doe us leade,  
 As for dissembling made,  
 Even though that they intenu  
 Amongst themselves to warre,  
 Seeme in no sort to jarre,  
 But friendship doe pretend,  
 Not like their Lord now dead,



Who trusting to his worth,  
 Still what he meant spake forth;  
 The great men not for nought,  
 Doe seeke the peoples love:  
 Their deeds that to approve,  
 They may their mindes allure:  
 But Perdiccas is thought,  
 Too slowly to have sought  
 Their doubtfull mindes to move,  
 As one who still conceits  
 He may command the fates;  
 His pride so great is growne,  
 That none can it endure;  
 Yet stands his state unsure,  
 Since odious to his owne:  
 "He must be once o're-throwne,  
 "Whose humour each man hates,  
 "Pride doth her followers all,  
 "Leade head-longs to a fall.

## Act 4. Scene I.

*Antigonus, Eumenes.*


 Hough stormy discord, and tumultuous wars,  
 Doe fire the mindes of men with flames of rage,  
 That (hauing haughty thoughts, as heaven hath Starres)  
 Their indignation nothing can assuage:  
 Yet loe, amongst the Souldiers waving bowres,  
 The Heraulds cryes doe calme the Trumpets sounds;  
 And peace dare inter-pose unarmed pow'rs,  
 To limit for a time *Bellona's* bounds;  
 And (whilst of fury they suspend th' effects)  
 The seeming-friended foes together treat,  
 And every one shewes what his soule affects,  
 Of peace a shadow; th' essence must be great.  
 Thus men magnanimous amidst the field,  
 Dare of their en'mies to the promise trust,  
 And (loathing what disloyaltie doth yeeld)  
 Not violate their vowes, nor prove unjust.  
 "Though love be past, yet truth should still remaine,  
 "I vertuous parts even in my foes applaud;  
 "A gallant minde doth greater glory gaine,  
 "To dye with honour, then to live by fraud;  
 And why (*Eumenes*) as mistrusting me,  
 Or standing on your reputation long,  
 Did you disdain to seeke (as all men see)  
 A greater then your selfe, and one more strong?

*Eum.*



*Eum.* Though we come not to plead our birth-right here,  
Let him (for warriours so should take their place)  
In whom best signes of Noblenesse appeare,  
Be grac'd, as first who doth adorne a race;  
Most Noble he who still by vertue strives,  
To leave his name in mindes of men engrav'd,  
And to his off-spring greater glory gives,  
Then from his ancestors he hath receiv'd.

Earst, we by birth in warre not marshal'd stood,  
As at the Table, upon Ivory beds;

" A Souldiers worth consists not in his bloud,  
" But in their bloud which (as his foes) he sheds.

What ever others of my lineage try;  
I am *Eumenes*, and will not accord;  
That there can be a greater man then I,  
While as I have a heart, a hand, a sword.

" *Anti.* Loe, when prosperity too much prevailes,  
" Above the judgement thus of vulgar mindes,  
" As little Barges burden'd with great Sayles,  
" They move in state, all swolne with fortunes windes;

" And as adversity the sprite refines  
" From th'abject drosse of pride, and passions base,  
" That in affliction, vertue clearest shines,

" And makes one all the wayes of wit to trace :  
" So doth good successe make the judgement dye,  
" Then whilst the fortunate their ease doe take,  
" And lull'd asleep in pleasures meadowes lye,

" As for the slaughter fat, and ripe to shake;  
" Yet this the nature is of gallant men,  
" To rest (as in no state too much involv'd)  
" When prosp'ring warie, and most humble then.

" If cross'd courageous, when imbarck'd, resolv'd.  
What though your first attempts renowned are,  
By which you in two fields victorious stood,  
And did o're-throw two thunder-bolts of warre,  
Who lost their lives amid'st a crimson flood :

Yet is that course of victory contrould,  
And you have try'd what force your force exceeds,  
Then, faded Lawrels should not make you bold,  
As still reposing on your by-past deeds :

For, by the same to indignation mov'd,  
The Macedonians all abhorre your name,  
Who at that time so proud a Conquerour prov'd,  
Their great mens slaughter having wing'd your fame.

*Eum.* No fortune past so puffs up my conceit,  
That it contempt of further danger brings;  
Nor am I now dejected so of late,  
But I intend to doe farre greater things.

" He (by prosperity made never proud)  
" Who knowes the frailty of this earthly frame,



" Can hardly by adversity be bow'd:  
 " The Sunne (although eclips'd) remains the same,  
 " Worth should by th'events not be thrall'd to wit,  
 " On th' accidents as th'essence did depend:  
 " The fault of fortune cannot blemish it,  
 " On which oft times disasters may attend;  
 " Though fortune (stumbling right) concurre with worth,  
 " Or yet, it crosses bragge a gallant minde,  
 " Both like themselves are alwaies sparkling forth,  
 " In every state some tokens of their kinde.

Now at this time o're-match'd by num'rous pow'rs,  
 I kept my courage, though I lost the field:  
 And vaunt no more of this, for some few hour's  
 May once to me the like advantage yeeld.  
 Nor is it long since that to fortune deare,  
 The world had never me but victor spy'd,  
 Though I protest by all th'Immortals here,  
 Press'd by necessity, not mov'd by pride.  
 Proud *Neoptolemus* that traytour still,  
 (Not worthy of a Macedonians name)  
 He to betray the hoste, and me to kill,  
 Had labour'd long to his eternall shame.  
 But I of *Craterus* lament the fall,  
 Whom for his vertue I did dearely love,  
 And was constrain'd (I love to witnesse call)  
 For my defence that refuge last to prove.

*Anti.* How fortun'd you your forces to dispose;  
 So well to scape that storme of threatned harmes?  
 For, then you had to deale with mighty foes,  
 Who were in warre growne hoarie under armes.

*Eum.* When *Neoptolemus* did clearely spy,  
 That all his treason to the light was brought,  
 He, where our foes were camp'd, with haste did flye:  
 " A foolish traitour who was false for nought.  
 There he inform'd, or mis-inform'd my foes,  
 That (by good successe growne secure of late)  
 I in my Tent did carelessly repose,  
 Though not by force, to be o're-com'd by fate.  
 And to *Antipater* he further told,  
 That Macedonians, if they at that time,  
 Of *Craterus* the count'nance did behold,  
 All willingly would yeeld themselves to him:  
 Now they had labour'd earnestly before,  
 That I abandon would *Perdiccas* part,  
 And did protest that they would give me more  
 Then yet I had, or hop'd for in my heart.  
 " But love (born free) cannot be thrall'd nor bought;  
 " More then a shamefull peace I like just strife;  
 " To generous mindes more deare then honour nought;  
 " And ere I leave my faith, I le lose my life:

Thus



Thus when despair'd that I would prove their friend;  
 They fought in time to plague me as a foe;  
 Where love could not begin, that hate might end;  
 And came in haste to have surpris'd me so:  
 But *Neoptolemus* to crosse by flight,  
 The Macedonians I for him did bend,  
 And *Craterus* concealing from their sight,  
 To match with him, caus'd troupes of strangers tend.  
 'Tis his policy which none could justly blame,  
 I with my selfe in secret did conspire,  
 And had my shirt beene privy to the same,  
 It should have beene an offering to the fire.  
 When deaths first game (with danger playd) was past,  
 I *Neoptolemus* did toile to finde,  
 And he me too, which happ'ned at the last;  
 "Two will doe much to meet, when of one minde.  
 Then whilst we met for whom both th'armies warr'd;  
 Whose fortune did depend upon our hands,  
 All was perform'd that force or fury dar'd,  
 Whilst both were bent t' abate the others bands.  
 And yet the heavens would not betray my trust,  
 ("Foule treason never had a fairer end)  
 But smil'd upon my cause (as which was just)  
 And did destruction to the traitour send:  
 For, forc'd by him whose force he did despise,  
 (Though fighting fiercely long) he lost his breath,  
 As one more strong then true, more stout then wise,  
 Whose greatest honour was his honest death.  
 But weakened with huge wounds, almost I div'd  
 In seas of bloud, even quite from knowledge stray'd;  
 Yet by so great a victory reviv'd,  
 My courage grew more then my strength decay'd.  
 I (having finish'd thus this fatall strife)  
 Did come where *Craterus* his course had runne,  
 Even in the confines plac'd 'twixt death and life;  
 The one neere gone, the other not begun:  
 He with great valour had resisted long,  
 As all *Briareus* hands had mov'd his sword,  
 And did his Masters memory no wrong,  
 Whilst with his courage, not his fortune stor'd.  
 "What life refus'd, to gaine by death he thought:  
 "For, life and death are but indifferent things,  
 "And of themselves not to be shun'd, nor sought,  
 "But for the good or ill that either brings.  
 With endlesse glory bent to change his breath,  
 Of desp'rate valour all the pow'r was prov'd,  
 "And for great Captaines no more glorious death,  
 "Then to dy fighting with a minde unmov'd.  
 When it appear'd where victory did tend,  
 That armies courage with their Captaine fell;

And

Thus



And whilst I safely might be seene a friend,  
 I went where death his Spirits did expell;  
 And whilst I told how both to be betrayd,  
 By *Neoptolemus* were brought about,  
 My woe with teares I to the world bewray'd:  
 "Milde pittie and true kindenesse must burst out.  
 Ah, if the newes of this that I expresse  
 Had come in time unto *Perdiccas* eares,  
 He might have liv'd their pride now to repress,  
 Who by his fall were first divorc'd from feares.

*Ant.* The humour of that man was too well knowne,  
 Could he have parted other men from pride,  
 Whose soule was sold a slave unto his owne,  
 And for the same (forc'd by his followers) dy'd?

"*Eum.* The proud must still be plagu'd by prouder ones,  
 "There must be had sharp steel to smooth rough stones,

"*Ant.* No vice then pride doth greater hate procure,  
 "Which foes doe scorne, and friends cannot endure.

"*Eum.* Yet Majesty must not it selfe deject;  
 "A lofty carriage doth procure respect.

"*Ant.* A haughty gesture shewes a tyrants heart;  
 "All love a courteous count'nance, voyd of Art.

"*Eum.* Yet manners too submisse as much condemn'd,  
 "Doe make Kings scorn'd, and Captains be contemn'd.

"*Ant.* A humble port, kinde looks, words smooth and soft,  
 "Are meanes by which great mindes may mount aloft.

"*Eum.* Those are indeed for such as raise their flight,  
 "They may doe more whose course is at the height:  
 "Imperious formes an Empire must defend.

*Ant.* Thus hastned was *Perdiccas* to his end.

*Eum.* That worthy man had many faire designs,  
 "But vertue still by envy is pursu'd,  
 "Though (as a Candle in the night best shines)  
 "It in a vitious age may best be view'd.

There was a man who scorn'd secure delights,  
 As still despising paine, attemptive, bold,  
 A brave observer of the antient Rites,  
 Steele strictly grasping, prodigall of gold;  
 He lov'd to have the Souldiers of his band,  
 Chus'd at the Musters, not in markets bought,  
 And would not flatter where he might command,  
 More meet to have, then seeke that which he sought;  
 But Souldiers now in this degener'd age,  
 Are (fawn'd on by faint mindes) brib'd in such sort,  
 That all the reynes enlarg'd unto their rage,  
 They with so straight a course cannot comport.  
 What was mis-fortune knowne unto them all,  
 Their malice as some great neglect did cite:

"All things must helpe th' unhappy men to fall,  
 Thus forth they spu'd the poyson of their spite,



For, hating his franke forme, and naked words,  
By that occasion whetting their desires,  
They in his body boldly sheath'd their swords;  
A deed which even barbarity admires.  
Those trait'rous troupes may spot the purest bands,  
If for a fact so vile they be excus'd:  
This will set swords in all our souldiers hands,  
Against us, and not for us, to be us'd.

*Ant.* I wish that Souldiers never could be brought  
To prove so mut'nous as they oft have beene,  
And that they durst not violate in ought,  
Those who by them (as sacred) should be scene:  
Nor like I Captaines who (like blustering windes)  
Would o're their troupes insult (as tyrants still),  
Not weighing merits, nor respecting mindes,  
As carried head-long with a blinded will.  
"Pride by presumption bred (when at a height)  
"Encount'ring with contempt both match in ire,  
"And 'twixt them bring base cruelty to light,  
"The loath-some off-spring of a hated Syre.  
Such of *Perdiccas* was the monstrous pride,  
(The vice from which that vice more vile proceeds)  
That it strange wayes for his advancement try'd,  
And did burst forth in most prodigious deeds;  
At first by *Meleagers* death when stain'd,  
He show'd what tyrants harbour'd in his heart,  
To whom faith given, nor yet the Church he gain'd,  
(Though sacred both) no safety could impart.  
The Cappadocians (when all else was try'd)  
Choos'd (rather then his insolence to beare)  
By massacring themselves to scape from pride:  
"Pride, spight and horreur, death breeds onely feare.  
Yet what against his foes he did performe,  
From martiall mindes might plead for some excuse,  
Since irritated thoughts which (wrong'd) doe storme,  
In mindes offended, fury doe infuse:  
But yet why fought he in a servile fort,  
To play the tyrant, braving his best friends,  
Who with disdainefull formes could not comport?  
"More then an enemies yoke, a friends offends.  
And when of late by *Ptolomie* constrain'd,  
He brought his bands with disadvantage backe,  
How by the same his government was stayn'd,  
The world can witnesse by his Armies wracke:  
"But hate made judge, each error seemes a crime,  
"Whilst present ils doe aggravate things gone:  
His Souldiers mov'd by fortune and the Time,  
Did by his death venge all their wrongs in one.  
" *Eum.* As nought smells well to a distemper'd taste,  
"So to conceits pre-occupy'd before;



“ Even good seemes bad in them whom they detest :

“ Men must mislike where they can like no more.

To you who loath’d *Perdiccas* and his state,  
What ever came of him could not seeme good :

And I not wonder though your soule did hate  
One who had right and pow’r, to take your bloud :

For, fled from him to whom you once belong’d,  
His Trumpet still breath’d terrour in your eare :

“ Then all men hate those whom they once have wrong’d,

“ And by no meanes can love them whom they feare.

“ *Ant.* That which you speake of hate, in love I spy,

“ Love cannot finde an imperfection forth,

“ But doth excuse, extenuate, or deny,

“ Faults (where it likes) with shadowes of no worth :

I left *Perdiccas*, but did him no wrong,

Who first to take my life, all meanes did prove;

I told *Antipater* how he so long

Had been abus’d by a pretended love :

For, as I frankely love, whilst lov’d againe,

If the ingrate, ingrately me acquite,

Straight kindling fury with a just disdain,

I by love past, proportion then my spite ;

And yet (*Eumenes*) I commend thy minde,

Who to defend thy friend, hast prov’d so free,

And since in love so constantly inclin’d,

A friendship firme I would contract with thee;

Then where that now thy state hath been brought low,

(Since spoil’d of him in whom thou did’st repose)

Whilst ayded by our power, thou great maist grow,

And raise thy hopes of kingdoms to dispose.

*Eum.* I’le be your friend, whilst friend to right you rest:

“ For, without vertue, friendship is but vaine,

“ Which cannot lodge in a polluted brest,

“ Whose impious thoughts do sacred things prophane.

While as the oath is kept, which once was sworne

To *Alexanders* selfe, and to his race,

Still shall this sword for your defence be borne,

But in my heart they hold the highest place;

And doe not thus, as o’re one vanquish’d, vaunt,

Nor thinke me thrall’d, though once by chance o’rethrowne,

“ The world must perish ere advent’ers want,

“ Who tesse all States to stablish once their owne.

“ Whilst bravely taking or yet giving place,

“ How ever feare (objecting danger) comes,


“ Misfortune, bondage, torment, death, disgrace,

“ And all things else, a minde resolv’d o’re-comes,



Act. 4. Scene 2.

Cassander, Lyfimachus.

“  Nd must we buy our pompe at such a rate,  
“ Who beare th'authority, or whom it beares?  
“ O, O! how thorny are the wayes of State,  
“ With open dangers pav'd, and secret feares;  
“ Each of our steps is waited with some snare,  
“ Whil'ft from our selves we all repose repell,  
“ And (in fraile Barks) press'd by tempestuous care,  
“ Do seek a haven, whose heaven is but a hell.

Lyfim. “ Whil'ft *Eolus* and *Neptune* joyn'd in all,  
“ With winds, and waves, beat th'earth, and brag the skies,  
“ The tumbling Mountains do not rise and fall,  
“ Though each of them another doth surprise;  
“ As do th'aspiring pow'rs which are with doubt  
“ Toss'd through the waving world on stormy Thrones,  
“ And are (as in a Circle) hurl'd about,  
“ Ascending, and descending, both at once.  
“ Loe, some whose hopes would at their birth have seem'd,  
“ By Fortunes strictnesse, with contempt confin'd,  
“ Have from the vulgar yoke themselves redeem'd,  
“ To do farre more then such durst have design'd,  
“ And they who once might life to thousands give,  
“ When some great period revolutions brings,  
“ Brought downe even low cannot have leave to live,  
“ Made lesse then Subjects, who were more then Kings.

Cass. What once they scarce could dreame, some thus procur,  
Whose pow'r though nought at first, last, Scepters swayes;  
And some whose states seem'd once to be secure,  
Throwne from their Fortunes height lose glorious Bayes:  
My Father, loe, to gaine that soveraigne place,  
Through many dangers boldly march'd of late,  
And, then the greatest, greater for a space,  
Did manage all the *Macedonian* State:  
But I his Sonne who (as some would suppose)  
Might keep with ease, that which he got with paine,  
Can by no meanes my rest-lesse thoughts repose,  
Such raging Tyrants o're my fancies raigne.

Lyfim. And yet I thinke you have an easie part,  
To whom his State your Father did resigne,  
For, it may make you smile, which made him smart:  
“ Some presse the grape, and others drinke the wine.

Cass. Ile not beleve that ever any ill  
Was bred for me within my Fathers brest,  
Since children must suppose their Parents will  
(Though seeming bad) still purpos'd for the best.



And yet my Fathers Ghost must pardon me,  
 Though when from us he minded to remove,  
 I thinke the tenor of his last Decree,  
 Show'd lack of judgement, or at least of love:  
 For, what base course had ever beene begun  
 To make me seeme not worthy of his place,  
 That he preferr'd a Stranger to his Sonne,  
 As bent to cloud the glory of his race?  
 Thus since in such a sort he did neglect,  
 The Sonne who should his name from death exempt,  
 (As dis-regarded for some great defect)  
 All other men may have me in contempt.  
 But ere his age attain'd the fatall date,  
 He saw my brows with lawrell boughs array'd,  
 And spy'd my skill in warre, and wit in state,  
 Which grew as much as his had then decay'd.  
 Nor can my courage so be brought to bow,  
 But *Polypercon* shall by prooffe finde soone,  
 That in my Fathers will, I will allow,  
 Not what he did; but what he should have done;  
 And since by him high dignities were wonne,  
 I minde to prosecute what he began;  
 " For (though I would) so great a Fathers Sonne  
 " Can not securely live a private man.  
 Lo, *Polypercon* by our pow'r repell'd  
 From *Macedonie* hath reryr'd dismay'd,  
 And for the feare of us hath beene compell'd  
 To rest beholding for anothers aid.  
 Let him not think that shadows (though of Kings)  
 Can match my pow'r with these his borrow'd bands:  
 A doubtfull flight all fram'd with others wings  
 Will never beare him from *Cassanders* hands;  
 And though *Olympias* count'nanc'd once his cause,  
 As from *Epirus* come to ruine me:  
 Now of her owne misfortune she must pause,  
 Since brought of late unto a low degree.

*Lysim.* And yet *Olympias* once did prosper well;  
 When first she touch'd the *Macedonian* bounds,  
 Whil'st *Polypercon* proudly did repell  
 All those who durst resist with words, or wounds:  
 Though *Philip* and *Euridice* his Queene,  
 (To give them battell bent) in time arriv'd,  
 The *Macedonians* when they had her scene,  
 As their owne Queene to do her honour striv'd.  
 And haplesse *Philip* whil'st constrain'd to yeeld,  
 There, for a Kings did take a captives state.  
 And with his mate (though flying from the field)  
 Was follow'd by their force, and by her fate.  
 Then did her husband and her selfe give place,  
 Whose brows of late a Diademe had borne:

But



But then throwne downe in depths of black disgrace,  
We're made of pride the prey, the butt of scorne.

*Cass.* Those were the means which did them first entrap,  
But have you heard how after they were thrall,  
To plague the world with horror, and mishap,  
The proud *Olympias* tyranniz'd o're all?

*Lys.* Some doubtfull rumors did frequent each eare,  
Such as rash Fame confus'dly durst unfold:  
But yet by favour hid, or else for feare,  
The truth of all (it may be) was not told.

*Cass.* When thus the Tygresse happ'ned to surprise  
Thole wretched souls (as ravish'd in a dreame)  
Her heart at first seem'd scarce to trust her eyes,  
She surfetted her sight so with their shame;  
But when she saw (by reason of her pow'r)  
That she might safely let her rage burst out:  
She them about caus'd build a lightlesse Tower,  
Press'd by whose walls, they scarce could turne about;  
And in that dungeon (as entomb'd) they stood  
With high disgrace t'appease more high disdaines,  
Farre from all comfort, whil'st a little food  
Their life prolong'd, but to prolong their paines.  
"But for misfortune pity last doth pleade,  
"As envy doth prosperity oppose;  
The *Macedonians* (then indifferent made)  
On murmur'd rumours doubtfully did glose.  
The peoples grudge *Olympias* did perceive,  
And of just fury fearing the effect,  
She straight resolv'd lifes remnant to bereave,  
From weakened pow'rs which did no lesse expect.  
And when some *Thracians* basely bent for bloud  
(As she had charg'd) with mercenary spight,  
Had murdred *Philip*, and his Queene imbru'd  
With these red streames that crown'd her lifes delight:  
She sent to her whose soule in griefe did sinke,  
(As messengers of death to bragge her brest)  
A sword, a cord, and an empyson'd drink,  
A Tyrants presents, yet a wretches best.  
Those scene, the Queene unmov'd this speech did make,  
(As one who had imbrac'd some great reliefe)  
Fit gifts for her to give, for me to take,  
Since she exceeds in hate, and I in griefe.  
And tell the Tyrant that I gladly dye,  
That once the angry gods to venge my death,  
May thunder forth that judgement, which I spie  
With bloud must choak that bloody womans breath.  
Last, looking on her Lord who there lay slaine,  
Once partner of his joy, then, of his woe,  
Whil'st that his Roses did her Lillies staine,  
She kiss'd his wounds, as taking leave to goe;



Lest Time her Resolution had betray'd,  
 Her snowie necke (not us'd with such a chaine)  
 Her girdle grasp'd; then dy'd no way dismay'd;  
 And if she sigh'd, she sigh'd but for disdain.

*Lyfi.* This barbarous act my breast with griefe doth sting;  
 Can spight so much transport the meekest kinde?  
 "And yet on th'earth there's no more cruell thing  
 "Then malice raging in a womans minde?

*Cass.* But yet this sacrifice could not asswage  
 The boyling thoughts of her unbounded will:  
 For, entring thus she rioted in rage,  
 (As dogges that once get bloud, would alwayes kill)  
 Each light occasion kindling still her wrath,  
 The Sovereignty she shamefully abus'd;  
 And put my brother *Nicanor* to death,  
 Though for no crime condemn'd, no, not accus'd.  
 To some (when dead) an hate by her was borne,  
 Whose cruelty no flood of bloud confin'd:  
 (Of *Iolas* the Tombe prophanely torne)  
 She (robbing th'earth) with ashes stain'd the winde,  
 To be *Cassanders* friend was such a crime,  
 As none could scape who ever favour'd me;  
 Thus huge disorders did abound a time:  
 "Where laws not valued are, all things are free;  
 When having heard of this outrageous pride,  
 Which made my native soyle condemn'd to be,  
 I those indignities could not abide,  
 Whose shame and danger did ayme most at me.  
 So that at last (mov'd by my Countries care)  
 (As much as by particular respects)  
 I with great speed an Army did prepare  
 To punish, or prevent the like effects.  
 But when I was to *Macedony* come,  
 To fortifie a Towne she did designe,  
 Which I enclos'd, and quickly did o're-come,  
 Whil'st famine forc'd the Fortresse to resigne.  
 Then to necessity weake pride gave place,  
 Her lofty courage was constrain'd to bow:  
 So that she rests depending on our grace,  
 To be dispos'd, as it shall please us now.

*Lyfim.* This chance the world to wonder may invite;  
 Loe, there a Queene who had (though now distress'd)  
 The rarest Fortune, and the greatest sprite  
 That ever any of her sex possess'd.  
 The widow'd Empresse who first bragg'd the *Indes*,  
 Or proud *Thomiris* though both prais'd have beene,  
 Or th' *Amazons* all borne with martiall mindes,  
 Have never beene more stout then was this Queene;  
 Her lifes first progresse did but prove too sweet,  
 Whom once the world with treasures striv'd to blesse:



But now sad soule (soil'd under Fortunes feet)  
Her misery no creature can expresse.

*Cass.* Those were but Fortunes gifts which made her great,  
Whil'st treacherous shows by shallow wits were prais'd,  
Her imperfections did but staine the State,  
Where her not hers, but others merits rais'd:  
When first that Dame with famous *Philip* match'd,  
Her cunning carriage was not free from blame:  
But though she then with *Argos* eyes was watch'd,  
(As was suppos'd) soone forfeited her Fame;  
At least (shame-fear'd) he did her first disdaine,  
" And of that sexe the precious fame is such,  
" Their tender honour any breath may staine,  
" If tainted, foule; if but suspect'd, too much;  
Yet this at last did his destruction breed,  
For which her spightfull thoughts had labour'd long:  
She by *Pausanias* privy to his deed,  
Had spurr'd him to performe th'intended wrong;  
And by such meanes long fought, that to her will,  
Her husbands murder might enlarge the raynes,  
Whil'st back'd by power she boldly did the ill,  
Of which, too late, the troubled Realme complains.  
Though loath'd of all (long suffred for her Sonne)  
She play'd the Tyrant safely as she pleas'd:  
But by the course that I have now begun,  
I hope those whom she plagu'd, shall be appeas'd.

*Lysim.* Yet of *Olympias* (though cast downe by you)  
The fight her Sonne and Husband will revive,  
And so may make the *Macedonians* now,  
For her reliefe strange courses to contrive.  
" Of those whose greatnesse doth regard extort,  
" The miseries entender every minde,  
" And still th'affections of the vulgar sort,  
" Are (head-long led) too cruell, or too kinde.

*Cass.* O! but I can precipitate her fall,  
Even by the meanes which might support her most:  
For, pity shall barre pity, whil'st they all  
Waile for their friends, who through her pride were lost.

*Lysim.* " As those to whom all other things are free,  
" Must have their life and raigne both of one date,  
" So private men who passe their owne degree,  
" Can hardly turne to take their former state.  
" Your Fortune thus is trusted to the fates;  
" None can retyre who enters in such things:  
" All those who dare attempt against great States,  
" Must dye as Traitors, or else live as Kings;  
" And though you would but some disorders stay,  
" You deale with those who (borne not to be thrall)  
" As torrents beare away what stops their way,  
" And must of force (if not undone) do all.



“ Such (though set free) will storme when they are gone,  
 “ Who scorne to take the thing, that they should give;  
 “ All those must dye who dare but touch a Throne:  
 “ Who may endanger Kings, they must not live.

*Cass.* Since in this course I onely once can erre,  
 I shall be sure ere she her selfe with-draw.

*Lysim.* And yet what surety can you have of her,  
 “ Can laws binde them who are above the law?  
 “ Who can a concord make betwixt the two,  
 “ Whereas the one must hate, the other feare?

*Cass.* O, but I minde to use the matter so  
 That both from hence shall further strife forbear.

*Lysim.* What can her freedome, and your peace procure?

*Cass.* Death both can make her free, and me secure.

*Lysim.* And would you do such ill to shed her bloud?

*Cass.* Yea, ill to others, so it do me good.

*Lysim.* The *Macedonians* will abhorre this wrong.

*Cass.* And yet obey me if I be most strong.

*Lys.* But who shall have the Realme amidst those broils?

*Cass.* “ Who ever winnes the field, doth owe the spoils.

*Lysim.* So to possesse the Realme you have no right.

*Cass.* But I have more, so long as I have might.

*Lysim.* This State doth to it selfe an heire afford.

*Cass.* “ All kingdomes rights are pleaded by the Sword.

*Lysim.* The people all will grudge against your state.

*Cass.* But dare not stirre, whil’st feare exceeds their hate.

*Lysim.* And in their hearts they will detest you too.

*Cass.* Think what they will, who have no pow’r to doe.

*Lysim.* What though *Olympias* in a little space  
 May lose her pow’r, together with her breath?

Yet there remaines another of her race,  
 Who is by Nature bound to venge her death.

*Cass.* “ The raging streames of a tempestuous flood,  
 “ Which drowns the old, not yeelds the yong reliefe?

“ What foole who of his foes victorious stood,  
 “ Would spoyle an Army, and yet spare the chiefe:

No, since I must my selfe with murder staine,  
 Ile by the roots raze all the Royall race,  
 So that no pow’r shall spring from thence againe,  
 That may my selfe, or yet my plants displace.

The strength hath left great *Alexanders* arme,  
 Whose mothers fatall threed is now neere spunne;  
 And I have meanes to keep my selfe from harme,  
 Both of *Roxane*, and her tender Sonne.

But since this course may much our states advance,  
 By which a ground for great attempts is layd:

I must entreat you now (what ever chance)  
 To lend us your applause, though not your ayd.

*Lysim.* I’le be your friend, yet wish you would refraine,  
 From doing this; but, ere you be undone,



Since by your guiltneſſe I thus may gaine,  
He ſuffer that which I would not have done.

*Exeunt.*

*Olympias alone.*

CAN I be ſhe whom all the world admir'd,  
As the moſt happie Queene that raignd below,  
Whom all the Planets have to plague conſpir'd,  
Of fickle Fortunes courſe the pow'r to ſhow?  
No, no, not I, for what could me controull,  
Or force me thus to attend anothers will,  
Since I deſpiſe this priſon of my ſoule,  
Where it diſdaines to abide in bondage ſtill:  
Ah! whilſt vaine pompe transported fancies fed,  
The jealous gods my ſtate to grudge did tempt,  
My ſtate which Envy once, and Reverence bred,  
Though now it breed but pity, and contempt:  
*Olympias* once high as *Olympus* ſtood,  
The wife of *Philip*, *Alexanders* Mother,  
Who match'd *Alcides*, and *Achilles* bloud,  
To breed a man more worth then both together.  
Am I the woman whoſe majeſticke ſtate  
Seem'd once ſo happy to deceiv'd conceits?  
I, I am ſhe, and never yet more great  
Then at this preſent, even in ſpight of fates.  
A double bondage long did burden me,  
I to my ielfe, my ſelfe to Fortune thrall:  
But now captivity hath ſet me free,  
Who could not riſe till firſt I had a fall;  
"A ſpirit whilſt it proſperity benummes,  
"Scarce like the ſelfe can to the world appeare:  
"But then when vertue every croſſe o're-comes,  
"True Greatneſſe ſhines moſt bright in Glories ſpheare.  
"Our treaſure now (I ſee) conſiſts no more  
"Without our ſelves in th'eye-betraying ſhows,  
"But in the breſts inſteſtimable ſtore,  
"Which neither Time entombes, nor Pow'r o're-throws.  
O never were my thoughts enlarg'd till now  
To mark my ſelfe, and quinteſſence my minde:  
For, long (a prey to pride) I know not how,  
A miſt of fancies made my judgement blinde.  
As thoſe who dreame ſweet dreames, whilſt wak't at laſt,  
Do finde their errour when their eyes finde light:  
Free from the ſlumb'ring of my Fortune paſt,  
I now ariſe to judge of all things right.  
"That cloud of pomp, whoſe ſmoak me ſhadow'd once,  
"Loe, now remov'd, unmaskes my life too late:  
"And now I ſee, that Scepters, Crownes, and Thrones,  
"Are burd'nous badges of a dangerous ſtate.

Since

O



O happie woman, of true pleasure sure,  
 Who in the Countrey lead'st a guiltlesse life!  
 From Fortunes reach retyr'd, obscure, secure,  
 Though not a Queene, yet a contented wife.  
 Thy Mate more deare to thee then is the light,  
 (Though low in state) loves in a high degree,  
 And with his presence still to bleſſe thy ſight,  
 Doth ſcorne great Courts whil'ſt he lives courting thee.  
 And as thou wound'ſt him not with hid diſgrace,  
 He with no jealous thought doth rack thy breaſt:  
 Thus both lye downe to reſt, and riſe in peace,  
 Then (if they ſtrive) they ſtrive who ſhould love beſt;  
 What? though thou have not as the mighty ones,  
 Thy neck ſurcharg'd with chains (ah chains indeed!)  
 Nor eares weigh'd down with orientall ſtones,  
 Nor Robes, whoſe worth may admiration breed;  
 So want'ſt thou that which we have ever had,  
 Sad miſ-contentments, jealousie, and ſpite;  
 And though thy back be not with purple clad,  
 Thy thoughts are deck't with Innocencies white.  
 As birds (whoſe cage of gold the ſight deceives)  
 Do ſeeme to ſing, whil'ſt they but waile their ſtate:  
 So, with the mighty match'd, (made glorious ſlaves)  
 We happy ſeeme, whil'ſt we but curſe our fate.  
 That bliſſe whoſe ſhew in us vaine eyes doth pleaſe,  
 Makes thee indeed with pleaſures ſpend thy breath,  
 Who liv'ſt while yong in mirth, whil'ſt ag'd in eaſe,  
 And know'ſt not what it is to dye till death;  
 Ah! ſince I liv'd, I alwayes did but dye,  
 When ſeeming happy, then moſt wretched ſtill;  
 Whil'ſt dazeling with vaine pompe each vulgar eye,  
 What ſtrange miſhaps did me with anguiſh fill:  
 The fates with fortune from my birth conſpir'd  
 To make my life, a patterne of their might:  
 For both my parents from the world retir'd,  
 When I had ſcarcely look'd upon the light:  
 The world may judge how I was juſtly griev'd,  
 Whil'ſt angry *Philip* ſought for my diſgrace,  
 (A thing which once I ſcarce could have beleev'd)  
 And unto *Cleopatra* gave my place.  
 Then though I long (as deſp'rate of reliefe)  
 For his offence afflicted had my minde,  
 Yet did his ſudden death augment my grieſe:  
 He was my husband, though he was unkinde;  
 And when my Sonnes rare deeds which fame doth ſound,  
 The world with wonder, raviſh'd me with joy,  
 Thoſe (as himſelfe) who would all his confound,  
 To compaſſe me, did ſpite and power imploy;  
 Yet ſtood my courage when my Fortune fell,  
 And ſtill I toil'd to perſecute his foes,



That some might fall downe who too much did swell,  
Their bloud in Marble registering my woes.  
That which I purpos'd, long so prosp' red too,  
That some of them did try (by torments strange)  
All what a womans just disdain could do,  
Whil' st spur'd by jealousie, spite, and revenge:  
But this Arch-traitour, Ruler of the rest,  
Who thirsts to drinke the bloud of all our Race,  
Even then, with us when all succeeded best,  
Did compasse me with ruine and disgrace.  
Such was the tenor of my Fortune past,  
Whole least mishap had made another burst:  
First, orphan'd, widow'd, and unchilded last,  
A daughter, wife, and mother, all accurst.  
Heavens plague *Cassander*, let that base wretch try  
That *Iove* his judgement but a while deferres;  
And let his wife bewaile as well as I,  
I mured for my Sonne, and she by hers.  
Even as th' incestuous *Thebans* monstrous brood,  
So may thy Sonnes contend with mutuall wounds,  
And never let thy house be free from bloud,  
Till banish'd quite from this usurped bounds;  
Thus, notwithstanding of my wonted pow'r,  
To me (save wishes) nothing doth remaine:  
But though condemn'd to dye, yet at this houre  
Should I begin to curse, and to complaine?  
No, no, that custome best becomes poore soules,  
Whose resolution cannot climbe more high;  
But I whose courage that base course controuls,  
Must triumph still what ever State I try.  
"Death is the port where all may refuge finde;  
"The end of labour, entry unto rest;  
"Death hath the bounds of misery confin'd,  
"Whose Sanctuary shrowds affliction best.  
"To suffer (oft) with a couragious heart,  
"It doth deserve more praise then deeds most knowne:  
"For, in our actions Fortune hath some part,  
"But in our suffrings, all things are our owne:  
Loe, now I loath the world, and worldly things,  
Of which I both have prov'd the best and worst:  
The apprehended death great comfort brings,  
And hath no crosse, but that it should be forc'd.  
O heare me now (deare Sonne) if that thy Ghost  
May leave th' Elysian fields to look on me:  
Of all things else this doth content me most,  
That from this time I may remaine with thee.  
And blush not now to see thy Mothers end,  
My death in glory with thy life shall strive:  
It (as a captive) Fortune shall attend,  
That (as thy fellow) follow'd thee alive:

*Exit.*

Chorus



## Chorus.

*A* H, ah! though man the image of great Iove,  
 And, th' onely creature that gives Reason place,  
 With reverence due unto the powres above,  
 His heavenly progeny should seeke to prove,  
 By still resembling the Immortall kinde;  
 Yet makes the world our better part so blinde,  
 That we the clouds of vanity imbrace,  
 And from our first excellency decline;  
 This doth distinguish that celestiall grace,  
 Which should make soules to burne with Vertues love,  
 Whose fancies vice luxuriously now feasts;  
 "Vice is the Circe that enchants the minde,  
 "And doth transforme her followers all in Swine;  
 "Whil'st poyson'd pleasures so corrupt our tastes,  
 "That of halfe-gods, we make our selves whole-beasts:  
 And yet of ruthlesse Pluto's raging host,  
 The vice which doth transport presumptuous hearts,  
 And makes men from the Gods to differ most,  
 Is cruelty, that to the sufferers cost,  
 And actors both, is often times appeas'd:  
 The gods delight to give, and to forgive,  
 By pardoning, and not by plaguing pleas'd;  
 And why should men excogitate strange Arts,  
 To shew their tyranny, as those who strive  
 To feed on mischief though the Author smart,  
 Oft for the deed of which himselfe did boast,  
 Whil'st whence the blow first came, the griefe doth turne?  
 "For, that by which the minde at first was eas'd,  
 "May it in th' end the greatest burden give;  
 "Oft those whose cruelty makes many mourne,  
 "Do by the fires which they first kindled burne;  
 "Of other tyrants which oppresse the minde,  
 "With pleasure some delight it, in such sort  
 "That first the hony, then the gall we finde;  
 "And others (though from Honors Court declin'd)  
 "Some comfort yeeld (but base) by hope of gaine;  
 "And, though some make us to be loath'd of one,  
 "We by their meanes anothers love obtaine;  
 "But cruelty, with which none can comport,  
 "Makes th' authors hated when the deed is done,  
 "Oft even by those whom it did most support,  
 "As that which alienates men from their kinde;  
 "And as humanity the minde enchants,  
 "So barbarous soules which from the same refraine,  
 "More fierce than savage beasts, are lov'd of none:  
 "Since with such beasts one with lesse danger haunts,



"Then with the man whose minde all mercy wants;  
 Yet though the minde of man, as strong, and rude,  
 Be raviſh'd oft with violent deſire,  
 And muſt, if fir'd with rage, be quench'd with blood,  
 How can this tender ſexe whoſe glory ſtood  
 In having hearts inclin'd to pity ſtill  
 It ſelfe delight in any barbarous deed?  
 For, Nature ſeemes in this to uſe her ſkill,  
 In making womens mindes (though weake) entire,  
 That weakneſſe might, love, and devotion breed;  
 To which their thoughts (if pure) might beſt aſpire,  
 As apteſt for th'impreſſions of all good,  
 But from the beſt to worſt all things do weare;  
 Since cruelties from feeble mindes proceed,  
 "In breſts where courage failes, ſpite, ſhame and feare  
 "Make envy, hate, and rigour rule to beare.  
 Our Queene Olympias, who was once ſo great,  
 And did ſuch monſtrous cruelties commit,  
 In plaguing Philip, and his Queene of late;  
 Loe, now brought low to taſte the like eſtate,  
 Muſt take ſuch entertainment as ſhe gave,  
 And yet good reaſon that it ſhould be ſo,  
 "Such meaſure as we give, we muſt receive.  
 Whil'ſt on a Throne ſhe proudly earſt did ſit,  
 And with diſdainefull eyes look'd on her foe,  
 As onely vanquiſh'd by her pow'r, and wit,  
 She did not weigh what doth proceed from fate:  
 O, O! th'Immortals which command above,  
 Of every ſtate in hand the Rudder have,  
 And as they like, can make us ſtay or go;  
 "The griefe of others ſhould us greatly move,  
 "As thoſe who ſometime may like Fortune prove;  
 "But as experience with rare prooſes hath ſhowne,  
 "To look on others, we have Linx-his eyes,  
 "Whil'ſt we would have their imperfections knowne;  
 "Yet (like blinde Moles) can never marke our owne.  
 "Such clouds of ſelfe-regard do dimme our ſight;  
 "Why ſhould we be puff'd up when foes do fall?  
 "Since what to day doth on another light,  
 "The ſame to morrow may our ſtate ſurpriſe.  
 "Thoſe that on this inconstant conſtant Ball  
 "Do live environ'd with th'all-circling ſkies,  
 "Have many meanes whereby to be o're-throwne:  
 "And why ſhould dying worldlings ſwolne with wrath,  
 "So tyrannize o're an afflicted wight,  
 "Since miſeries are common unto all?  
 "Let none be proud who draw a doubtfull breath,  
 "Good hap attends but few, unto their death.

Act.

Then



## Act. 5. Scene 1.

*Aristotle, Phocion.*

Og have I us'd that light which cleares my minde,  
On Natures labours curiously to look,  
And (of all creatures finding out the kinde)  
Have read strange wonders in the worlds great book:  
I mark her course by contraries maintain'd,

Whose harmony doth most subsist by strife,  
And of all creatures in the same contain'd,  
How various is the mystery of life?

But as all things are subject unto change,  
Which partners are of th'elementall pow'rs,  
So (roll'd about with revolutions strange)  
"The state of man rests constant scarce for houres.

"Loe, what doth fame more frequently report,

"Then sudden risings, and more sudden falls?

"I thinke the world is but a Tennis-court,

"Where Fortune doth play States, tosse men for Balls.

*Pho.* And never any age show'd more then this,

The wavering state of soule-ennobled wights,

Who soare too high to catch an aiery blisse,

Whil'st lowest falls attend the highest flights.

That matchlesse Monarch who was borne (it seem'd)

To shew how high mortality attaines,

Hath not from death th'adored flesh redeem'd;

But paine hath made an end of all his paines.

And those brave bands which furnish'd Fame with breath;

Whil'st all the world their valorous deeds did spie,

Rest now (confounded since their Soveraignes death)

Like *Polyphemus* having lost his eye.

And they are like that teeth-ingendred brood,

Which took their life out of a Monster dead,

Whil'st each of them would drinke the others bloud,

Since that great Dragons death who was their head.

*Ar.* "So change all things which subject are to fight:

"Disorder order breeds, and order, it:

"Next light comes darknesse, and next darknesse light,

"This never-changing change transcends our wit.

"Thus health and sicknesse, poverty and state,

"Dishonour, honour, life and death, with doubt,

"Still inter-changing (what a true deceit!)

"All link'd together, slide by turnes about;

"To worldly states the heavens a height appoint,

"Where, when they once arrive, they must descend,

"And all perfections have a fatall point,

"At which Excellency it selfe must end.



" But as all those who walke on th'earth, are cross'd  
 " With alterations, happ'ning oft, and strange,  
 " The greatest States with greatest stormes are tofs'd,  
 " And (fought of many) must make many a change.  
 Nor speake I this by speculation mov'd,  
 (As gathering credit out of ancient scroules)  
 " No, I have liv'd at Court, and oft have prov'd  
 " Nothing below more vex'd, then great mens Soules;  
 " The Tyrant honours thralls, while as they mone,  
 " Their plaints to vulgar eares loath to impart,  
 " They all the weight of woes must beare alone,  
 " Where others of their grieve lend friends apart.  
 " Their verie rising o're us to the height,  
 " Which seemes their best is worst, for, being Lords,  
 " They never know the truth that comes to light,  
 " When franke society speakes naked words.  
 " Whilst sadnesse oft seemes Majestie, Time tels  
 " How deare they buy their pompe with losse of rest:  
 " Some but three furies faine in all the hels;  
 " There are three thousand in one great mans brest.

*Phoc.* I thinke all Monarchies are like the Moone,  
 Which now eclips'd, now under cloud, now cleare,  
 Growes by degrees, and is (when full) undone:  
 Yet Æson-like renew'd doth re-appeare:  
 For, loe they first, but small beginne to shine,  
 And when they once their Spherick forme obtaine,  
 Doe coldly languish, and (till chang'd) decline,  
 Yet (falne) in other realmes doe rise againe.

*Assyria* once made many nations bow,  
 Then next, all power was in the Persians hand,  
 And Macedonians last (grown Monarchs now)  
 Amongst themselves divided cannot stand.

*Ar.* " A secret fate (alternatly) all things  
 " Doth in this circle circularly leade:  
 " Still generation from corruption springs,  
 " That some may live, of force some must be dead;  
 " Each Element anothers strength devours;  
 " Th'aire to the fire succumbes, the fire to raine,  
 " The waters strive to drowne the Earth with showres,  
 " Which it by vapours vomits out againe;  
 " Thus (with a Gordian knot together bound)  
 " All things are made, un-made, and made againe:  
 " Whilst ruine founds, perfection doth confound:  
 " Free from some change no State can long remaine;  
 " But what in th'earth more dangerously stands  
 " Then Sovereignty (though rated at such worth)  
 " Which like the stormy Gods tumultuous bands,  
 " Doth flie from th'East to West, from South to North?

*Phoc.* A long experience now makes this not strange,  
 That mighty States whose reines one only leades,

Q

Be



Be oft distracted, and constrain'd to change,  
 As too great bodies for so little heads,  
 Since every common-wealth (where all mens wits  
 Doe joyne in one to breed the publike ease)  
 Hath many fevers and pestiferous fits,  
 Which physick oft, oft poison must appease:  
 For (ah) the multitude more rash then wise,  
 A Hydra-headed beast which humor blindes;  
 Doth passionately praise, or else despise,  
 As some prepost'rous fancies move their minds;  
 " From vice and vertue oft like danger flowes;  
 " Whilst th'one breeds envie, and the other hate:  
 " As jealousie, or emulation growes,  
 " Those oft are crush'd who doe support a state.

*Ar.* " Whilst some their betters, others equals scorne,  
 " The popular authority decayes,  
 " And when it dies the Monarchie is borne,  
 " Whose violence disorders fury staies;  
 " The raines of state it with most ease doth swaie,  
 " Of power (as joyn'd in one) the strongest kind:  
 " Still whilst it (humbly high) doth hold a way  
 " Twixt tyrannie and too remisse a minde;  
 " But though States rul'd by one, may flourish long,  
 " Whilst one can well command, and all obey,  
 " Whilst guerdon goodnesse, vengeance followes wrong,  
 " That (vertue cherish'd) vice is made decay:  
 " Yet (if nought else) Time doth great States orecome:  
 " And all are bounded by some fatall houre;  
 " What mis-adventures many wayes may come  
 " To dissipate the most united pow'r?  
 " O! huge mishaps a Monarchie may marre,  
 " When prosp'rous Times doe (forc'd by fates) expire,  
 " To further which oft strangers must make warre;  
 " And mut'nous subjects som-time may conspire?  
 " As jealous feare (when brav'd by danger) moves,  
 " All princes would suppress aspirers still:  
 " And then a subjects course most dangerous proves,  
 " When either feare, or hope transports his will.  
 " But though that first to rise, last to descend,  
 " Great States are guided by a secret fate:  
 " Yet, still the cause which doth forgoe their end,  
 " Springs from contempt, or is enforc'd by hate;  
 " The first in kings the lack of courage breeds,  
 " Encouraging Ambition to rebell;  
 " The other doth attend tyrannicke deeds,  
 " That violence may violence repell.

*Phoc.* " Yet never did so many Monarchs fall  
 " By forraine battells, nor by civill broiles,  
 " As by themselves who (seeming free) were thrall,  
 " Whilst smooth-tongu'd Minions gloried of their spoils.

Those



" Those who have raig'n'd by choice, by birth, or worth;  
 " Or did encroach on Crownes by chance, or crime,  
 " Oft suffer vices to burst freely forth,  
 " Which vertues colours guilded till that time.  
 " Men clearely show what harbours in their brest;  
 " Whilst (Envies object) free from any feare:  
 " That which is eminent is marked best,  
 " And highest fortunes hardest are to beare.  
 " Low States to censure Criticks doe despise,  
 " Whilst oft grosse faults for vertues fame esteemes;  
 " The stupid, patient, and the fearefull wise,  
 " Will, constancie, and softnesse goodnesse seemes.  
 " But on the Stage of State when one must stand  
 " A publike Actor plac'd in all mens sight,  
 " And (swaying pow'r) with an imperious hand.  
 " Doth hold the ballance both of wrong and right,  
 " Then, he for every action that is his  
 " The censure of a thousand tongues must have,  
 " Not onely damn'd for doing things amisse,  
 " But for not doing all that all men crave;  
 " That Prince but undermines the Sovereigne seate,  
 " Who cares not who be weak so he be strong,  
 " More studious for himselfe then for the state,  
 " Or (if for it) that he may hold it long:  
 " For, where *Love* him for all mens good ordaines,  
 " He thinks both them, and theirs, made him to please,  
 " As if a charge of weight, a place of paines,  
 " Were but a bed of rest, a Heaven of ease.  
 " The worlds great weight which *Atlas* shoulders beare,  
 " Is not so weighty all to weigh one downe,  
 " As that which on his head a king doth weare:  
 " No burdens charge more heavie then a crowne.  
 " *Th'agean* waves Time may more soone appease,  
 " Then restless thoughts whose course for state prepares:  
 " Can they have rest who toile for all mens ease?  
 " The purple ever must be lin'd with cares.

*Ar.* " Good kings are like the fire which (flaming bright)  
 " Doth waste it selfe to serve anothers turne:  
 " And soveraignty is like fires glancing light,  
 " Which (if but view'd) delights, if touch'd, doth burne;  
 " I like for warmenesse to stand *Vulcan* by,  
 " But not to burne amid'st the *Lemnian* flame:  
 " In Cedars shadowes men more safely lie,  
 " Then on their tops, the roaring deities game:  
 " All th'eie-attracting pompe and glorious shewes,  
 " Do merit scorne, though they amazement breed:  
 " The world them pittie more then Envie owes,  
 " Who to seeme happy wretched are indeed.  
 " What alterations strange attend a Throne,  
 " As if the spheare of fortune were a crowne.



"The great still tofs'd like *Sisyphus* his stone,  
 "When rais'd most high, rest ready to fall downe.  
 Of this what greater prooffe can fame afford  
 Then mighty *Philips* memorable fall,  
 Who daunted had the Grecians by the sword,  
 Though till that time by strangers not made thrall:  
 He, he, then whilst he solemniz'd with state,  
 His daughters marriage, suddenly was lost:  
 It seem'd when heaven that Monarchs daies would date,  
 That Hymens torch gave light to *Pluto's* post.  
 When strong regards had grav'd within my heart,  
 The miseries that proper were to Court,  
 I thought them happie who (retir'd apart)  
 Could never know such things, but by report.  
 I might have liv'd with *Alexander* still,  
 To vertuous men, whose favours were not scarce:  
 Yet rather choos'd (though having both at will)  
 To serve with *Pallas*, then command with *Mars*.  
 And whilst he toil'd of others Lord to be,  
 I of my selfe did labour to be Lord;  
 Yet made as great a conquest too as he;  
 My pen shall be as famous as his Sword.

*Phoc.* And had I willingly engag'd my rest,  
 The way to trace which to vaine glory tends,  
 I might have liv'd (respected with the best)  
 A speciall one of *Alexanders* friends.  
 Though I of him did never merit ought,  
 He entertain'd my friendship till his death,  
 And when he once our Citties o'rethrow fought,  
 At my request did pacifie his wrath.  
 Then once to me a masse of gold he sent,  
 And offred too a stately Asian Towne,  
 Which I refus'd, more pleas'd with my poore rent,  
 Then he with all the treasures of a Crowne:  
 I told, that such a summe but serv'd to make  
 Him a corrupter, me corrupted thought,  
 And foule for him to give, for me to take,  
 If us'd, sham'd both, unus'd, did serve for nought;  
 But all those baites I never daign'd to touch,  
 Least I (who all my life had liv'd so free)  
 Might be possess'd too much, possessing much,  
 If taking Riches, it had taken me.  
 No, I would rather learne to live with lesse,  
 Then for superfluous furniture to strive:  
 "Who seekes out substance but to nurse excesse,  
 "To use it lives, not it that he may live.  
 "My fortune doth afford sufficient meanes,  
 "That may preserve all natures pow'rs in force;  
 "And he who on a golden Scepter leanes,  
 "Can not have more, but may well use it worse.

"Then



“ Then since abondance, but abuses brings,  
 “ Why seeke men more then how to be well cas’d?  
 “ And (ah!) why toile they for so many things,  
 “ Since with a little nature can be pleas’d?

*Ar.* Loe! how the Heavens, whose love to man exceeds,  
 Have made his body strong, his minde divine,  
 And have made th’earth to furnish all his needs,  
 Least curbing Cares might make his thoughts decline:  
 So that he hath a meanes to raise his flight  
 (If wing’d with vertue) and may (mounting hie)  
 By time approach to the celestiall light,  
 And deifie himselfe before he die,  
 Yet doth he straight forgoe that glorious way,  
 To toile for things which th’earth not forc’d affords,  
 The which his wants first fram’d were to defray,  
 But by himselfe are of his life made Lords.

“ O! how unworthie of the worth of man,  
 “ Are many labours which delight him most,  
 “ Since that corruption boldly first beganne  
 “ To make men nurse vile vice at vertues cost.  
 And now what hath great *Alexander* gain’d  
 By endlesse travell, and excessive cares?  
 (Of whom (loe) now, they onely say he raig’n’d)  
 But death vnto himselfe, worse to his heires.  
 And for the guiltlesse blood which he hath spill’d,  
 His conquests partners (loe) doe now beginne  
 To die even by the swords by which they kill’d,  
 And all his off-spring expiates his sinne.

*Phoc.* “ Strange revolutions sway all worldly things:  
 “ The wheele of fortune still must slipperie prove,  
 “ And chiefly then when charg’d it is with kings,  
 “ Whose states (as weighty) quickly make it move.  
 Yet *Alexander* I must say was blest,  
 Who (still a victor) from distresse estrang’d  
 The worlds chiefe Monarch when his state was best,  
 Did die in time before his fortune chang’d:  
 And for his favour which I oft did try,  
 Whom earnestly he labour’d to advance;  
 It grieves me that himselfe so soone did die,  
 And that his off-spring hath so hard a chance.  
 His Successors have set all *Greece* on fire,  
 Of which I feare to perish by some sparke;  
 For, *Polypercon* doth my death conspire,  
 “ And who can scape when made a great mans marke?  
 Yet for my Countries cause I’le give my blood,  
 “ Whilst safely prais’d all follow vertue can,  
 “ But (when by danger bragg’d) then, to doe good,  
 “ O! that is worthie of a worthie man.  
 Nor doe I tender so this puffe of breath,  
 But I can yeeld that Nature it expell:



“ A minde that is resolv’d, triumphs o’re death,  
 “ He hath liv’d long enough who hath liv’d well.

*Exeunt*

## Act 5. Scene 2.

*Cassander, Lysimachus,**Ptolomie, Seleucus.*

O doubt (great *Heroes*) whom the Heavens have lov’d,  
 (What ever count’nance duty doth pretend)  
 Your minds are glad, since those (by me remov’d)  
 Who might have made you end, have made an end.  
 Loath not the meanes if pleas’d with the effect,  
 For though by this I have a realme obtain’d,  
 It yeelds you more, whose course none can suspect:  
 I onely guilty am, ye all have gain’d.  
 Yet to pursue my life they first began,  
 For my defence this refuge last I prov’d:  
 “ What then himselfe can be more neere to man?  
 “ When bragg’d by danger who would not be mov’d?  
 And if *Olympias* had not di’d in time  
 By offering up her blood to worke my peace,  
 Then mine had beene the harme, and hers the crime,  
 I but prevented her a little space;  
 And if her off-spring had surviv’d her death,  
 Whose rising could not but procure our fall,  
 Yee, now who nought but soveraignty doe breath,  
 Had breath’d obedience, or not breath’d at all.

*Lysim.* You from a dangerous yoke have us releev’d,  
 Which (I suspect) we should have tri’d too soone:  
 “ And why then should we labour to seeme griev’d  
 “ At that thing done, which we wish not undone?  
 No, no, since all for soveraignty do strive,  
 And have once tasted what it is to raigne,  
 Each one of us would rather die, then live  
 To beare a subjects servile yoke againe.  
 And though perchance with *Alexanders* Sonne;  
 (If heire to him in worth, as of his state)  
 We might have most respected places wonne,  
 As speciall pillars of the Princes seate.  
 “ Though greater then the rest, as of before,  
 “ It would have vex’d us, lesse then one to fall:  
 “ The fall from first to second grieves one more,  
 “ Then from the second to the last of all;  
 Our envi’d glory had destruction brought,  
 And would have made us odious to remaine:  
 “ It dangerous is for subjects to be thought  
 “ Such as desire, or yet deserve to raigne.

When



When any Tempest threatned had his Throne,  
He would have fought for surety at our cost:  
“ When Iealousie(mindes worme) hath seiz’d on one,  
“ The greatest vertues are suspected most.  
“ Yea, though we could to quite our state consent,  
“ Us from suspicion nought but death could purge:  
“ Still greatnesse must turmoile, or then torment,  
“ If borne a burthen, if layd downe a scourge.

*Ptol.* But when we have within our bosome welgh’d  
The ruine of all *Alexanders* race,  
Whom without blushing we might have obey’d,  
By right succeeding in our Soveraignes place.  
How can our soules but highly be asham’d,  
If one below them farre emboldned thus,  
Doth seeke by wrong that which by right they claim’d,  
And by their o’rethrow would insult o’re us?  
Nor neede I more as in suspense remaine,  
To maske my meaning with ambiguous wordes,  
No, no, our words may as his deeds be plaine,  
Which fame (and that not whilp’ring) now records:  
Ye heare how that *Antigonus* of late,  
(Whose thoughts(wing’d with good succes)soare too high)  
Doth strive above the rest to raise his State,  
And by all meanes doth fortune frankly ply.  
Since to his hands *Eumenes* was betrai’d,  
Loe quite transported by præpost’rous pride,  
(As if in nought adebted to our ayde)  
To yeeld our due he cannot now abide.

*Lysim.* “ Thus time the truth of all things doth proclame:  
“ Man is a crafty Creature, hard to know,  
“ Who can a face for every fortune frame:  
“ No trust in mortalls, no; nor faith below,  
“ As our particulars doe sometime move,  
“ We, what we wish for most, seeme to mislike,  
“ And oft of others doe the course disprove,  
“ Whilst we want only meanes to doe the like:  
Then whilst *Perdiccas* did attempt before  
To make the rest who were his equalls thrall,  
Who, then *Antigonus* detested more  
The foolish pride of one that would have all:  
But since *Perdiccas* and his faction fell,  
Whom he (as Traitours to the State) pursu’d,  
He, in his place succeeding to rebell,  
Hath what he seem’d to end, againe renew’d;  
And yet I many times have mus’d of this,  
How from the world he did *Eumenes* send.

*Sel.* How? but by Treason as his custome is,  
False at the first, and cruell in the end.

*Lysim.* I know, that after many doubtfull fights,  
He hath o’rethrowne *Eumenes* at the last:  
But by what Stratagems, or treach’rous flights,



I would be glad to heare how all hath past.

*Sel. Antigonus* was at the first afrai'd,  
 To match *Eumenes* by plaine force in fight,  
 And therefore all that feare affords assai'd,  
 For valour franke, still using warie flight.  
 Amongst *Eumenes* troupes (their mindes to prove)  
 He scattred letters with allurements stor'd,  
 By promis'd treasures, and protested love,  
 Some to corrupt who might betray their Lord;  
 But he (still wise) his Troupes in time advis'd  
 To cleare their vertue by their enemies vice,  
 And gave them thanks, who would not be entis'd  
 To sell their faith at such a bloodie price;  
 Then said, that he himselfe those scroules procur'd,  
 That when they spy'd such practises againe,  
 They still might thinke them (by this meanes allur'd)  
 Their Captaines triall, not their Enemies traine.  
 Thus by the course which should have him entrap'd,  
 His adversarie did deluded stay:  
 Whilst both he from that present danger scap'd,  
 And to prevent the like, prepar'd a way.  
 Then when he saw this policy had fail'd,  
 And that there had some doubtfull conflicts past,  
*Antigonus* who had at one prevail'd  
 (As having had some vantage at the last)  
 Did with *Eumenes* straight procure to speake,  
 And (as t'one vanquish'd) offred him good-will,  
 But he (whose minde could not be brought to breake)  
 Would onely talke as to his equall still:  
 For, when a band (betweene them made) did beare,  
 He to *Antigonus* should helpe impart,  
 That forme reform'd he first of all would sweare,  
 With *Alexanders* off-spring to take part.  
 Thus where they his submission did attend,  
 Imperiously conditions he impos'd:  
 So that thereafter to procure his end,  
 The other by all meanes his minde dispos'd;  
 And shortly of his bands a vaine debate,  
 For his confusion fit occasion brought;  
 "Still as by concord small things doe grow great,  
 "By discord great things are reduc'd to nought;  
 While-as *Eumenes* fortunately liv'd,  
 The *Agiraspides* to him gave place,  
 Till that for state two of their Captaines striv'd,  
 And his authoritie would not embrace.  
 Such was that spite of theirs to have him spoil'd,  
 That though of valour he rare wonders prov'd,  
 And oft by force *Antigonus* had foil'd,  
 Yet from their mind it could not be remov'd,  
 For (by their meanes allur'd) the other bands,



To get some baggage which they lost againe,  
 Did take their Captaine, with outrageous hands;  
 Their glory darkning by that odious stayne:  
 And though *Eumenes* trusting to new hopes,  
 By flying labour'd succour to have found,  
 He was prevented by his Trait'rous Troupes,  
 And (like to some base fugitive) was bound.  
 Scarce could his stormy stomach bent to breake,  
 Daigne to entreat those who had him betrai'd,  
 Yet, hauing hardly purchas'd leave to speake,  
 He stretch'd them forth his fettred hands, and sayd:  
 Loe, what apparell now your Generall weares,  
 Since with your faith his libertie was lost;  
 Yet he those bands not given by th'emie beares;  
 No, but by you in whom he trusted most:  
 And must he thus be led, who should you lead?  
 Is this the triumph which I should receave  
 For all my victories, thus to be made  
 Of Captaine, Captive; of a Conquerour, slave?  
 How oft (my Souldiers) have yee all of late  
 To me by solemne oathes sworne to be true?  
 "But it becomes none in a captives state  
 "With loftie words his keepers to pursue;  
 Nor crave I further favour at this houre,  
 Then that ye bath your weapons in my brest;  
 Let not my life be in mine enemies pow'r,  
 Loe all that your Commander doth request.  
 I know *Antigonus* doth take no care  
 Who get my bodie, so he get my head;  
 And he regards not, neither when, nor where,  
 Nor in what sort I die, so I be dead.  
 But if through horror of so vile a deed  
 Your eyes looke downe, your haire erected stands;  
 Which in your mindes this much remorse doth breed,  
 That as your hearts ye will not staine your hands;  
 Then as your Captaine, since not force I may,  
 I (as your friend) entreate, that now in time  
 I may but have a Sword my selfe to slay,  
 You to excuse, whilst partner of your crime.  
 But when he saw that words could not assuage  
 Their barb'rous thoughts which nothing could controule,  
 Then having turn'd his Courage all in rage,  
 He thus flam'd forth the fury of his soule:  
 O damned rascalls who have lost all faith,  
 Whom neither duty, nor yet merit bindes!  
 How oft was *Alexander* mov'd to wrath  
 By those your mut'nous and malicious mindes:  
 And, O! what could I at those hands attend,  
 Which yet were smoaking with *Perdiccas* blood?  
 Of those who by like Treason did intend

With



With old *Antipaters* to be imbru'd.  
 Heaven thunder on you from th' ætheriall Rounds,  
 And make you live (abominable band)  
 Base vagabonds, barr'd from your native bounds,  
 Then die detested in a barb'rous Land;  
 And as ye have the world with murder fill'd,  
 So may your blood by the same Swords be shed,  
 By which you have moe of your Captaines kill'd  
 Then of your foes, from whom (like beasts) ye fled.  
 But neither courteous, nor outrageous words  
 Could change his souldiers from their first intent;  
 Who forward led their Captaine chain'd with cords,  
 (A scorned Captive) to his Rivals Tent,  
 Where to the end that he might quickly end,  
 He ask'd, what stay'd *Antigonus* to goe  
 By setting of him free to gaine a friend,  
 Or by his death to rid him of a foe;  
 And soone *Antigonus* did hast his fall,  
 By this great magnanimity not mov'd;  
 And th' *Agiraspides* (dispers'd o're all)  
 As murderers, murder from the world remov'd.  
 " Thus oft have Traitors beene dispatch'd in time;  
 " By those whom their upbraiding lookes dismay:  
 " That loath'd remembrance of the Authors crime  
 " The actors death can onely wipe away.  
 Now claimes *Antigonus* when fame doth feast,  
 Above his Sovereignes selfe in ranke to sit;  
 For *Alexander* but subdu'd the East,  
 And he hath conquer'd them who conquer'd it.  
*Cass.* No doubt, but he will doe the best he can,  
 And hath within himselfe high things design'd:  
 " For whilst prosperity transports a man,  
 " Nought seemes difficult to a loftie minde.  
*Sel.* Of those in whom he did suspect a sprite,  
 Whose courage serv'd his courses to resist,  
 He hath himselfe by diverse meanes made quite:  
 In others wreakes his safety doth consist;  
 Thus martiall *Pithon* who no danger spar'd,  
 (Whom *Alexander* held in high account)  
 Did at the last receive a hard reward,  
 For helping him *Eumenes* to surmount.  
 His sprite to tempt, and power fit to performe  
 Made jealousie *Antigonus* torment;  
 And yet he fain'd to love him for the forme,  
 Till he his Court did move him to frequent,  
 Where whilst he did (mistrusting nought) abide,  
 He publikely in all the peoples sight  
 (Though seeming justly) damn'd unjustly di'd:  
 " No wrong more vile then wrong that lookes like right.

Thus



Thus divers Governours within short space,  
Their Government, or then their life have lost;  
And others are preferr'd unto their place,  
Who did depend upon his favour most;  
Oft likewise me he labour'd to surprize,  
By policy whom he would have o'rethrowne:  
But I, whom *Pythons* danger had made wise,  
Learn'd by his ruine to prevent mine owne;  
To save my life abandon'd is my state,  
And I have fled with danger as you see:  
That you may know, how that man doth grow great,  
Whose pride may plague you all, as well as me.

*Cass.* Then let us see what course we should intend,  
Least (out of time made wise) we rue too late.

*Lysim.* "I rather first pursue, then last defend.

*Ptol.* "A fire would still be quench'd ere it grow great.

*Cass.* Then let us from *Antigonus* in haste  
Demand our share of what he did attaine;  
Since in this warre we did our Treasure waste;  
We should be likewise partners of the gaine:  
But if against our suite his eares he barre,  
And doe with scornfull words contemne our claime;  
Then may our messenger denounce the warre,  
And we shall shortly prosecute the same.

*Ptol.* A mutuall band must made amongst us be,  
To make one fortune common to us all,  
And from hence-forth we must all foure agree  
To stand together, or together fall.  
And since the Princely buds for which we car'd;  
(How ever dead) are dead, what ere we doe,  
So to procure from men the more regard,  
We with the state must take the title too.  
And we must both be crown'd, and knowne for kings;  
"The diadem of Greatnesse is the Tower:  
"All vulgar judgements leane on th'outward things;  
"And reverence State, where they obey but pow'r.

*Exeunt.*

*Nuntius, Philastrus;*

*Chorus.*

**I**S there a Heaven? and are there Heavenly Pow'rs  
To whose decree terrestriall things are thrall?  
Or would the Tyrant that begets the houres,  
(Eternity not spar'd) extinguish all?  
Loe, Nature travels now, as big with change,  
Since mortals all humanity have lost,  
And in th'old Chaos, or some masse more strange  
To leave their essence all things earthly boast.

*Can*



Can reasonable foules (from reason barr'd)  
 Even strive which most in cruelty exceeds?  
 What eye hath seene? or yet what eare hath heard  
 Such monstrous chances, and prodigious deedes?  
 Th' Arabian Robbers, nor the Scythians wild,  
 With savage beasts, which doe (as barbarous) haunt  
 With such foule facts have not themselves defil'd,  
 As those who of civility doe vaunt.

Since Greekes (growne barbarous) basely are inclin'd,  
 All vertue vanish'd is, all good forgot.

O carelesse Heavens! wretch'd Earth! *Cho.* what loads thy minde?

*Nun.* A multitude of murders. *Cho.* what? *Nun.* what not?

*Cho.* We know that since our Sovereigne lost his breath,  
 Th' earth hath beene bath'd with many a crimson flood;  
*Perdiccas* did procure *Meleagers* death,  
 And his owne Souldiers drown'd his breath with blood,  
 Th' Athenians prey *Leonatus* did remaine,  
 And (by *Eumenes* subtiltie dismay'd)  
*Neoptolemus* and *Craterus* were flaine,  
 Then by his owne *Eumenes* was betrai'd.

*Phil.* "Man with his skill against his knowledge itrives;  
 "Where death his way attends, that way he tends,  
 "And t' *Atropos* the fatall razor gives,  
 "To cut the threed on which his life depends.  
 "When *Asia's* victor after all his warres,  
 Great Babylon to view had bent his mind;  
 Both I, and others, studious of the Starres,  
 Did shew that there his ruine was design'd;  
 And to his successors we oft have showne  
 The meanes by which their fate might be controul'd,  
 Yet was our skill contemn'd, and they o'rethrowne;  
 As we fore-told, and as they now have told.

*Nun.* They have told much, and yet I must tell more,  
 Their newes were evill, yet were they not the worst.

*Cho.* And have the Heaven reserv'd more plagues in store?  
 As if we yet were not enough accurst.

*Nun.* "As th' earth in pride, the Heavens in plagues abounds;  
 Our highest hopes have perish'd but of late.

*Cho.* Then wound our eares by hearing others wounds,  
 That pittie now may tread the steps of hate.

*Nun.* Our Queene *Olympias* (raging with revenge)  
 All *Macedonie* did with murders fill,  
 Which from her part the people did estrange,  
 Whilst rigor onely limited her will.  
 So that when fierce *Cassander* fought her wreake,  
 She did mistrust the Macedonians mindes,  
 And for the time the nearest strength did take,  
 There, till the storme was past, to waite faire winds.  
 But soone *Cassander* did the Towne enclose,

And



And as she held him out, did hold her in,  
 That (like a Captive guarded by her foes)  
 She knew not by what way a way to winne;  
 And when lives scant provision did decay,  
 Then did bare walles but small refuge afford :  
 " She *Scylla* scap'd to be *Charybdis* prey,  
 " Who fell on famine flying from the sword.  
 Straight like pale Ghosts, faint Souldiers did remaine,  
 Whose bowels hunger like a Harpie teares,  
 And with couragious words, the Queene in vaine  
 Did raise their sprite (the belly hath no cares)  
 All languishing did then begin to fade,  
 As if too weake to beare themselves about.  
 Legges fail'd the body, and the necke the head,  
 Then whilst the flesh fell in, bones bursted out;  
 And when that meates which common are were spent,  
 Then Horses, Dogs, Cats, Rats, all serv'd for food,  
 Of which, no horreur th'eaters did torment,  
 For what not poyson was, all then seem'd good :  
 Some mouthes accustom'd once with dainty meates,  
 Wish'd what they oft had loath'd, vile crums, foule flouds,  
 And Ladies which had liv'd in pompous states,  
 Fed, as brought up with wolves amidst the woods.  
 Yea, nurs'd by those whom they themselves had nurs'd,  
 Oft by the off-springs death the Parent liv'd :  
 And which was worst, whilst brests were like to burst,  
 None could give comfort, all themselves were griev'd.  
 Such was their state, no friend bewail'd his friend,  
 No wife her husband, no, nor Syre his sonne;  
 For apprehending their approaching end,  
 All with compassion of themselves were wonne.  
 The dead mens smell empyson'd them who liv'd,  
 Whilst first made faint by a defrauded wombe;  
 Heapes were of breath and buriall both depriv'd,  
 That all the towne in end was but a tombe.

*Cho.* Life is the subject of distresse and grieve,  
 " That still affords us matter to bemone;  
 " And we by death can onely have reliefe :  
 " To live, and to be wretch'd, are both but one.  
 " Yet foolish worldlings toss'd with endlesse care,  
 " (Though at too deare a rate) would still buy breath,  
 " And following feathers wavering through the ayre,  
 " Love life (though wretch'd) more then a happy death.

*Nun.* When thus the world *Olympias* plagu'd did spy,  
 All sought *Cassander* though for severall ends.

*Cho.* All as a pest them who are wretch'd doe flye :  
 " Ecclipsed fortune threatens losse of friends.

*Nun.* And she considering that she could not long  
 Hold out the siege, since victuals were grown scant,  
 Did send (as weake) for peace unto the strong.



*Cho.* " Thus time and travell all things once may daunt.

*Nun.* Then did *Cassander* know that need constraind  
Her so to bow, as every way diseas'd :  
And, though he her request not quite disdain'd,  
Yet the appointment was such as he pleas'd :  
For, all the favour that she could procure,  
Was leave to live a private person still;  
And yet of that she could not be made sure,  
Which did depend upon the Victors will.

Then whilst *Cassander* sought his enemies ends,  
Huge numbers with him alwaies did abide.

*Cho.* Yet might have many followers, and few friends:  
" Friends by the touch-stone of distresse are try'd.

*Nun.* But though the Queen was rendred in this sort,  
A promise given that life should be preserv'd ,  
The tyrant with her sprite could not comport,  
But from his faith, for her confusion swerv'd :  
The Macedonians were together brought,  
There to consult what did concerne their Queene :  
Of whom when as a number deeply thought,  
Both what she was, and what she once had beene;  
Even as *Cassander* had suborn'd them all,  
Their parents came whom she had damn'd to death,  
And did her rigour to remembrance call,  
By which the multitude was mov'd to wrath.  
Whilst from their breasts all pitty quite was barr'd,  
They did conclude, their Queene behov'd to dye.

*Cho.* Durst Subjects damne their Sovereign: and not heard :  
So still may clouds obscure the worlds bright eye.

*Nun.* Yet did *Cassander* put (false every way)  
A maske of pitty on a cruell minde,  
And offred her a ship to flye away,  
As if to death against his will assign'd;  
Nor was this course for her delivery fram'd,  
But onely as by chance that she might drowne :  
So for her death that he might not be blam'd,  
But onely *Neptune* who had drunke her downe :  
Yet she (a Princeesse of a mighty spright,)  
Whose lofty courage nothing could o're-come,  
Said, ere she scap'd by such a shamefull flight,  
That she would heare the Macedonians doome.  
But when *Cassanders* counsell was contemn'd,  
Lest that the multitude had chang'd their minde,  
When they remembred whom they had condemn'd,  
And did the fulnesse of his purpose finde,  
To rid her soone from paine, and him from feare,  
He sent some bands from pitty most estrang'd :  
Yet she 'gainst fortune did a banner beare,  
And not her heart, no, not her count'nance chang'd.  
She constant still, though mon'd, would never mone.



Whole stately gesture brav'd their bold attempt,  
And did unite her vertues all in one,  
To grace disgrace, and glorifie contempt.  
She on two Ladies shoulders lean'd her armes,  
And with a Majestie did march to death,  
Like *Alexander* once amid' st th' alarmes,  
As if in triumph to abandon breath.  
"The height of vertue admiration brings,  
At this great magnanimity amaz'd:  
As at the image of their antient Kings,  
Or then some Goddesse all the Souldiers gaz'd:  
But (ah) some (forced by the tyrant) striv'd  
To spoile (unnaturall) Natures fairest frame,  
And twixt th' Alabaster Balles, they driv'd  
Th' unwilling swords that straight grew red for shame.  
Then, she in worth who did all else excell,  
Would neither word, nor teare, nor sigh forth send,  
But spread her garments o're her, whilst she fell,  
As of her honour jealous to the end.

*Cho.* O strange barbarity, most monstrous deed!  
Could men a woman, Subjects kill their Queene:  
And could her fortune past no pittie breed?  
Who ever gave the wound, hath not her scene.  
The ugly Author of those odious evils,  
(Of punishment afraid) must still be sad,  
His brest a hell, his thoughts all turn'd to divels,  
(Through horreur of himselfe) must make him mad.

*Nun.* And yet the plague of these detested times,  
Doth by more mischief aggravate our grones.

*Cho.* "No end in sinne, crimes are maintain'd by crimes,  
"Who fall in depths, must touch the bottome once:  
"The path of honour hath but narrow bounds,  
"On which who step, attentive must remaine:  
"Since rais'd so high above the vulgar grounds,  
"That who thence fall can never rise againe.

*Nun.* Thus now *Cassander* (since he cannot winne  
True reputation, but lives tainted still)  
Imbark'd in mischief, sailes the depths of sinne,  
So if not lov'd as good; yet fear'd as ill.  
Though (by his meanes) his ruthlesse eyes have scene  
Fates (as it were from fortunes bosome) take,  
His King by poyson, by the sword his Queene,  
Even yet himselfe more guilty still to make,  
He (prosp'ring in impiety) grew proud,  
And mured both his Masters Sonne and Wife;  
Thus he, who all the world by birth-right ow'd,  
Could have no part of it, no, not his life.  
Yet could *Roxanaes* death not ease his minde,  
Nor her yong sonne, too loone made *Plutus* guest:  
But to undoe all *Alexanders* kinde,



That to revenge the rest, there might none rest.  
 By treason he (as all his deeds are done)  
 Caus'd *Hercules* his brothers steppes to trace,  
 Who was great *Alexanders* bastard sonne,  
 And th' onely remnant of that great mans race,  
 Loe, thus *Cassander*, enemy to all good,  
 Whose foule so much for *Macedonie* longs :  
 Hath to the Scepter swim'd through Seas of bloud,  
 Yet, O weake right, since builded but on wrongs!

*Cho.* O, how ambition doth abuse the great !  
 Who with enough not pleas'd, still strive for more :  
 Loe, how our Sovereigne seem'd to raise his state,  
 Yet made it but to fall whilst starv'd with store.  
 And since his Trophees rear'd in severall fields,  
 Both him and his have to confusion brought,  
 " Then, what is all the good that greatnesse yeelds,  
 " Which makes it selfe seem much to be made nought?  
 " Thus, though the mountaines make a mighty show,  
 " They are but barren heapes borne up aloft,  
 " Where Plains are pleasant still, though they lye low;  
 " And are most fertile too, though trod on oft.  
 " Greatnesse is like a cloud in th' ayrie bounds,  
 " Which some base vapours have congeal'd above :  
 " It brawles with *Vulcan*, thundring forth huge sounds,  
 " Yet melts and falles there whence it first did move.

*Phil.* Since that worlds conqu'ror then whilst farre from feare,  
 (By too much power press'd) so loone was dead :  
 Why doe his Captaines strive who now should beare  
 The Diadem that crush'd so strong a head?  
 O! when my minde is ravish'd through the starres,  
 To search the secret secrets of the fates :  
 What treasons, murders, mutinies and warres,  
 Are threatning to o'rethrow usurped seates?  
 That false *Cassander* who betraid his Lord,  
 And spoil'd the princely race, in mischief chiefe,  
 (A traitour both of heaven and earth abhor'd)  
 Shall live but with disgrace, and dye with griefe.  
 His sonnes (in wickednesse him selfe t' exceed)  
 Shall make the woman dye who made them live;  
 Then both (when drunke with bloud) to death shall bleed,  
 And none of theirs their funerals shall survive :  
 When rash ambition should be cool'd by age,  
*Lysimachus* shall by *Selencus* dye;  
 Nor shall *Selencus* long enjoy the Stage,  
 But by like violence shall breathlesse lye;  
 And subtile *Ptolomies* degener'd race,  
 (Long onely famous for infamous things)  
 Shall end and to the pride of foes give place,  
 Whilst a lascivious Queene confusion brings;  
*Antigonus* shall be in battell kill'd,



His Sonne a captive perish with disgrace  
And after that it Greece with bloud hath fill'd,  
In th' end, destruction doth attend that race;  
The last in pow'r (though of their line not bred)  
A niggard, and a dastard, beaten downe,  
Shall (through a strangers towne, a Captive led)  
Of *Macedonie* bound the old renowne.

Chorus.

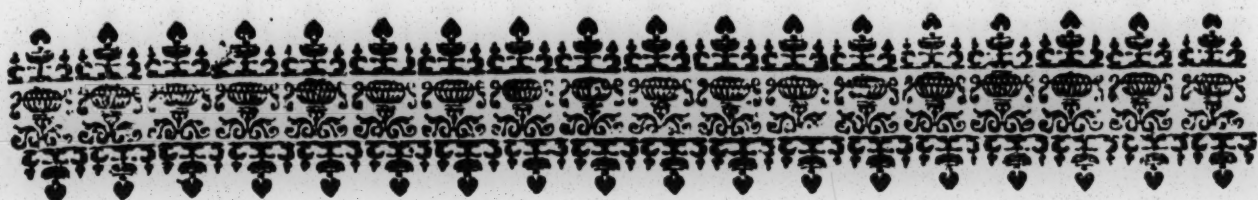
**V** *What damned furies thus tesse mortals mindes,  
With such a violent desire to raigne?  
That neither honour, friendship, duty, bloud,  
Nor yet no band so sacred is as bindes  
Ambitious thoughts which would a kingdome gaine:  
But all is buried in blacke Lethes floud,  
That may the course of Soveraignty restraine,  
Which from the brest doth all respects repell,  
And like a torrent cannot be gaine-stood:  
Yea many would, a Scepter to obtaine,  
In spite of all the world, and loves owne wrath,  
March through the lowest dungeons of the hels,  
And from a Diademe would breath with pow'r,  
Though all deaths engines brag'd them every houre,  
Yet, though such restlesse mindes attaine in th' end  
The height to which their haughty hearts aspir'd,  
They never can embrace that dreamed blisse,  
Which their deluded thoughts did apprehend;  
Though by the multitude they be admir'd,  
That still to pow'r doth shew it selfe submisse;  
Yet by the soule still further is requir'd,  
Which should scale up th' accomplishment of joy;  
Thus partiall judgements blindely ayme amisse,  
At things which stand without our reach retir'd,  
Which whilst not ours, as treasures we define,  
But not the same whilst we the same enjoy;  
Some things a farre doe like the Glow-worme shine,  
Which look't too neere, have of that light no signe.  
No charge on th' earth more weighty to discharge,  
Then that which of a kingdome doth dispose:  
O! those who manage must the reynes of state,  
Till their pale Ghost imbarke in Charons Barge,  
They never need attend a true repose.  
How hard is it to please each mans conceit,  
When gaining one, they must another lose?  
Thus, hardly Kings themselves can evenly beare,  
Whom if severe (as cruell) subjects hate;  
Contempt dare to the milde it selfe oppose;  
Who spare in time, as niggards are despis'd,  
Men from too franke a minde, exactions feare,*



" Though in all shapes (as Proteus us'd) disguis'd,  
 " Kings by some scandall alwaies are surpris'd.  
 Yet one might well with every thing comport,  
 Which on opinion onely doth depend,  
 If further danger follow'd not by deeds,  
 But every Monarch (Loe) in many a sort  
 Death (laid in ambush) alwaies doth attend;  
 Of some by mut'nous swords the life forth bleeds;  
 By unsuspected poyson others end,  
 Which whilst they alwaies labour to prevent,  
 A thousand deaths within their breasts life breeds;  
 Loe, this is all for which the great contend,  
 Who, (whilst their pride themselves and others spoiles)  
 With their dominions doe their cares augment :  
 " And O vaine man who toyl'st to double toyles,  
 " Though still the victory the Victor foiles :  
 Thus Alexander could not be appeas'd,  
 Whilst he to raise his state did wayes prepare,  
 Which when made most, diminish'd most remain'd,  
 Where (with his fathers bounds had he beene pleas'd)  
 He might have left our Crowne sure to his heire,  
 Who by his conquest nought but death hath gain'd;  
 Yet for no paines a number now doth spare,  
 To worke for that by which his wreake was wrought,  
 Which (though from it they rage to be restrain'd)  
 Would (if possesse) their pleasures but impaire;  
 Yet they by harme of others seeke the thing  
 Which by their harme of others will be sought :  
 " To him and his, each of them death would bring,  
 " That it might once be said he was a King.  
 " We may securely sitting on the shore,  
 " Whilst great men doe (as toss'd on th' Ocean) grone,  
 " Taught by their toyles, esteeme much of our rest :  
 " For this doth thousands with affliction store,  
 " Which of the world as most unhappy moane,  
 " If they but chance to view some few more blest,  
 " Where if they would but marke, how many a one  
 " More wretch'd then they in misery doth live,  
 " It straight would calme the most unquiet brest;  
 " The Cottage oft is happier then the Throne;  
 " To thinke our owne state good, and others ill :  
 " It could not but a great contentment give :  
 " There much consists in the conceit and will :  
 " To us all things are as we thinke them still.

FINIS.





# THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

## THE ARGUMENT.



*At that time when the Romans travelled with an unsatiable ambition to subdue all Nations, by whose overthrow they could conceive any expectation, either of glory or profit: Caius Iulius Cæsar, a man of a lofty minde, and given to attempt great things, ascending by severall degrees to the Consulship, procured a power to warre against the Gaules: amongst whom, after a number of admirable battels and victories (by the approbation of all the world, having purchased a singular reputation both for his courage and skill in Arms) he being long accustomed to command, was so drunke with a delight of sovereignty, that disdaining the simplicity of a private life, he was so farre from denuding himselfe of the authority which he had, that altogether transported with a desire of more, he sent to the Senate, to have his government of the Gaules prorogated for five yeares: which suit being repugnant to the Lawes (as directly tending to tyranny) was by the people publikely repelled. By which occasion, and some others rising from an emulation betwene him and Pompey the great, pretending a high indignation, hee incontinent crossed the Alpes, with such forces (though few) as he had in readinesse, and with a great celerity came to Rome, which he found abandoned by Pompey, in whom the Senate had reposed their trust, whom shortly after, by a memorable battell in the fields of Pharsalia he discomfited: and having by the overthrow of Scipio, death of Cato, and flight of Pompeyes sonnes, as it were, rooted out all the contrary faction, he returned to Rome. and indirectly by the meanes of Antonius, laboured to be proclaimed King: which having rendred him altogether odious; Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus, Decius Brutus, Publius Calpa, and divers others (Noble men) conspired his death, and appointed a day for the same: at which time, notwithstanding that Cæsar was dissuaded from going forth, by many monstrous apparitions, and ominous presages; yet being perswaded by Decius Brutus Albinus, he went towards the fatall place, where the Senate was assembled.*

*The Conspirators in like manner had many terrors: amongst others, Portia the wife of Marcus Brutus. although shee had insinuated her selfe in her husbands secret by a notable prooffe of extraordinary magnanimity, yet on the*  
day



*day dedicated for the execution of their designe, through the apprehension of his danger, she fainted divers times, whereof Brutus was advertised, yet shrunk not, but went forwards with his confederates to the appointed place, where they accomplished their purpose, every one of them giving Cæsar a wound, and me a ground whereupon to build this present Tragedy.*



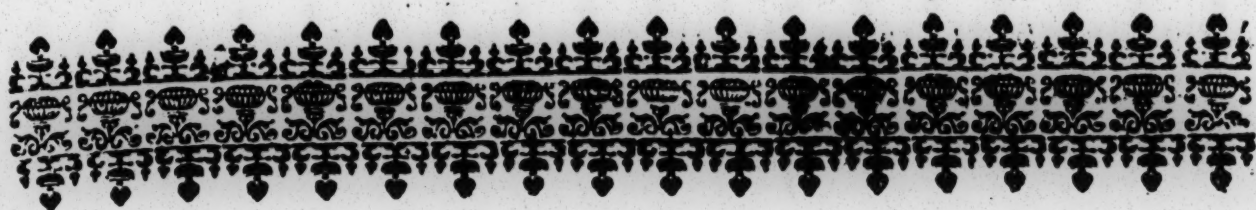
*The persons names who speake.*

IUNO.	CAIUS CASSIUS.
CAESAR.	MARCUS BRUTUS.
ANTONIUS.	PORTIA.
CICERO.	CALPHURNIA.
DECIUS BRUTUS.	NUNTIUS.

*The Scene in Rome.*







THE  
TRAGEDY OF  
*JULIUS CÆSAR.*

Act I.

*Junio.*

**J**Hough I (a Goddesse) grace the azure round,  
Whilst birds (all bright with eyes) my Coach do move,  
And am with radiant starres, heavens Empresse crown'd,  
The thunderers sister, wife of mighty *Iove*,  
And though I banquet in th'etheriall bowres,  
Where Ambrosie and Nectar serves for meate,  
And at the meeting of th' Immortall powres,  
Am still advanc'd unto the highest seat:  
Yet by those glorious shewes of boundlesse blisse,  
My burden'd minde can no way be reliev'd:  
Since immortality affords but this,  
That I live ever to be ever griev'd.  
In vaine, vaine mortals seeke for helpe at me,  
With sacred odours on my Altars throwne:  
What expectation can they have to see  
One venge their wrongs, who cannot venge her own?  
May *Pallas* then drowne thousands if she please,  
Who metamorphos'd *Diomedes* mates?  
And must my enemies alwaies live at ease,  
As me to spight appointed by the fates?  
Of all the dying race which lives below,  
With such indignities none could comport,  
As wound my brest, whom Gods and men doe know,  
To be abus'd by *Iove* in many a sort.  
Though knowne to me, from others if conceal'd,  
His faults might breed me grieve, but yet not shame;  
Where, loe, now both through heaven and earth reveal'd,  
Each slanderous Theater doth his scorne proclaime.  
If divine soules divinely liv'd aloft,  
The world below would imitate them then.

But



But humaniz'd by haunting mortals oft,  
 Where men should grow like Gods, Gods grow like men.  
 My painted *Iris* in her beauties pride,  
 Smiles not on *Phæbus* with so many hewes,  
 As *Iove* in divers shapes himfelfe can hide,  
 When he poore Maydes (by *Cupid* spur'd) pursues;  
 He *Danae* (a golden shower) deceiv'd;  
 And did (a Swanne) in *Ledaes* bosome light;  
 Then (turn'd a Bull) *Agenors* daughter reav'd;  
 And *Io* made a Cow to mocke my fight:  
 But O! I wish that with such wanton Dames,  
 He still to sport would as with me remaine;  
 Not able then to touch celestiall flames,  
 All (like the drunkards mother) might be flaine.  
 Then such a troupe as *Rheas* bosome stores,  
 Would not hold him and me at endlesse jarres;  
 The heavens are pestred with my husbands whores,  
 Whose lights impure doe taint the purest starres.  
 " Though wrongs, when grosse, are heavy to digest,  
 " An Actors greatnesse doth some grieve remove,  
 " Of whom to suffer wrong it shames one least:  
 " If I were wrong'd I would be wrong'd by *Iove*;  
 But (ah) this long, tormented hath my brest,  
 A Man, a Boy, a sheheard, yea, and worse,  
 The Phrygian fire-brand, the adultrous guest,  
 Who first wrought wrong by fraud, and then by force;  
 He, he was he, whose verdict mov'd me most,  
 Whilst partiall fancies judg'd of beauties right;  
 Nor was it strange though one all judgement lost,  
 Who had three naked Goddesses in sight;  
 And yet I know, had not his wandring eyes  
 The Cyprian brib'd by some lascivious smiles,  
 My pompous birds (in triumph) through the skyes,  
 Had borne the gold which oft her Nymphs beguiles;  
 And am I she whose greatnesse is admir'd,  
 Whom *Iove* for wife, whom thousands court for love?  
 Whom haughty *Ixion* to embrace desir'd,  
 Yet with a cloud deluded did remove?  
 And what made me a matter to submit,  
 Where my authority might have avail'd?  
 Whilst though I promis'd wealth, and *Pallas* wit,  
 Yet with a yong man, *Venus* most prevail'd;  
 " But how durst he of one the glory raise,  
 " Where two contemn'd would needs the wrong repaire?  
 " It spites our sexe to heare anothers praise,  
 " Of which each one would be thought onely faire.  
 To venge my selfe no kinde of paine I spar'd,  
 And made his greatest gaine his greatest losse:  
 As *Venus* gave him *Helen* for reward,  
 I gave him *Helen* for his greatest crosse;



Nor did he long with joy her love enjoy,  
 Whose fatall flames his Country did confound,  
 Whilst Armies arm'd for her did *Troy* destroy,  
 And *Neptunes* labours levell'd with the ground;  
 Whilst *Simois* seem'd to be a buriall field,  
 Whose streams (as streets) were with dead bodies pav'd,  
 All *Zanthus* Plaine (as turn'd a Sea) did yeeld  
 A flood of bloud, from *Heroes* wounds receiv'd;  
 Whilst braving thousands once, though much esteem'd,  
 By dust and bloud deform'd, of *Hector* slaine,  
 (Not like *Patroclus* by the sword redeem'd)  
 The body basely was brought backe againe;  
 Then, by the same mans sonne who kill'd his sonne,  
 Old *Priamus* surpriz'd, sigh'd forth his breath,  
 And even most harm'd where he for helpe had runne,  
 The Altar taking, taken was by death.  
 Though wrestling long to scape the heavens decree,  
 (Bloud quenching lust) last parted from the light,  
 He who lov'd *Helen*, and was loath'd by me,  
 Did (as a Sacrifice) appease my spight.  
 Then, having liv'd (if wretches have a life)  
 Till (in all hers ere dead, oft buried spi'd)  
 Though once known both, nor mother then, nor wife,  
 The fertile *Hecuba* (made childelesse) dy'd.  
 Thus, by those meanes it would have seem'd to some  
 That scorned beauty had beene well reveng'd:  
 But whilst they were o're-com'd, they did o're-come,  
 Since they their states for better states have chang'd.  
 I in one part that people did confound,  
 But did enlarge their power in every place:  
 All war-like Nations through the world renown'd,  
 From Phrygian ruines strive to raise their race.  
 And yet two traitors who betrayd the rest.  
 O that the heaven on treason sometime smiles!  
 Though having worst deserv'd, did chance the best,  
 More happy then at home in their exiles;  
 Did not *Antenor* (stealing through his foes)  
 Neere to th' Euganian Mountaines build a Towne,  
 Of which some nurslings once shall seeke repose,  
 Amidst the waves, and in the depths sit downe:  
 Their Citie (spousing *Neptune*) shall arise,  
 The rarest Common-wealth that ever was,  
 Whole people, if as stout as rich and wise,  
 Might boast to bring miraculous things to passe.  
 Then false *Aeneas*, though but borne to obey,  
 Did (of a fugitive) become a King:  
 And some of his neere *Tibers* streames that stay,  
 Would all the world to their obedience bring.  
 Their ravenous Eagles soaring o're all lands,  
 By violence a mighty prey have wonne,



That bastard brood of *Mars* with martiall bands,  
 Have conquer'd both the Mansions of the Sunne;  
 Their course by mountaines could not be controld,  
 No; *Neptune* could not keep his bosome free:  
 The parching heate, nor yet the freezing cold,  
 Their Legions limits no way could decree;  
 Yet, of that City there can come no good,  
 Whose rising walles with more then barbarous rage,  
 The builder first bath'd with his brothers bloud,  
 Which their prodigious conquests did presage.  
 Oft hath that Towne my soule with anguish fill'd,  
 Whose new-borne state did triumph o're my wrath,  
 Like my old foe who in his Cradle kill'd  
 The Serpents which I sent to give him death.  
 By *Sabins*, *Albans*, *Tuscans*, oft assail'd,  
 Even in her infancy I tofs'd *Romes* state,  
 Yet still *Laomedons* false race prevail'd,  
 And angry *Iuno* could doe nought but hate.  
 Then when the gallant *Gaules* had vanquish'd *Rome*,  
 Who basely bought her liberty with gold,  
 A banish'd man *Camillus* chane'd to come,  
 And her imballanc'd state redeem'd of old;  
 Great *Hanniball* our common cause pursu'd,  
 And made his bands within their bounds remaine,  
 With Consuls and with Pretors bloud, imbru'd,  
 At *Thrasimene*, and at *Cannas* slayne;  
 In Romans mindes, strange thoughts did doubt infuse,  
 But whilst they fear'd the taking of their Towne,  
 He who could vanquish, victory not use,  
 Was by their brasen fate (when high) thrown downe;  
 O what a torrent of Barbarian bands,  
 In inundations once their walles did boast,  
 Whilst Teutons huge, and Cymbers from their Lands,  
 Like Gyants march'd, a more then monstrous hoste:  
 But though from parts unknowne to ruine *Rome*,  
 I led those troupes which all the world admir'd,  
 Yet did fierce *Marius* me with them o're-come,  
 And I in vaine to venge old wrongs aspir'd;  
 By meanes more base I likewise sought her harmes,  
 Whilst *Ianus* Church imported never peace,  
 I rais'd up abject *Spartacus* in Armes,  
 Who neere eclips'd *Romes* glory with disgrace.  
 Though I who all the world for helpe have sought,  
 From *Europe*, *Africke*, and from *Asia* thus,  
*Gaules*, *Carthaginians*, and the Cymbers brought,  
 Yet did the dammage still redound to us:  
 Of heaven and earth I all the pow'rs have prov'd,  
 And for their wracke have each advantage watch'd:  
 But they by forraine force cannot be mov'd;  
 By Romans, Romans onely may be match'd.



And I at last have kindled civill warre,  
 That from their thoughts (which now no reason bounds)  
 Not onely laws, but Natures laws doth barre;  
 The Sonne the Syre, the brother brother wounds;  
 Whil'ft th'Eagles are oppos'd to th'Eagles so,  
 O what contentment doth my minde attaine!  
 No wound is wrong bestow'd, each kills a foe,  
 What ever side doth lose, I alwayes gaine.  
 But this my soule exceedingly annoyes,  
 That all at one time cannot be supprest:  
 "The warre helps some, as others it destroyes,  
 And those who hate me most, still prosper best.  
 Whil'ft with their bloud their glory thousands spend,  
 Ah! ones advancement aggravates my woe,  
 Who vaunts himselfe from *Venus* to descend;  
 As if he claim'd by kinde to be my foe.  
 I meane the man whose thoughts nought can appease,  
 Whil'ft them too high a blinde ambition bends,  
 Whom (as her minion) Fortune bent to please,  
 Her rarest treasures prodigally spends;  
 Not onely hath he daunted by the Sword  
 The *Gauls*, the *Germans*, and th'*Egyptians* now,  
 But of all Lords pretends to be made Lord,  
 That who command the world to him may bow;  
 Thus dispossessing Princes of their Thrones,  
 Whil'ft his Ambition nothing can asswage,  
 That the subjected world in bondage grones,  
 The prey of pride, the sacrifice to rage,  
 "Men raile on *Iove*, and sigh for *Saturnes* time,  
 "And to the present, Ages past preferre,  
 "Then burden would the Gods with every crime,  
 "And damne the heavens, where onely th'earth doth erre.  
 Though *Iove* (as stupid) still with *Cupid* sports,  
 And not the humour of proud *Caesar* spies?  
 Who may (if forcing thus the worlds chiefe Forts)  
 Then *Titans* earst, more pow'rfull, scale the skies.  
 Yet lest he thrall him too, who none free leaves,  
 We from the bounds above him must repell,  
 To brawle with *Pluto* in th'umbragious Caves,  
 There since he will be first, made first in hell.  
 What? with that Tyrant I will straight be even,  
 And send his soule to the Tartarian grove:  
 Though *Iove* will not be jealous of his heaven,  
 Yet *Iuno* must be jealous of her *Iove*;  
 And though none in the heavens would do him ill,  
 I'll raise up some in th'earth to haste his death:  
 Yea, though both heaven and earth neglect my will,  
 Hell can afford me Ministers of wrath:  
 I'll crosse *Cocytus*, and the smoaking lakes,  
 To borrow thence my brothers damned bands,



The furies arm'd with fire-brands, and with Snakes,  
 Shall plant their hell where *Rome* so stately stands;  
 Whil'st Furies furious by my fury made,  
 Do spare the dead to have the living pin'd:  
 O! with what joy will I that Army leade?  
 "Nought then revenge more calmes a wronged minde;  
 I must make this a memorable age,  
 By this high vengeance which I have conceiv'd:  
 But what though thousands dye t'appease my rage?  
 So *Caesar* perish, let no soule be sav'd.

*Exeunt.*

**Chorus.**

"**W**E should be loath to grieve the gods;  
 "Who hold us in a ballance still;  
 "And as they will  
 "May weigh us up, or downe;  
 "Those who by folly foster pride,  
 "And do deride  
 "The terrour of the Thunderers rods,  
 "In seas of sinne their soules do drowne,  
 "And others them abhorre as most unjust;  
 "Who want Religion do deserve no trust:  
 How dare fraile flesh presume to rise  
 (Whil'st it deserves heavens wrath to prove)  
 On th'earth to move,  
 Lest that it opening straight,  
 Give death and buriall both at once?  
 How dare such ones  
 Look up unto the skies,  
 For feare to feele the Thunderers weight?  
 "All th'Elements their Makers will attend,  
 "As prompt to plague, as men are to offend.  
 All must be plagu'd who God displease,  
 Then whil'st he Bacchus rites did scorne;  
 Was Pentheus torne;  
 The Delians high disdain  
 Made Niobe (though turn'd a stone)  
 With teares still more,  
 And (Pallas to appease)  
 Arachne weaves loath'd webbes in vaine:  
 Heaven hath prepar'd ere ever they begin,  
 A fall for pride, a punishment for sinne.  
 Loe, Iuno yet doth still retaine  
 That indignation once conceiv'd,  
 For wrong receiv'd  
 From Paris as we finde;  
 And for his cause (bent to disgrace  
 The Trojan race)

*Doth*



Doth hold a high disdain,  
Long layd up in a loftie minde:

"We should abstaine from irritating those  
"Whose thoughts (if wrong'd) not till reveng'd repose.

Thus, thus for Paris fond desire,  
Who of his pleasures had no part,  
For them must smart:  
Such be the fruits of lust;  
Can heavenly breasts so long time lodge  
A secret grudge?

Like Mortals thrall to yre,  
Till justice sometime seemes unjust:  
"Of all the furies which afflict the soule,  
"Lust and revenge are hardest to controull:

The Gods give them but rarely rest,  
Who do against their will contend,  
And plagues do spend,  
That fortunate in nought,  
Their sprits (quite parted from repose)  
May still expose

The stormy troubled brest  
A prey to each tyrannicke thought:  
"All selfe-accusing soules no rest can finde;  
"What greater torment then a troubled minde?

Let us adore th'immortall powers,  
On whose decree, of all that ends,  
The state depends,  
That (farre from barbarous broiles)

We of our life this little space  
May spend in peace  
Free from afflictions showres;  
Or at the least from guilty toyles;  
"Let us of rest the treasure strive to gaine,  
"Without the which nought can be had but paine.

Act. 2. Scene 1.

Julius Caesar, Marcus Antonius.



Ow have my hopes attain'd the long'd for heaven,  
In spite of partiall Envies poysonous blasts:  
My Fortune with my courage hath prov'd even;  
No Monument of discontentment lasts.  
Those who corrival'd me, by me o're-throwne,  
Did by their falls give feathers to my flight:  
I in some corner rather live unknowne  
Then shine in glory, and not shine most bright;  
What common is to two, rests no more rare,  
In all the world no Phœnix is save one,

S 2

That



That of my deeds none challenge might a share,  
 Would God that I had acted all alone:  
 And yet at last I need to mourne no more  
 For envy of the *Macedonians* praise,  
 Since I have equall'd all that went before;  
 My deeds in number do exceed my dayes.  
 Some earst (whose deeds rest registred by Fame)  
 Did from their Conquests glorious titles bring,  
 But Greatnesse to be great, must have my name,  
 To be a *Cesar* is above a King.

*Ant.* Those warre-like Nations, which did Nations spoile,  
 Are by thy Legions to our laws made thrall;  
 "What can brave mindes not do by time and toyle?  
 "True magnanimity triumphs o're all.

*Cas.* Th'out-ragious *Gauls* who in most monstrous swarmes  
 Went wasting *Asia*, thundering downe all things,  
 And (*Macedony* quaking at their Armes)  
 Did insolently make, and un-make Kings:  
 Those *Gauls* who having the worlds Conquerours foil'd,  
 (As if the world might not have match'd them then)  
 Would sacrilegiouſly have *Delphos* spoil'd,  
 And warr'd against the Gods, contemning men;  
 Yea, those whose Ancestors our City burn'd,  
 (The onely people whom the *Romanes* fear'd)  
 By me (*Romes* nurſling) match'd, and o're-match'd mourn'd:  
 So what they first eclips'd, againe they clear'd.  
 Then, as to Subjects having given degrees,  
 The *Gauls* no more presuming of their might,  
 I (wounding *Neptunes* bosome with wing'd trees)  
 Did with the world-divided *Britains* fight;  
 The *Germans* from their birth inur'd to warre,  
 Whose martiall mindes still haughtie thoughts have bred;  
 Whil'st neither men, nor walls, my course could barre,  
 (Mask'd with my banners) saw their Rhene runne red;  
 The Easterne Realmes when conqu'ring now of late,  
 My comming, and o're-comming was but one;  
 With little paine ear'st *Pompey* was call'd great,  
 Who fought soft bands whose glorious dayes were gone:  
 But what though thousands set ones praises forth,  
 For fields which shadows, and not swords, obtain'd;  
 The rate (too easie) vilifies the worth:  
 "Save by great paines, no glory can be gain'd:  
 From dangers past, my comfort now proceeds,  
 Since all who durst gaine-stand I did o're-come:  
 And, in few words to comprehend my deeds,  
*Rome* conquer'd all the world, and *Cesar*, *Rome*.

*Ant.* Loe those who striv'd your vertue to suppress,  
 (As whose great actions made them jealous still)  
 Whil'st labouring but too much to make you lesse,  
 Have made you to grow great against your will:



Great *Pompeys* pompe is past, his glory gone,  
And rigorous *Cato* by himselfe lyes kill'd;  
Then dastard *Cicero* more your honours none,  
Thus all your foes are with confusion fill'd.  
The Senatours who could not be asswag'd,  
Long to your prejudice their pow'r abus'd,  
Till at their great ingratitude enrag'd,  
I swore our swords would grant what they refus'd.  
When having scap'd, endanger'd, and despis'd,  
Brave *Curio* and I did to your Camp resort,  
In old bare gownes (like some base slaves) disguis'd,  
All sigh'd to see us wrong'd in such a sort.

*Cæs.* The highest in the heaven who knows all hearts,  
Do know my thoughts as pure as are their Starres,  
And that (constrain'd) I came from forraine parts  
To seeme uncivill in the civill warres.  
I mov'd that warre which all the world bemoanes,  
Whil'st urg'd by force to free my selfe from feares;  
Still when my hand gave wounds, my heart gave groanes;  
No *Romans* blood was shed, but I shed teares:  
But how could any elevated spright,  
Who had for honour hazarded his blood,  
Yeeld willingly (by foes outrageous spight)  
To be defrauded of th'expected good:  
When as a multitude of battels wonne,  
Had made *Romes* Empire, and my glory great;  
And that the *Gauls* (oft vanquish'd) had begun  
To beare the yoke which they disdain'd of late.  
Then glorious *Pompey*, my proud sonne-in-law,  
And *Cato* (who still cross'd what I design'd)  
From favouring me the people did with-draw,  
And had a successour for spight assign'd;  
Not that he should succeed in dangerous broils,  
But (even through envy) as they had ordain'd,  
That he might triumph so of all my toils,  
And rob the glory which I dearly gain'd;  
With such indignity who could comport,  
When prizing honour dearer then the light?  
No (whil'st my soule rests soveraigne of this fort)  
None shall have pow'r to rob me of my right:  
And yet by *Jove* who all the world commands,  
To use such violence I did mislike:  
And would have oft abandon'd all my bands,  
If that mine enemies would have done the like;  
But yet the multitude, which floting still  
(As waves with windes) are carried with conceits,  
With nought but my disgrace would bound their will,  
And I committed all unto the fates.  
Yet when at *Rubicon* I stood perplex'd,  
And weigh'd the horror of my high attempt,



My stormy soule a thousand fancies vex'd,  
Which resolution buried in contempt.

*Ant.* " Nought in a Captaine more confounds his foes,  
" Then of a ventrous courle, the swift effects,  
" Since (so quite crush'd) ere they their thoughts dispose,  
" All good advice a care confus'd neglects.  
Though when you march'd to *Rome*, your pow'r was small,  
The sudden news so thundred in each eare,  
That (as if heaven had falne upon them all)  
It bred amazement, and th'amazement feare.  
" Some secret destiny (as then was seene)  
" Doth guide mens actions, and their judgement bounds:  
" Those who by hosts could not have frighted beene,  
" A shadow, or a rumour oft confounds:  
" All hastie dangers so surprise the minde,  
" That feare prevents the resolutions power,  
" Or else the fates make curious Reason blinde,  
" When heavens determin'd have a fatall houre.  
Great *Pompey* (loe) who was growne ag'd in armes,  
And had triumph'd o're all the worlds three parts,  
Whil'st (quite discourag'd, by imagin'd harmes)  
Fled *Rome*, though without reach of th'enemies darts,  
As to a torrent all gave place to you,  
And whom they call'd a rebell made their Lord;  
Your successour *Domitius* (forc'd to bow)  
Did trust your favour, more then feare your sword.  
When in th'*Iberian* bounds you did arrive,  
There, Adversaries (who did vainly vaunt)  
Had all th'advantage that the ground could give,  
Of victuals plenty, which with us were scant.  
Yet the celerity that you had us'd,  
Did so discourage their disordred band,  
That (as *Iove* in their breasts had feare infus'd)  
They had no strength against our strokes to stand.  
And when *Romes* Generall with brave legions stor'd,  
Seem'd to possesse all that his soule requir'd,  
Whil'st us to daunt, both famine and the sword,  
The Sea, the Land, and all in one conspir'd;  
Then, for your offices they did contend,  
As those who of the victory were sure,  
And (where they might th'affaires of state attend)  
In *Rome* for lodgings fondly did procure.  
Yet memorable now that day remaines,  
When all the world was in two Armies rang'd,  
Whil'st *Mars* went raging through th'*Æmathan* plaines,  
And to despaires high expectations chang'd;  
When *Pompeys* partie had the battell lost;  
(As Lyons do their prey) you did pursue  
The scattred remnant of that ruin'd host,  
On which new heads still (like a *Hydra*) grew.

Though



Though victory in *Africke* fatall seem'd  
To any Army that a *Scipio* led,  
Yet, you shew'd there (ior worth in warre esteem'd)  
That *Rome* a better then a *Scipio* bred;  
And all our Enemies were confounded thus,  
Who us in number ever did surmount;  
But *Caesar* and his fortune were with us,  
Which we did more then many thousands count.

*Cæs.* The sweetest comfort which my conquests gave,  
Was that I so might do to many good:  
For, every day some *Romanes* life I save,  
Who in the field to fight against me stood,  
Thus, may my minde be judg'd by the event;  
Who (even when by my greatest foes assail'd)  
To winne the battell never was more bent,  
Then prompt to pardon when I had prevail'd.  
Not covetous of bloud, of spoils, nor harmes,  
I (even when victor) did insult o're none,  
But layd aside all hatred with my Armes,  
A foe in fight, a friend when it was gone:  
"Of clemency I like the praise, more then  
"Of force, which mortals with affliction lodes;  
"Strength oft may prove the worst thing that's in men,  
"And pity is the best thing in the Gods.  
*Sterne Cato* (still affecting to be free)  
Who either death or life (if given) disdain'd,  
Thy death I envy, who didst envy me,  
The glory that I (saving thee) had gain'd.  
Yet I to Rents and dignities restore,  
Even those who long my ruine had design'd:  
And O! it doth delight my minde farre more,  
By benefits, then by constraint to binde.

*Ant.* I would have all my foes brought to their ends,

*Cæs.* I rather have my foes all made my friends.

*Ant.* Their bloud whom I suspect'd should quench all strife.

*Cæs.* So might one do who lik'd of nought but life.

*Ant.* Still life would be redeem'd from dangers forth.

*Cæs.* Not with a ransom then it selfe more worth.

*Ant.* Then life to man, what thing more deare succeeds?

*Cæs.* The great contentment that true glory breeds.

*Ant.* Men by all meanes this blast of breath prolong.

*Cæs.* Men should strive to live well, not to live long.

And I would spend this momentary breath

To live by fame for ever after death:

For, I aspire in spight of fates to live.

*Ant.* I feare that some too soone your death contrive.

*Cæs.* Who dare but lodge such thoughts within their mindes?

*Ant.* Thole whom the shadow of your Greatnesse blindes.

*Cæs.* The best are bound to me by gifts in store.

*Ant.* But to their Countrey they are bound farre more.

*Cæs.*



*Cæs.* Then loath they me as th' Enemy of the state?

*Ant.* Who freedome love, you (as usurper) hate.

*Cæs.* I by great battels have enlarg'd their bounds.

*Ant.* By that they thinke your pow'r too much abounds.

*Cæs.* From doing wrong, yet I refraine my will.

*Ant.* They feare your pow'r, because it may do ill.

*Cæs.* The present state still discontentment brings  
To factious mindes affecting matters strange,  
Which (burdens to themselves) do loath all things,  
And so they change, regard not what they change.  
In populous Townes where many do repaire,  
(Who at their meeting what they please do touch)  
They further then their bounds extend their care:  
"The idle who do nothing, must thinke much.  
Loe, *Rome* (though wasted all with raging warres)  
Whil'ft private grudge pretended publike good,  
Equality (still rude) engendring jarres,  
Did prove too prodigall of *Roman* blood.  
Though yet now at the last attaining rest,  
Whil'ft all (obeying one) may banish teares:  
It (if constrain'd) even scorns (as bad) the best,  
This word necessity so wounds the eares.  
The insolent with vile seditious words,  
(Who trembled whil'ft they heard the Trumpets sound)  
Stirre now their tongues, as we did then our swordes,  
And what *Mars* spar'd, make *Mercury* confound.  
"The people thus in time of peace agree  
"To curbe the great men still, even in that forme,  
"As in calme dayes they do disbranch the Tree,  
"Which shrowded them of late against a storme.  
But now I look'd (brave deeds appeasing spight)  
That bursted Envy should for anguish dye,  
Darke shadows (as asham'd) do vanish quite,  
When at his height bright *Phæbus* clears the skie.  
And though their hatred deeply they disguise,  
Yet can they not so hide enflam'd desires,  
But that their spight rests sparkling through their eyes,  
And boasts to burst out straight in open fires.

*Ant.* Since first (great *Cæsar*) I discern'd thy worth,  
On all thy actions I did still attend;

And what some whisper must speake freely forth:

"Franke admonitions do become a friend.

The men who do suspect that you aspire  
Of government the present forme to change,

All in their soules your ruine do conspire,

And their affections farre from you estrange.

Since chaste *Lucretia* (by proud *Tarquin* stain'd)

Wash'd with her bloud the violated bed,

Whil'ft by his pow'r *Rome* basely was constrain'd,

All to obey which his curst braine had bred.



This government which some tyrannicke call,  
Doth sound so odious in the peoples eares,  
That they as Tyrants vile, detest them all,  
Whose greatnesse gives them any cause of feares.

*Cæs.* I not affect the title of a King  
For love of glory, or desire of gaine;  
Nor for respect of any private thing,  
But that the State may by my travels gaine.  
You know *Sibylla's* books which never faile;  
In many mindes have an opinion bred,  
That o're the *Parthians Rome* cannot prevaile,  
Till by a Prince her valorous Bands be led:

"For, as confusion is the fruit (we finde)  
"Of those affaires which divers thoughts dispose,  
"So Sovereignty match'd with a gallant minde,  
"Breeds reverence in ones owne, feare to his foes.

And O! it grieves me, that these steps of ours  
Have trod so oft on many a millions necks,  
Whil'st yet the *Parthian* vilipends our pow'rs,  
And all our victories (not vanquish'd) checks;  
Ah! should a Generall of the *Roman* race  
Be by Barbarians kill'd? and not reveng'd?  
And should his Ensignes, signes of our disgrace,  
Rest in the ranke of conquer'd relicts rang'd?  
No, no, (wretch'd *Crassus*) now thy selfe content,  
Ile pacifie thy Ghost with *Parthians* spoyles,  
My boyling fancies have beene alwayes bent  
To match the matchlesse, daunt th'undaunted foiles.

*Ant.* With victories quite cloi'd, will you not then  
Your safety once, more then new warres respect?

*Cæs.* No, though I have surmounted other men,  
My fancies yet do greater things affect:  
In emulation of my selfe at last,

I even with envy look on my owne deeds;  
And (bent to make the new surpasse things past)  
Now to my minde stale praise no pleasure breeds.

*Ant.* The world hath scene thee (great man) for *Romes* good,  
In danger oft of many a dangerous shelve,  
Whil'st for her glory thou engag'd thy bloud,  
Of others carefull, carelesse of thy selfe.

*Cæs.* Though whil'st in th' Aprill of my blooming age,  
I from the vulgar rate redeem'd my name,  
Some with my deeds did burden youths hot rage,  
And an ambitious appetite of Fame,  
Yet since the coldnesse of declining yeares,  
Boasts to congeale the bloud which boil'd of late,  
Whil'st loe, my life the Sunne of glory cleares,  
Who now of all the world am knowne most great;  
I cannot covet that thing which I have,

I



I have all honour that can be requir'd:  
 And now (as that which wants) would onely crave  
 To taste the pleasures of a life retyr'd:  
 But (save to serve the State) for nought I strive,  
 For, O! (neglecting th'ecchoes of renowne)  
 I could content my selfe unknowne to live  
 A private man, with a *Plebeian* gowne:  
 Since (*Anthony*) thus for the state I care,  
 And all delights which Nature loves disdain,  
 Go, and in time the peoples mindes prepare,  
 That, as the rest, I may the title gaine;  
 Yet indirectly at the first assay  
 To what their doubtfull mindes do most incline,  
 But as without my knowledge, that they may  
 All marke your minde, and yet not thinke of mine.

*Exeunt.*

## Act. 2. Scene 2.

*Cicero, Decius, Brutus.*

**D**Id I survive th'impetuous *Scilla's* rage,  
 And in a torrent of destruction stood,  
 Whil'ft Tyrants did make *Rome* a tragicke stage  
 Through a voluptuous appetite of bloud?  
 Scap'd I confusion in a time so bad,  
 Of liberty and honour once to taste,  
 That bondage now might make my soule more sad  
 By the remembrance of my fortunes past?  
 What though I once (when first by Fame made knowne)  
 From *Catilines* strange treason did preserve  
 This Towne (when free from foes) thrall'd by her owne,  
 Since now the world from equity doth swerve?  
 A sparke of that conspiracy I spie  
 As yet not quench'd to have our state imbroil'd,  
 Which *Rome* to burne makes many flames to flie:  
 Thus one was spar'd, that we might all be spoil'd.  
 O worthy *Cato*, in whose matchlesse minde  
 Three (rarely match'd) things Nature did reveale,  
 Wit, Honesty, and Courage, which design'd  
 A Citizen for *Plato's* common-weale:  
 Whil'ft courteous *Pompey* did things as a friend,  
 Thou as a wise-man spoke, and still fore-told  
 To what all *Caesars* deeds would turne in th'end,  
 If that his pride were not in time controld.  
 And had we him (as wisely thou advis'd)  
 Given to the *Germans* whom he had injur'd,  
 We had not now beene thus like slaves despis'd,  
 To see *Rome's* glory, and our owne obscur'd:  
 But yet I may (disbending former cares)



A space comport with that proud Tyrants pow'r;  
Age gives assurance by my hoare haires,  
Ere he *Romes* freedome, death will me devour.  
But all whose youth and sprite might have attain'd  
Those dignities which *Cæsar* hath undone:  
O! ye have lost as much as he hath gain'd,  
Whose rising hopes must be retrench'd so soone.

*Dec.* Though innovations at the first seeme strange,  
Yet oft experience approbation brings,  
And if with upright thoughts we weigh this change,  
From thence the safety of our City springs;  
As doth a ship, when toss'd by severall windes,  
More danger runne whil'ft Pylots do contest,  
So was our City vex'd by differing mindes,  
Who did interpret laws as pleas'd them best;  
Whil'ft for one sicknesse divers drugges are us'd,  
Whose pow'rs (repugnant) in digestion jarre,  
Th' impatient patients perish, when abus'd,  
So did we long whil'ft cross'd by civill warre;  
But now great *Cæsar* from tempestuous windes,  
*Romes* scattered ruines recollects of late:  
A Pilot meet to calme tumultuous mindes,  
A fit Physitian for an aguish State.

*Cic.* The State from stormes secure by drowning proves;  
Now whil'ft despaire doth doubtfull feares appease;  
He (with the life) the sicknesse quite removes:  
Thus is the Physick worse then the Disease.  
This Common-weale (as all the world did spie)  
Was by proud spirits in civill warres involv'd,  
Yet like black Clouds which would obscure the skie,  
These tumid humours suddenly dissolv'd;  
And no disgrace unto the state redounds,  
But to th' Ambitious men that it abus'd,  
Who (had their pow'r like *Cæsars* wanted bounds)  
Would (whil'ft they rul'd) have greater rigour us'd.  
All parts (we see) bred people of all kindes,  
And as advanc'd some bad men did abide,  
In pow'r their equals, and of better mindes,  
Some alwayes vertuous were to curbe their pride;  
But since that sacred liberty was lost,  
The publike pow'r to private ends one turnes:  
And (as his lawlesse wayes did alwayes boast)  
The Common-weale by violence o're-turnes.

*Dec.* Though what you burden *Cæsar* with were true,  
Necessity hath purg'd his part from crime,  
Who was (foes force to shunne) forc'd to pursue,  
And urg'd by danger to attempt in time.  
To th' enemies envy more oblig'd he rests,  
Then to his wit which no such courses scan'd:  
Till when quite barr'd from using of requests,

Th'occa-



Th'occasion then invited to command.

His thoughts when calme, to storm fond foes did tempt:

" True worth disdaines to suffer open wrong:

" A gallant courage kindled by contempt.

" Burns with revenge, whil' st fury makes one strong.

*Cic.* O *Decius*, now a wrong account you cast,

The purpose, not th'event, declares the minde:

Tread backe the steps of all his actions past,

And what he compass'd had beene long design'd,

As by some sprite inspir'd, proud *Scilla* said,

That there in *Caesar* many *Marians* were,

And *Rome* in time was warn'd to be afraid

Of that evill-girded youth, with smoothe comb'd haire;

Then when (as still to quietnesse a foe)

The memory of *Marius* he renew'd,

By re-erecting Tyrants statues so,

His thoughts all bent to tyranny were view'd.

That people-pleaser might have beene perceiv'd,

By courteous complements below his rank,

Who (lavishing forth gifts) the world deceiv'd,

And to gaine more then his, of his prov'd franke.

Though nought at all indulgent to his wife,

By prostrated pudicity disgrac'd;

Yet did he save th'adultrous *Clodius* life,

To sooth the multitude, whose steps he trac'd.

*Dec.* " These be the meanes by which Ambition mounts,

" Without most humble, when within most high,

" As if it fled from that thing which it hunts,

" Still wasting most, when it for most doth plie.

*Cic.* Then he (still tyranny bent to embrace)

Was thought conjoyn'd with *Catiline* to be,

And, had wise *Cato's* counsell taken place,

Might with the rest have suffered death by me.

Yet having deeply div'd in some mens soules,

With factious followers being pined oft,

He got the Consul-ship which nought controuls,

And matching pride with pow'r, did look aloft;

To flatter them who now must flatter him,

His pow'r to make unlawfull laws prevail'd,

And those to crosse who scorn'd he so should clime,

He furnish't was with force, where reason fail'd:

But yet because he could not be assur'd

To rule alone according to his will,

To governe *France*, he craftily procur'd,

So to be strengthened with an Army still.

As *Rome* first warr'd at home, till being strong,

She thought her power might forraine Realmes o're-co

So *Caesar* warr'd against strange Nations long,

Till that he thought his Might might conquer *Rome*.

Then having all that force or fate assignes,



Of discontentment he did cause pretend,  
So to dissemble fore-conceiv'd designs:  
"One soone may finde a fault that would offend:  
But when he first in a prodigious dreame,  
His mother seem'd incestuously to use,  
It might have shown to his eternall shame,  
How of his birth the bounds he did abuse.

*Dec.* And yet I thinke (avoyding threatned harmes)  
He by constraint imbarck'd in civill broyles:  
Did he not covenant to quite his Armes,  
As not desirous of his Countries spoiles?

*Cic.* Durst he with those who had his charge confin'd,  
Stand to capitulate, as if their mate,  
Where (as his Sovereigne) to obey their minde,  
It was his duty, and their due of late.

What? what? durst he whom (bound to keep the law)  
The people in authority did put  
The sword which they had given, against them draw;  
When it was sharpned first their throat to cut?  
That had not come which all our anguish breeds,  
If he unforc'd when as his charge expir'd;  
Till that the Senate censur'd had his deeds,  
Had from his Province peaceably retir'd.

No, he hath but betray'd his native Towne,  
Those bands, by which she did him first preferre,  
T' enlarge her borders, and his owne renowne  
Those hath he us'd to tyrannize o're her.

My passions (ah! transported as you see  
With an excessive love to my deare soile)  
Of my hearts store have made my tongue too free,  
By flaming forth what in my brest doth boile.

*Dec.* That *Caesars* part might justly be excus'd,  
Loe, with the cause alledg'd, his course accords,  
Of which that mildenesse which he since hath us'd,  
A testimony to the world affords.

Though forc'd to fight, he alwaies had great care  
To save our Citizens as each man knowes,  
And will'd his Captaines Romans still to spare  
Barbarians bodies objects were for blowes,  
Of th'adversaries after bloody strife,

When oft he might have made some Captives smart,  
Not onely was he liberall of their life,

But pardon'd them, even to take *Pompeys* part;  
At that infortunate Pharsalian field,

When he securely might have us'd the sword,  
He both did spare all th' enemies that would yeeld,

And them to rents and dignities restor'd:

Then when th' Egyptians (so to get reliefe)

Brought to his sight pale *Pompey's* bloud-lesse head,

He testifi'd with teares his inward griefe,

T

And



And grac'd his Statues after he was dead.  
 Thole his proceedings plainly may approve,  
 That he against his will did make this warre;  
 And to his Country beares a tender love,  
 Who could comport to reyne his rage so farre.

*Cic.* Those favours fain'd, by him bestow'd, or due,  
 (As is ones custome whose high heart aspires,)  
 Were spent on many that who them did view  
 Might love his course, so kindling their desires:  
 But where he thus pleas'd some, he spoil'd whole hosts,  
 And the Barbarians all to *Rome* not wrought  
 Such harme as he, who, of his goodnesse boasts,  
 Yet her best men hath to confusion brought;  
 That great man, whom earst fortune ne're did fayle,  
 Who still prevail'd, though warring without right,  
 Now in a good cause, for the common-weale  
 With *Caesar* did unfortunately fight.  
 Whilst fled from *Lesbos* with his wretched wife,  
 Three base-borne Groomes (can fortune change so soone?)  
 Stood to consult upon great *Pompeys* life,  
 And did what thoulands durst not once have done;  
 Then he whose knees had oft been kiss'd by Kings,  
 (Most highly happy, had he dy'd in time)  
 By one of his owne slaves, with abject things  
 His funerals had perform'd; what monstrous crime  
*Romes* greatest Captaine to entombe alone?  
 The Roman who arriv'd with reason said:  
 The fatall glory was too great for one,  
 And to have part of that last honour staid;  
 The teares bestow'd by *Caesar* on his head,  
 Forth from a guilty minde, remorse had throwne:  
 Or else he wept to see his enemy dead  
 By any others hands then by his owne.  
 That constant *Cato*, who even death did scorne,  
 And for a coward once had *Caesar* brav'd,  
 (Who liv'd as if to grace all mortals borne)  
 Would rather perish then by him be sav'd.  
 He justly whilst more just, himselfe more strong  
 Then *Caesar* thought, who for no justice car'd:  
 And since discovering what he cloak'd so long,  
 Said, that the other, and not he was snar'd.  
 Thus *Caesar* conquer'd all but *Cato's* minde,  
 Who to a tyrant would not owe his breath:  
 But in such sort his famous course confin'd,  
 Then *Caesars* life, more glorious was his death:  
 Those great men thus brought to disastrous ends,  
 The author of their death make me despise,  
 Who to usurpe all pow'r while as he tends,  
 By treading good men downe, doth strive to rise.  
 Now made most great by lessening all the great,  
 He proudly doth triumph in *Rome*, o're *Rome*:

And



And we must seeme to like the present state,  
Whose doubtfull breath depends upon his doome.  
Yet had I not enlarg'd my griefes so long,  
To you whom *Cæsar* doth pretend to love;  
Save that (I know) touch'd with the common wrong:  
"A just disdain all generous mindes must move.

*Dec.* Had *Cæsar* willingly resign'd his Armes,  
And rendred *Rome* her liberty at last,  
When as from foes he fear'd no further harmes,  
But had repair'd his just displeasures past,  
More then for all that could be done for me,  
He should have had an Altar in my brest,  
As worthy (for his vertuous deeds) to be  
Fear'd by the bad, and honour'd by the best:  
But since (though conqu'ring all the world by might)  
He (to himselfe a slave) would make *Rome* thrall,  
His benefits are loathsome in my sight,  
And I am griev'd that he deserves to fall;  
My fancies move not in so low a sphere,  
But I disdain that one *Romes* Crowne requires;  
Yet it is best that with the time we beare,  
And with our pow'r proportion our desires.  
Though first dissembling, so your minde to try,  
I told what fame to *Cæsars* praise relates;  
Yet was I pleas'd, that moe were griev'd then I:  
"All discontented men are glad of Mates.

*Cic.* Since tyranny all liberty exiles,  
We must our selves (no more our selves) disguise;  
Then, learne to maske a mourning minde with smiles,  
And seeme to like that which we most despise.  
Yet all our deeds not *Cæsars* humour please,  
Who (since mistrusting once) esteemes us still,  
When dumb disdainfull, flatterers when we praise,  
If plaine, presumptuous, and in all things ill:  
Yea, we, whose freedome *Cæsar* now restraines,  
As his attenders all his steps must trace;  
And know, yet not acknowledge his dauidines,  
But still pretend an interest in his grace:  
Though all my thoughts detest him as a foe,  
To honour him, a thousand meanes I move,  
Yet but to save my selfe, and plague him so:  
"No hate more harmes then it that looks like love.  
His pride is by prepost'rous state growne such,  
That by the better sort, he is abhorr'd;  
The gods are jealous, and men envy much  
To see a mortall man so much ador'd.

*Dec.* Well, *Cicero* let all meanes be entertain'd,  
That may embarke us in his bosomes deepes,  
Till either willingly, or then constrain'd,  
He justly quite what he unjustly keepes.

*Exeunt.*

Chorus.



## Chorus.

" **T** His life of ours is like a Rose,  
 " Which whilst rare beauties it array,  
 " Doth then enjoy the least repose;  
 " When Virgin-like made blush (we see)  
 " Of every hand it is the prey,  
 " And by each winde is blowne away;  
 " Yea, though from violence scap'd free,  
 " (Thus time triumphs, and leades all thralls)  
 " Yet doth it languish and decay:  
 " O! whilst the courage hottest boiles,  
 " And that our life seemes best to be,  
 " It is with dangers compass'd still;  
 " Whilst it each little change appalles,  
 " The body, force, without oft foiles,  
 " It th' owne distemp'rature oft spoiles,  
 " And even, though none it chance to kill,  
 " As nature failes, the body fallles,  
 " Of which save death, nought bounds the toyles;  
 " What is this moving Tow'r in which we trust?  
 " A little winde clos'd in a cloud of dust.  
 And yet some sprites though being pent  
 In this fraile prisons narrow bounds,  
 (Whilst what might serve, doth not content,)  
 Doe alwaies bend their thoughts too high,  
 And ayme at all the peopled grounds;  
 Then whilst their brests Ambition wounds,  
 They feed as fearing straight to dye,  
 Yet build as if they still might live,  
 Whilst famish'd for fames empty sounds:  
 Of such no end the travell ends,  
 But a beginning gives, whereby  
 They may be vex'd worse then before;  
 For, whilst they still new hopes contrive,  
 " The hoped good more anguish sends,  
 " Then the possess'd contentment lends;  
 As beasts not taste, but doe devoure,  
 They swallow much, and for more strive,  
 Whilst still their hope some change attends:  
 " And how can such but still themselves annoy,  
 " Who can acquire, but know not how t' enjoy?  
 Since as a ship amidst the deepes,  
 Or as an Eagle through the ayre,  
 Of which no way th' impression keepes,  
 Most swift when seeming least to move:  
 This breath of which we take such care,  
 Doth tesse the body every where,



That it may hence with haster remove :  
 " Life slips and sleepes alwayes away,  
 " Then hence, and as it came, goes bare,  
 Whose steppes behinde no trace doe leave;  
 Why should heaven-banish'd soules thus love  
 The cause, and bounds of their exile,  
 As restlesse strangers where they stray ?  
 And with such paine why should they reave  
 That which they have no right to have,  
 Which with them in a little while,  
 As summers beauties must decay,  
 And can give nought except the grave ?  
 " Though all things doe to harme him what they can,  
 " No greater enemy then himselfe to man;  
 Whilst oft environ'd with his foes,  
 Which threatned death on every side,  
 Great Cæsar parted from repose,  
 ( As Atlas holding up the Starres, )  
 Did of a world the weight abide ;  
 But since a prey to foolish pride,  
 More then by all the former warres,  
 He now by it doth harm'd remaine,  
 And of his fortune doth diffide.  
 Made rich by many Nations wreake,  
 He (breaking through the liquid barres)  
 In Neptunes armes his Minion forc'd ;  
 Yet still pursu'd new hopes in vaine :  
 " Would the ambitious looking backe  
 " Of their inferiours knowledge take,  
 " They from huge cares might be divorc'd,  
 " Whilst viewing few, more power attaine,  
 " And many more then they to lacke :  
 " The onely plague from men that rest doth reave,  
 " Is that they weigh their wants, not what they have.  
 Since thus the great themselves involve  
 In such a labyrinth of cares,  
 Whence none to scape can well resolve,  
 But by degrees are forward led,  
 Through waves of hopes, rockes of despaires :  
 Let us avoyd ambitions snares,  
 And farre from stormes by envy bred,  
 Still seeke (though low) a quiet rest,  
 With mindes where no proud thought repaires,  
 That in vaine shadowes doth delight;  
 Thus may our fancies still be fed  
 With that which Nature freely gives;  
 Let us iniquity detest,  
 And hold but what we owe of right;  
 Th' eyes treasure is th' all-circling light,  
 Not that vaine pompe for which pride strives;



*Whose glory (but a poysonous pest)*

*To plague the soule, delights the sight :*

*"Ease comes with ease, where all by paine buy paine,*

*"Rest we in peace, by warre let others raigne.*

### Act 3. Scene 1.

*Caius Cassius, Marcus Brutus.*



Ow (*Brutus*) now we need no more to doubt,  
Nor with blinde hopes our judgement to suspend,  
That flatt'ers credit (loe) is quite worne out;  
We must in time attempt, and not attend :  
That race of victors which did Realmes appall,  
Ah (vanquish'd by their victories at last)

Are by their too much liberty made thrall,  
Since all their strength but down themselves doth cast;  
And we who by our birth aym'd at great things,  
Of the worlds mistresse mighty minions once,  
Who might have labour'd to give lawes to Kings,  
Lawes from a King, must looke for now with grones :  
For, such of *Cæsar* is the monstrous pride,  
That though he domineers even at this houre,  
And to his Clients kingdoms doth divide  
With an unlimited tyrannicke pow'r;  
Yet of Dictator he disdaines the name,  
And seekes a tyrants title with the place,  
Not for his honour, no, but for our shame,  
As onely bent to bragge of our disgrace.

*Marc. Brut.* I thought to see that man (as others are)  
Walke re-apparrell'd with a private gowne,  
As one who had unwillingly made warre,  
To stand himselfe, not to cast others downe :  
So *Silla* (though more inhumane then he)  
Whilst having all to what his heart aspir'd,  
The Sovereignty resign'd, and set *Rome* free,  
When expectations date was quite expir'd.  
By *Cæsars* worth we must thinke that he too  
Will render freedome to this captiv'd state,  
When first the world hath view'd what he might doe,  
His thoughts are generous, as his minde is great.  
Though insolencies oft from courage flow,  
His dying fury sparkles but a space :

*"High thoughts which Mars inspires, nought can bring low,*

*"Till one have us'd the purity of peace.*

*"Those who by violence to all things tend,*

*"Scarce can themselves to quietnesse conform;*

*"Their stately carriage, and franke words, offend,*

*"Whilst peace cannot comport with warres rude forme,*



I hope that *Caesar* settling civill broyles,  
When worne by custome from intestine rage,  
Will strive to mitigate his Countries toyles,  
And all those flames which burn'd his brest, asswage.

*Ca. Cassius.* Thus, of his courle you by your owne conceiv'd,  
As if like thoughts of both did bound the will :

“ Ah, honest mindes are with least paine deceiv'd,  
“ Those who themselves are good, dreame not of ill.

“ To sound of some the still unsound device,  
“ Their inclination must your judgement sway :

“ The square of vertue cannot measure vice,  
“ Nor yet a line when straight, a crooked way.

So *Caesar* rising may usurpe the State,  
He cares not by what force, nor by what sleight :

“ O! one may soone deceive men, and grow great,  
“ Who leaves religion, honesty and right.

When as the Senators (no more their owne)  
Came to that Tyrant whom ambition blindes,  
And by high honours shew'd how they had showne  
To gratifie his greatnesse, gratefull mindes;

He (in a Chayre imperiously plac'd,)  
Not daign'd to rise, nor bow in any sort,  
As both of them had but their due embrac'd,

When he a haughty, they a humble port.  
But if he thus, ere we be thoroughly thrall'd,

Dare so disdainefully such great men use,  
When in a regall Throne by us enstall'd,  
Then will he breake that which he now doth bruise.

Was he not first who ever yet began  
To violate the sacred Tribunes place,  
And punish'd them for punishing a man  
Who had transgress'd the lawes in time of peace ?

The lawes which doe of death all guilty hold,  
Whose actions seeme to tyranny inclin'd,  
So earnest were our Ancestors of old,  
To quench a tyrants light before it shin'd :

And shall our Nephewes (heires of bondage) blame  
Vs dastard parents who their hopes deceiv'd,  
Who saw, who suffred, who surviv'd such shame,  
Not leaving dead, what we when borne receiv'd ?

By *Caesars* friends, to an assembly brought,  
The Senators intend to call him King.

*Brut.* I'll not be there. *Cass.* But what if we be sought  
To ayde (as Pretors) such a publike thing ?

*Brut.* I will resist that violent decree;  
None of *Romes* Crowne shall long securely boast :  
For, ere that I live thrall'd, I'll first dye free,

“ What can be kept when liberty is lost ?

*Cass.* O! with what joy I swallow up those words,  
Words worthy of thy worth, and of thy name:

But



But (*Brutus*) doe not feare, this cause affords  
 In danger many, but few mates in fame;  
 When *Anthony* proud *Cæsars* image crown'd,  
 By silent sorrow all the people told  
 In what a depth of woes their thoughts were drown'd,  
 That bondage-bragging Comet to behold.  
 What doe those scroules throwne in thy chaire import:  
 Which, what thou art, to brave thy courage, brings?  
 Be those the fancies of the vulgar sort?  
 No, none but noble mindes dreame of great things;  
 Of other Pretors people looke for shoves,  
 And distributions whose remembrance dyes,  
 Whilst bloody Fencers fall with mutuall blowes,  
 And Africkes monsters doe amaze their eyes;  
 But from thy hands they liberty attend,  
 (By birth-right due) the glory of thy race,  
 And bent for thee, their blood will frankly spend,  
 So thou succeed in thy great Parents place.  
 He (*Rome* redeeming) *Tarquin* did o'rethrow,  
 Though from his birth obey'd, and without strife;  
 A rising tyrant then bring boldly low,  
 To what extinguish'd was, who would give life.

*Brut.* I weigh thy words with an afflicted heart,  
 Which for compassion of my Country bleeds:  
 And would to God that I might onely smart,  
 So that all others scap'd what mischief breeds;  
 Then, never man him selfe from death did free,  
 With a more quiet and contented minde,  
 Then I would perish, if I both could be  
 To *Cæsar* thankfull, to my Country kinde:  
 But though that great mans grace to me enlarg'd,  
 May challenge right in my affections store,  
 Yet must the greatest debt be first discharg'd,  
 I owe him much, but to my Country more.  
 This in my brest hath great dissension bred:  
 I *Cæsar* love, but yet *Romes* enemy hate,  
 And as *Iove* lives, I could be mov'd to shed  
 My blood for *Cæsar*, *Cæsars* for the State.  
 I for my fathers death loath'd *Pompey* long,  
 Whilst just disdain'd did boyle within my brest:  
 Yet when he warr'd to venge the common wrong,  
 I joyn'd with him, because his cause was best.  
 A minde to raigne if *Cæsar* now reveale,  
 I will in time precipitate his end:  
 Thus (never arm'd but for the Common-weale)  
 I help'd a foe, and now must hurt a friend.

*Cæs.* Left of his favour thou the poyson prove,  
 From swallowing of such baits in time now spare,  
 "No tyrant (trust me) can intirely love,  
 "Nor none who for him selfe doth onely care:



He by this course doth cunningly intend  
 (Thy vertue slack'd) to undermine thy minde :  
 Thy well-knowne courage purpos'd to disband,  
 Thus (though with filken bonds) he would thee binde;  
 This of each tyrant is the common tread,  
 To wreake all those in whom most worth he findes;  
 Or (whilst that terrours toss his jealous head)  
 By subtilty to snare the greatest mindes :  
 As, for the Pretor-ship when we did strive,  
 Then both were held in hope, that so deceiv'd,  
 Each th'others harmes might study to contrive  
 Through emulation and disdain conceiv'd.  
 Thus subtile *Caesar* by such sleights hath toild  
 To sow diffension, that we both might pause  
 Of private wrongs, and (by such meanes imbroil'd)  
 Still courting him, neglect the common cause.  
 But nought must make us th' one t' another strange,  
 Who should in time the tyrants course restraine :  
 Let other men lament, we must revenge,  
 I scorne to beare a sword, and to complaine.

*Brut.* Though *Caesar* (now) I must conspire thy fall,  
 My heart to thee yet never harbour'd hate;  
 But (pardon me) who ever make it thrall,  
 From bondage *Brutus* must redeeme the state.  
 Of this my course what ever others judge,  
 Here, I protest it is for good design'd;  
 My thoughts are guilty of no private grudge,  
 For, reason and not fury moves my minde;  
 Nor doth ambition now enflame my brest,  
 With a prodigious appetite to raigne,  
 That when I have made *Caesar* *Pluto's* guest,  
 I in his roome a Monarch may remaine :  
 No, if that glory did my fancies charme,  
 To which (blind-folded) tyrants doe aspire,  
 I needed not to doe, nor suffer harme,  
 But with lesse paine might compasse my desire :  
 For, if I would but temporize a space,  
 Till time or death diminish *Cesars* might,  
 He thinkes that I deserve to have his place,  
 And I could make my day succeed his night;  
 Yet doe I not for glory seeke so much  
 As to attaine it by my Countries shame :  
 But, O! I would (my zeale to it is such)  
 That it may scape, incurre a kinde of blame.  
 Yea, so that I may free with honour'd wounds  
 My soile that's dearer then my soule to me,  
 I could my selfe live banish'd from that bounds,  
 Which at so deare a rate I would set free.

*Cas.* What man doth breath of *Mars* his martiall race,  
 But will with *Brutus* sacrifice his blood,

And



And (charg'd with Armes) ere tyranny take place,  
 Dare venture all things for his Countries good,  
 Can any judgement be deceiv'd so farre,  
 But it already clearely may behold,  
 How that this change *Romes* greatnesse soon will marre,  
 And raze the Trophies which she rear'd of old.  
 Of old in *Rome*, all those who once had worne  
 The peace-importing gowne, or war-like shield,  
 (Of dignities as capable all borne,)  
 Durst ayme at ought that liberty could yeeld;  
 Those in affaires to deaie, who would set forth,  
 Were not discourag'd by their birth, though base;  
 And poverty could not hold backe true worth,  
 From having honour both by warre and peace:  
 Then emulation violently driv'd  
 All gallant mindes to tempt great actions still;  
 In vertues love, who friendly rivals liv'd,  
 Whilst in their bosomes Glory balme did still:  
*Fabricius* first was from the Plow advanc'd,  
 The Rudder of the Common-weale to hold,  
 Yet by no meanes his private wealth enhanc'd,  
 As rich in vertue still, as poore in gold.  
 Rude *Marinus* too, to match red *Mars* in fame,  
 Forth from the vulgar drosse his race remov'd,  
 And loe, of *Cicero* the ridiculous name,  
 As famous as the Fabians now hath prov'd.  
 Each abject minde disdain'd to be obscure,  
 When still preferment follow'd lofty cares,  
 And that one might by dangers past, procure  
 Fame for himselfe, and honour to his heires:  
 But since that state by *Cæsar* is o're-turn'd,  
 Whilst all our lives upon ones lippes depend,  
 Of breasts which once with love of glory burn'd,  
 The soaring thoughts this wholly doth disbend;  
 Advancement now doth not attend desert,  
 But flowes from fancies of a flatt' red minde;  
 Which to base hirelings, honour doth impart,  
 Whilst envy'd worth no safe retreat can finde.  
 " All proud usurpers most addicted prove,  
 " To them whom without cause they raise too high,  
 " As thinking those who stand but by their love,  
 " To entertaine the same, all meanes must try.  
 " Where they, whose vertue reapes a due reward,  
 " Not building onely on the givers grace,  
 " Doe by deserts not gaine so great regard,  
 " Whilst they maintaine, as they obtaine their place.  
 " And if a worthy man to worke great things,  
 " VVing'd with a tyrants favour, raise his flight,  
 " The highest course to him most harme still brings,  
 " VVho till he fall, cannot have leave to light.



" Those who by force would have th'affection mov'd,  
 " When willingly men hold such gallants deare,  
 " Doe rage that any should be freely lov'd,  
 " Whose vertue makes their vice more vile appeare.  
 The man who now to be preferr'd aspires,  
 Must by base flattery in a servile forme,  
 So soothing *Caesar*, seale all his desires,  
 And in some shadow lurke to scape a storme.  
 A number now of that proud Rebels foes,  
 Who grieve to see the ground whence growes their griefe,  
 Would in obscurity entombe their woes,  
 So waiting, and not working for reliefe.  
 But we whose lofty mindes disdain to lowre,  
 Like them who seeke but their owne safety thus;  
 When shall we use high indignations pow'r,  
 Which (as brave Romans) worthy is of us?

*Brut.* Since no indignity you will endure,  
 I see our mindes doe sympathize in this;  
 Should we by suffering, seek to live secure,  
 Whose action must amend what is amisse?  
 No, no such abject thought must staine our brest,  
 Whose active thoughts reach further than discourse,  
 Whilst but like beasts, affecting food and rest,  
 Where men by reason should direct their course;  
 Like those of other parts, not rais'd by strife,  
 If *Caesar* had been born, or chus'd our Prince,  
 Then those who durst attempt to take his life,  
 The world of treason justly might convince.  
 Let still the States which flourish for the time,  
 By subjects be inviolable thought,  
 And those (no doubt) commit a monstrous crime,  
 Who lawfull Sovereignty prophane in ought:  
 And we must thinke (though now thus brought to bow)  
 The Senate King; a subject *Caesar* is;  
 The Sovereignty whom violating now,  
 The world must damne, as having done amisse.  
 We will (deare *Cassius*) for our Countries sake,  
 (Whatever follow) give, or suffer death,  
 And let us now advise what course to take,  
 Whilst nought but th'ayre can beare away our breath.

*Cas.* I thinke this matter needs not many words,  
 Since but one deed can bound the common shame;  
 In *Caesars* body we must sheath our swords,  
 And by his death our liberty reclaine;  
 But since his fortune did confound them all,  
 Who in the fields to match him did begin;  
 Whilst he by thousands made their bands to fall,  
 With hoary legions alwayes us'd to winne:  
 As *Pompeys*, *Scipio's*, and *Petreius* ghosts,  
 In lightlesse shades can by experience tell,

Who

Those



Who after fatall proofes of num'rous hoasts,  
 All famous (though unfortunately, fell: )  
 And since (provided for the Parthian warre)  
 His Armie arm'd attends on his decree,  
 Where we (sequestred from such forces farre)  
 Would (if suspected) soone prevented be:  
 With some few friends whom all things to assay,  
 A love to us, or to their Country bindes,  
 We to his wreake must walke another way,  
 Whilst, ere our tongues, our hands doe tell our mindes:  
 Now when most high, and therefore hated most,  
 The gathered Senate seeks to make him King,  
 We must goe give the blow before we boast,  
 And him to death, *Rome* out of bondage bring.

*Brut.* In all this course I onely one thing blame,  
 That we should steale, what we may justly take,  
 By cloathing honour with a cloake of shame,  
 Which may our cause (though good) more odious make.  
 O! I could wish with honourable wounds  
 To match *Romes* enemy in the battels dust:  
 No sweeter Musicke then the Trumpets sounds,  
 When right and valour keepe a consort just:  
 Then, free if quicke, else dead, no harme more fear'd,  
 I alwayes so contentment might attaine;  
 What tombe to men more glorious can be rear'd,  
 Then mountaines made of foes whom they have slaine?  
 But how are my transported thoughts growne such,  
 That they disdain a measure to admit?  
 Whilst (bent not what to doe, but to doe much)  
 On Glories Throne, Ambition strives to sit.  
 No, to the State me from my selfe I give,  
 Free from particulars, as who expose  
 Fame, life, and all for it, and whilst I live,  
 So *Rome* may gaine, I care not what I lose.  
 I'll never rest till he for ever rest,  
 Who gives my Country such a cause of griefe:  
 And that to doe no forme I will detest,  
 Nor for my fame endanger *Romes* reliefe:  
 But (worthy *Cassius*) ere we further doe,  
 Let our friends mindes first well be understood,  
 Of which I hope to have assistance too,  
 Who will not venture for his Countries good?

*Cas.* Now whilst my soule rests ravish'd in a trance,  
 I thinke I see great *Rome* her courage raise,  
 Then beat the ayre with songs, th'earth with a dance,  
 And crowne thy vertues with deserved praise.



Act. 3. Scene 2.

Marcus Brutus, Portia.

**M**Y dearest halfe, my comfort, my delight,  
Of whom one smile may sweeten all my fow'rs:  
Thou in my bosome us'd to powre thy spright,  
And where I was didst spare afflictions pow'rs.  
When broils domesticke did disturbe thy rest,

Then still (till finding) faining some reliefe;  
Thou with calme words disguis'd a stormy brest,  
Ioyes frankly sharing, and engrossing griefe;  
Still tend'ring me with a respective care,  
What might offend, was by no meanes made knowne:  
But (with loves colours all things painted faire)  
What might have made me glad, was gladly showne.  
How com'st thou then thy courage thus to lose,  
That thou canst look so sad, and in my sight?  
Lend me (deare Love) a portion of thy woes;  
"A burden (when divided) doth grow light;  
I see the Roses fading in thy face,  
The Lilies languish, Violets take their place.

*Port.* Thou hast (deare Lord) prevented my designe,  
Which was to aske of thee, what makes me pale;  
If *Phæbus* had no light, could *Phæbe* shine?  
No, with the cause of force th'effects must faile.  
The mirrour but gives backe as it receives,  
By just resemblance the objected forme,  
And what impression the engraver leaves,  
The waxe retains, still to the stamp conforme.  
I am the mirrour which reflects thy minde,  
As forc'd from thoughts, or flowing from thine eyes;  
I take the state in which thy state I finde;  
Such is my colour as thy count'nance dyes.  
Then how can I rejoyce, whil'st thou art sad,  
Whose breast of all thy crosses is the scroule?  
I am still as thou art, if griev'd, or glad,  
Thy bodies shadow, th'essence of thy soule:  
On that great Planet which divides the yeares,  
Of fields inferiour as the fruit depends,  
And as it vanish doth, or pleas'd appeares,  
In th'earths cold bosome, life begins, or ends;  
Sunne of my soule, so I subsist by thee,  
Whose shining vertue leades me as a thrall:  
From care-bred clouds if that thy face be free,  
I rise in joyes, but if thou faint, I fall.

*Brut.* With all my course this count'nance best accords,  
Who as you know, yet never from my birth,



Light gestures us'd, nor did delight in words,  
 Whose pleasant straines were onely tun'd to mirth.  
 My melancholy Nature feeds on cares,  
 Whil'st smother'd sorrow by a habite smokes:  
 "A thought-full breast (when burden'd with affaires)  
 "Doth make a silent mouth, and speaking looks;  
 As for my palenesse, it imports but good:  
 "The bodies humbling doth exalt the minde,  
 Where fatnesse (come from food) but serves for food:  
 In fattest bodies, leanest sprits we finde.  
 Ah! since I saw th'abhor'd *Theffalia's* bounds,  
 All drench'd with bloud of Senatours and Kings,  
 (As if my soule yet smarted in their wounds)  
 A secret sorrow often-times me stings:  
 But since thy Father (braving paine with blows)  
 In the most hideous forme affronted death,  
 To him my minde a sad remembrance owes,  
 Which sorrow shall exact whil'st I have breath;  
 Yet grieve I that I gave thee cause of griefe,  
 Who thoughtst some new mishap did me dismay;  
 To such old fores one worst can give reliefe;  
 But Time in end may weare my woes away.

*Por.* Why should'st thou so from me thy thoughts conceale?  
 From thine own soule between whose breasts thou sleep'st,  
 To whom (though showne) thou dost them not reveale,  
 But in thy selfe more inwardly them keep'st?  
 And thou canst hardly hide thy selfe from me,  
 Who soone in thee each alteration spie,  
 I can comment on all that comes from thee:  
 "True love still looks with a suspitious eye:  
 Within our bosome rests not every thought,  
 Tun'd by a sympathie of mutuall love?  
 Thou marr'st the Musicke if thou change in ought,  
 Which (when distemper'd) I do quickly prove.  
 Soule of my soule, unfold what is amisse,  
 Some great disafter all my thoughts divine,  
 Whose curiousnesse may be excus'd in this,  
 Since it concerns thy State, and therefore mine.

*Brut.* I wonder that thou dost thy frailtie show!  
 "By Nature women have beene curious still,  
 And yet till now thou never crav'd to know  
 More then I pleas'd to speak of my free will.  
 "Nought save the wife a man within the walls,  
 "Nor ought save him without she should embrace:  
 "And it not comely is, but th'one enthralls,  
 "When any sexe usurpes anothers place.  
 Deare, to their wonted course thy cares inure,  
 I may have matters which import the State,  
 Whose op'ning up might my disgrace procure,  
 Whose weight for femall thoughts would be too great.



*Port.* I was not (*Brutus*) match'd with thee, to be  
A partner onely of thy boord, and bed:  
Each servile whore in those might equall me,  
Who but for pleasure, or for wealth did wed.  
No, *Portia* spous'd thee minding to remaine  
Thy Fortunes partner, whether good or ill:  
" By loves strict bonds whil' st mutuall duties chaine,  
" Two breasts must hold one heart, two souls one will;  
" Those whom just *Hymen* voluntar'ly bindes,  
" Betwixt them should communicate all things,  
" But chiefly that which most doth move the mindes;  
" Whence either pleasure, or displeasure springs.  
If thus thou seek thy sorrows to conceale  
Through a disdain, or a mistrust of me,  
Then to the world what way can I reveale,  
How great a matter I would do for thee?  
And though our sexe too talkative be deem'd,  
As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs,  
For secrets still bad Treasurers esteem'd,  
Of others greedy, prodigall of ours;  
" Good education may reforme defects,  
And this may leade me to a vertuous life,  
(Whil' st such rare patterns generous worth respects)  
I *Cato's* daughter am, and *Brutus* wife.  
Yet would I not repose my trust in ought,  
Still thinking that thy crosse was great to beare,  
Till I my courage to a tryall brought,  
Which suffering for thy cause can nothing feare:  
For first to try how that I could comport  
With sterne afflictions sprit-enfeebling blows,  
Ere I would seek to vex thee in this sort,  
To whom my soule a dutious reverence owes.  
Loe, here a wound which makes me not to smart,  
No, I rejoyce that thus my strength is knowne:  
Since thy distresse strikes deeper in my heart,  
Thy grieve (lifes joy) makes me neglect mine owne.

*Brut.* Thou must (deare love) that which thou sought'st receive,  
Thy heart so high a saile in stormes still beares,  
That thy great courage doth deserve to have  
Our enterprise entrusted to thine cares;  
This magnanimitie prevailes so farre,  
That it my resolution must controule,  
And of my bosome doth the depths unbarre,  
To lodge thee in the centre of my soule.  
Thou seest in what estate the State now stands,  
Of whose strong pillars *Caesar* spoyl'd the best,  
Whil' st by his owne, preventing others hands,  
Our famous Father fell amongst the rest.  
That proud usurper fondly doth presume  
To re-erect detested *Tarquius* throne,



Thusthe worlds Mistresse all-commanding *Rome*,  
 Must entertaine no Minion now but one.  
 All those brave mindes who mark where he doth rend,  
 Swell with disdaine, their Countries scorne to see;  
 And I am one of those who loone intend  
 (His death or mine procur'd) to be made free.

*Port.* And without me, canst thou resolve so soone;  
 To try the danger of a doubtfull strife?  
 As if despair'd, and alwayes but undone,  
 Of me growne weary, weary of thy life.  
 Yet since thou thus thy rash designe hast showne,  
 Leave *Portia's* portion, venter not her part,  
 Enda ger nought but that which is thine owne,  
 Go where thou lik'st, I will hold still thy heart.  
 But lest by holding of thy best part back;  
 The other perish't, aggravate my grones:  
 Who would be so thought guilty of thy wrack,  
 Take all thy Treasure to the Seas at once.  
 Like *Asia's* Monarchs wife, who with short haire,  
 (Sad signes of bondage) past still where he past,  
 To weare away, or beare away thy cares,  
 I'll follow thee, and of thy fortune taste.  
 These hands which were with mine own bloud imbru'd;  
 To strike another, may more strength afford,  
 At least when thou by th'enemies art pursu'd,  
 I'll set my selfe betwixt thee and each Sword;  
 But if too great a priviledge I claime,  
 Whose actions all should be dispos'd by thee,  
 Ah! pardon (*Brutus*) and but onely blame  
 This streame of passions that transported me.

*Brut.* Thou ask'st what thou shouldst give, forgive deare Mate,  
 This ventrous course of mine, which must have place,  
 Though it make Fortune Tyrant of our State,  
 Whose fickle foot-steps Vertue grieves to trace.  
 And wonder not though thus to thee I prove,  
 Since private duties now all pow'r have lost;  
 I weigh not glory, profit, pleasure, love,  
 Nor what respect may now import me most:  
 So to the land of which I hold my life,  
 I may performe that worke which I intend,  
 Let me be call'd unkinde unto my wife:  
 Yea, worst of all, ingrate unto my friend.  
 "As an instinct by Nature makes us know,  
 "There are degrees of duty to be past,  
 "Of which the first unto the Gods we owe,  
 "The next t'our Countrey, to our friends the last.  
 From *Rome* of old proud Tyrants bent to drive,  
 Did th'author of my race with ardent zeale,  
 Make those to dye, whom he had made to live,  
 And spoil'd himselfe to raise the Common-weale:



To settle that which *Caesar* now o're-throws,  
 (Though vertues nurserie, stately whil' it stood)  
 He with the Tyrant inter-changing blows,  
 On Glories Altar offered Fame his bloud.  
 And did that man to crosse the common foe,  
 Then damne his Sonnes to death? and with dry eyes,  
 And is his speciall heire degener'd so,  
 In abject bondage that he basely lyes?  
 No, his posterity his name not stains,  
 But even to tread his steps doth fast draw neare;  
 Yet, of his sprit in us some spark remaines,  
 Who more then life, our liberty hold deare.

*Port.* Then prosecute thy course, for I protest,  
 Though with some griefe, my soule the same approves;  
 This resolution doth become thy brest,  
 In honours spheare where heavenly Vertue moves:  
 And do this enterprise no more deferre,  
 What thee contents, to me contentment brings,  
 I to my life thy safety do preferre,  
 But hold thy honour deare above all things.  
 It would but let the world my weaknesse see,  
 If I sought my delights, not thy desires,  
 Though griefe it give, and threaten death to me,  
 Go follow forth that which thy Fame requires.  
 Though Nature, sexe, and education breed,  
 No power in me, with such a purpose even,  
 I must lend help to this intended deed,  
 If vows and pray'rs may penetrate the heaven:  
 But difficulties huge my fancie findes,  
 Nought, save the successe, can defray my feare:  
 "Ah! Fortune alwayes frownes on worthy mindes,  
 "As hating all who trust in ought save her.  
 Yet I despaire not but thou may'st prevaile,  
 And by this course to ease my present grones,  
 I this advantage have which cannot faile:  
 Ile be a free-mans wife, or else be nones:  
 For, if all prosper not as we pretend,  
 And that the Heavens *Romes* bondage do decree,  
 Straight with thy liberty my life shall end,  
 Who have no comfort but what comes from thee;  
 My Father hath me taught what way to dye,  
 By which if hindred from encountring death,  
 Some other meanes, I (though more strange) must try:  
 For, after *Brutus* none shall see me breathe.

*Brut.* Thou for my cause all others earst didst leave,  
 But now forsak'st thy selfe to joyne with me,  
 "Ore generous love no pow'r weake passions have,  
 Against thy minde thou dost with mine agree.  
 Ile (since by thee approv'd) securely go,  
 And vilipend the dangers of this life:



Heavens make my enterprize to prosper so,  
 That I may once prove worthy such a wife:  
 But ah! of all thy words those grieve me most,  
 Which bragge me with the dating of thy dayes;  
 What? though I in so good a cause were lost,  
 "None flies the fate which stablisch'd for him staves.  
 Do not defraud the world of thy rare worth,  
 But of thy *Brutus* the remembrance love;  
 From this faire prison strive not to breake forth,  
 Till first the fates have forc'd thee to remove.

*Port.* The heavens(I feare) have our confusion sworn,  
 Since this ill Age can with no good accord,  
 Thou and my Father (ah!) should have beene borne,  
 When Vertue was advanc'd, and Vice abhor'd.  
 Then, ere the light of Vertue was declin'd,  
 Your worth had reverenc'd beene, not throwne away,  
 Where now ye both have but in darknesse shin'd,  
 As Starres by night, that had beene Sunnes by day.

*Brut.* My treasure. strive to pacifie thy brest,  
 Lest sorrows but sinistrously presage  
 That which thou would'st not wish, and hope the best,  
 Though Vertue now must act on Fortunes Stage.

*Exeunt.*

### Chorus.

**T**hen liberty, of earthly things  
 What more delights a generous brest?  
 Which doth receive,  
 And can conceive  
 The matchlesse treasure that it brings;  
 It making men securely rest,  
 As all perceive,  
 Doth none deceive,  
 Whil'st from the same true courage springs,  
 But fear'd for nought, doth what seemes best:  
 "Then men are men, when they are all their owne,  
 "Not, but by others badges when made knowne:  
 Yet should we not mispending houres,  
 A freedome seeke, as oft it falls,  
 With an intent  
 But to content  
 These vaine delights, and appetites of ours;  
 For, then but made farre greater thralls,  
 We might repent  
 As not still pent  
 In stricter bounds by others pow'rs,  
 Whil'st feare licent:our thoughts appalls:  
 "Of all the Tyrants that the world affords,  
 "Ones owne affections are the fiercest Lords:




*As Libertines those onely live,  
Who (from the bands of vice set free)  
Vile thoughts cancell,  
And would excell  
In all that doth true glory give,  
From which when as no Tyrants be  
Them to repell,  
And to compell  
Their deeds against their thoughts to strive;  
They blest are in a high degree:  
“ For, such of fame the scrouls can hardly fill,  
“ Whose wit is bounded by anothers will:  
Our Ancestors of old such prov’d,  
(Who Rome from Tarquines yoke redeem’d)  
They first obtain’d,  
And then maintain’d  
Their liberty so dearly lov’d;  
They from all things which odious seem’d  
(Though not constrain’d)  
Themselves restrain’d,  
And willingly all good approv’d,  
Bent to be much, yet well esteem’d;  
“ And how could such but ayme at some great end,  
“ Whom liberty did leade, Glory attend?  
They leading valorous legions forth,  
(Though wanting Kings) triumph’d o’re Kings,  
And still aspir’d,  
By Mars inspir’d,  
To conquer all from South to North;  
Then lending fame their Eagles wings,  
They all acquir’d  
That was requir’d,  
To make them rare for rarest things,  
The world made witnesse of their worth:  
Thus those great mindes who domineer’d o’re all,  
Did make themselves first free, then others thrall,  
But we who hold nought but their name,  
From that to which they in times gone  
Did high ascend,  
Must low descend,  
And bound their glory with our shame,  
Whil’st on an abject Tyrants Throne,  
We (base) attend,  
And do intend  
Us for our fortune still to frame,  
Not it for us, and all for one:  
“ As liberty a courage doth impart,  
“ So bondage doth disbend, else breake the heart,  
Yet, O! who knows but Rome to grace  
Another Brutus may arise?*



*Who may effect  
 What we affect,  
 And Tarquines steps make Cæsar trace;  
 Though seeming dangers to despise  
 He doth suspect  
 What we expect  
 Which from his breast hath banish'd peace,  
 Though fairely he his feares disguise:  
 "Of Tyrants even the wrong, revenge affords,  
 "All feare but theirs, and they feare all mens swords.*

**Act. 4. Scene 1.**

*Decius Brutus Albinus, Marcus  
 Brutus, Caius Cassius.*


*Eare Cofin, Cassius did acquaint mine eares  
 With a designe which toss'd my mind - a space;  
 "For, when strange news, a strangers breath first beares,  
 "One should not straight to rash reports give place.*

*I would not then discover what I thought,  
 Lest he to trap my tongue, a snare had fram'd,  
 Till first with thee I to conferre was brought,  
 Whom he for Patron of his purpose nam'd.  
 "One should look well to whom his minde he leaves,  
 "In dangerous times when tales by walls are told,  
 "Men make themselves unnecessar'ly slaves,  
 "Of those to whom their secrets they unfold.*

*Mar. Brut. As Cassius told thee, griev'd for Romes distresse,  
 Which to our shame in bondage doth remaine,  
 We straight intend what ever we professe,  
 With Cæsars bloud to wash away this staine.  
 Though for this end a few sufficient are,  
 To whom their vertue courage doth impart,  
 Yet were we loth to wrong thy worth so farre,  
 As of such glory to give thee no part.  
 Since both this caule, yea, and thy name thee binde,  
 In this adventrous band to be compris'd,  
 There needs no Rhetoricke to raise thy minde,  
 To do the thing which thou shouldst have devis'd.*

*Dec. Brut. I thought no creature should my purpose know,  
 But he whose int'rest promis'd mutuall cares:  
 "Of those to whom one would his secret show,  
 "No greater pledge of trust then to know theirs;  
 As when two meet whil'st mask'd (though most deare friends)  
 With them (as strangers) no respect takes place,  
 But straight when friend-shipp one of them pretends,  
 The other likewise doth uncloud the face.*



So as thou first, I'll now at last be bold:  
My brest with the same birth long bigge hath gone,  
But I to others durst it not unfold,  
Nor yet attempt to compasse it alone;  
But since this course, at which I long did pause,  
On such great pillars now so strongly stands,  
Whose count'nance may give credit to a cause,  
It hath my heart, and it shall have my hands.

*Ca. Cass.* To our designs propitious signes are sent,  
So that the Gods would give us courage thus:  
For, all who ever heard of our intent,  
Would willingly engage themselves with us:  
Let other men discourse of vertuous rites,  
Ours but by action onely should be showne:  
"Bare speculation is but for such sprits  
"As want of pow'r, or courage keeps unknowne.  
"In those who vertue view, when crown'd with deeds,  
"Through Glories glasse, whose beauties long have shin'd,  
"To be embrac'd an high desire she breeds,  
"As load-stones iron, so ravishing the minde:  
What though a number now in darknesse lyes,  
Who are too weak for matters of such weight:  
We who are eminent in all mens eyes,  
Let us still hold the height of honour straight.

*Mar. Brut.* Earst (that our faction might be strengthened thus)  
I labour'd much to purchase all their pow'rs,  
Whom hate to *Caesar*, love to *Rome*, or us,  
Might make imbarke in those great hopes of ours;  
By sicknesse then imprison'd in his bed,  
Whil'st I *Ligarius* spy'd whom paines did pricke,  
When I had said with words that anguish bred:  
In what a time *Ligarius* art thou sick?  
He answer'd straight as I had Physicke brought,  
Or that he had imagin'd my designe,  
If worthie of thy selfe thou would'st do ought,  
Then *Brutus* I am whole, and wholly thine:  
Since he by *Caesar* was accus'd of late  
For taking *Pompey's* part, yet at this houre  
He (though absolv'd) doth still the Tyrant hate,  
Since once endanger'd by his lawlesse pow'r:  
Thus (of great sprits exasperating spites)  
Heaven of our course the progresse doth direct,  
One inspiration all our soules incites,  
Who have advis'dly sworne for one effect.

*Dec. Brut.* So I with *Cicero* did conferre at length,  
Who (I perceive) the present state detests,  
And though old Age diminish'd hath his strength,  
In him a will to free his Countrey rests.

*Mar. Bru.* That man whose love still to his countrey shin'd,  
Would willingly the common-wealth restore:

Then



Then he (I know) though he conceals his minde,  
 None *Cæsar* more dislikes, nor likes us more:  
 Yet to his custody I'll not commit  
 The secrets of our enterprize so soone:  
 "Men may themselves be often-times not fit  
 "To do the things which they would wish were done.  
 He still was timorous, and, by age growne worle,  
 Might chance to lay our honour in the dust;  
 "All Cowards must inconstant be of force,  
 "With bold designs none fearfull breasts should trust.  
 Then, some of ours would hold their hands still pure,  
 Who (ere they be suspected) for a space,  
 Amidst the tumult may remaine secure,  
 And with the people mediate our peace:  
 But who then *Tullius* fitter for that turne,  
 Whose eloquence is us'd to charme their eares?  
 His banishment they in black Gownes did mourne,  
 Whom all do honour for his worth and yeares.

*Cai. Cass.* Those studious wits which have through dangers gone,  
 "Would still be out, ere that they enter in:  
 "Who muse of many things, resolve of none,  
 "And (thinking of the end) cannot begin.  
 "The minde which looks no further then the eye,  
 "And more to Nature trusts, then unto Art,  
 "Such doubtfull fortunes fittest is to try:  
 "A furious actor for a desp'rat part.  
 We have enow, and of the best degree,  
 Whose hands unto their hearts, hearts t'us are true,  
 And if that we seek more, I feare we be  
 To hide, too many, if disclos'd, too few;  
 Let us advise with an industrious care  
 (Now ere the Tyrant intercept our mindes)  
 The time, the place, the manner, when, and where  
 We should en-trust our Treasure to the windes;  
 And since our states this doth in danger bring,  
 Let every point be circumspectly weigh'd,  
 "A circumstance, or an indifferent thing,  
 "Doth oft marre all, when not with care conveigh'd.

*Mar. Brut.* As for the time, none could be wish'd more fit,  
 Then is the present to performe our vow,  
 Since all the people must allow of it,  
 By recent anguish mov'd extreamely now.  
 When represented in his triumph past,  
 Great *Cato's* mangled intrails made them weep;  
 And desp'rat *Scipio* whilst he leap't at last  
 To seek a Sanctuary amidst the deep.  
 Then all those great men whom in severall parts,  
 Bent for *Romes* freedome, *Cæsar* did o're-throw,  
 Did by their pictures pierce the peoples hearts,  
 And made a piteous (though a pompous) show;



How could they but conceive a just disdain  
To be upbraided in so strange a sort,  
Whil'st he who onely by their losse did gaine,  
Of their calamitie did make a sport?  
But yet his purpose grieves them most of all,  
Since that he strives to be proclaim'd a King:  
And not contents himselfe to make us thrall;  
But would even all our heires to bondage bring.  
Thus whil'st the people are with him displeas'd,  
We best may do what to our part belongs:  
For, after this they may be best appeas'd,  
If, whil'st their wrath doth last, we venge their wrongs;  
And (since we nought intend but what is right,  
Whil'st from our Countrey we remove disgrace)  
Let all be acted in the Senates sight,  
A common cause, and in a common place.  
Let those whose guilty thoughts do damne their deeds,  
In corners like *Minerva's* birds abide,  
That which our Countrey good, us glory breeds,  
May by the lights of heaven and earth be try'd.  
The Senatours by our example mov'd,  
Pleas'd with this action which imports them too,  
To have the yoke of tyranny remov'd,  
May at the least confirme that which we do;  
So all the Senatours were said of old,  
King *Romulus* in peeces to have torne,  
Who then to tyrannize was growne too bold,  
And, ere turn'd God, humanitie did scorne.

*Dec. Brut.* Yea, what though *Caesar* were immortall made,  
As *Romulus*, whose deitie him revives:  
I rather as a God adore him dead,  
Then as a King obey him whil'st he lives.

*Cai. Cass.* That place indeed, most for our glory makes,  
A Theater worthy of so great an act,  
Where in their sight from whom most pow'r he takes,  
We of the Tyrant vengeance may exact;  
But I must recommend unto your minde,  
A course (though strict) of which we must allow,  
Lest it o're-throw all that we have design'd,  
Since past recovery, if neglected now:  
There is *Antonius*, *Caesars* greatest friend,  
A man whose Nature tyranny affects,  
Whom all the Souldiers daily do attend,  
As one who nought but to command respects;  
I feare that he when we have *Caesar* flaine,  
The grieved faction furnish with a head:  
So when we end, we must begin againe  
With one who lives worle then the other dead;  
And in my judgement I would thinke it best,  
When sacrific'd the proud usurper lyes,

That

How



That this seditious enemy of rest  
 Should fall with him, with whom he first did rise:  
 Thus, of our liberty we now may lay  
 A solid ground, which can be shak't by none:  
 "Those of their purpose who a part delay,  
 "Two labours have, who might have had but one.

*Mar. Brut.* I cannot (*Cassius*) condescend to kill  
 (Thus from the path of justice to decline)  
 One faultlesse yet, lest after he prove ill,  
 So to prevent his guiltinesse by mine;  
 No, no, that neither honest were, nor just,  
 Which rigorous forme would but the world affright,  
 Men by this meane, our meaning might mistrust,  
 And for a little wrong damne all that's right:  
 If we do onely kill the common foe,  
 Our Countries zeale must then acquire due praise,  
 But if (like Tyrants) fiercely raging so,  
 We will be thought that which we raze to raise;  
 And where we but intend to aide the State,  
 Though by endangering what we hold most deare,  
 If slaying him (as arm'd by private hate)  
 We to the world all partiall will appeare,  
 Ah, ah! we must but too much murder see,  
 Who without doing ill cannot do good:  
 And, would the Gods, that *Rome* could be made free  
 Without the shedding of one drop of bloud!  
 Then, there is hope that *Anthony* in end,  
 Whil'st first our vertue doth direct the way,  
 Will (leagu'd with us) the liberty defend,  
 And (when brought back) will blush, as once astray.

*Ca. Cass.* Well *Brutus*, I protest against my will,  
 From this black cloud, what ever tempest fall,  
 That mercy but most cruelly doth kill,  
 Which thus saves one, who once may plague us all.

*Dec. Brut.* When *Cæsar* with the Senatours sits downe,  
 In this your judgements generally accord,  
 That for affecting wrongtully the Crowne,  
 He lawtully may perish by the Sword:  
 No greater harme can for our course be wrought,  
 Then by protracting the appointed time,  
 Lest that, which acted would be vertue thought,  
 Be (if prevented) constru'd as a crime;  
 Can one thing long in many mindes be pent?  
 "No, purposes would never be delayd,  
 "Which judg'd by th'issues Fortune doth comment,  
 "If prosp'ring, reason, treason if betrai'd.  
 There may amongst our selves some man remaine,  
 Whom (if afraid) his pardon to procure,  
 Or (if too greedy) for the hope of gaine,  
 Time to disclose his consorts may allure.

Then



*The Tragedy of Iulius Cæsar.*

27

Then for our recompence we ruine reape,  
Ifought our course thus made abortive marre,  
For, it discovered once, we cannot scape:

“As tyrants eares heare much, their hands reach farre.

*Ca. Cæsius.* The brest in which so deep a secret dwels;  
Would not be long charg’d with so weighty cares:

For, I conjecture, as their count’nance tels,  
That many know our mindes, though we not theirs:

Even but of late one, *Casca* came to see

Who curious was to have our purpose knowne,  
And said to him, that which thou had’st from me,  
To me by *Brutus* hath at length been shown.

Then *Lena* once came to us in like sort,  
And wish’d that our designe might prosper well;  
But yet to haste did earnestly exhort,  
Since others told what we refus’d to tell.

Whilst strangers rest familiar with our minde,  
And ere we them, doe all our purpose spy,  
Make forward fast, or we will come behinde:

“Fame (wing’d with breath) doth violently flye.

*Mar. Brut.* Their words but burst from tales uncertaine forth,  
For, whilst considering of their bondage thus,  
Of *Cæsars* tyranny and of our worth,  
They thinke this should be done, and done by us.

Such conjurations to confirme of old,  
Some drinking others blouds, I wore on their swords,  
And cursing those who did their course unfold,  
Vs’d imprecations, execrable words;

And yet, then this, though voluntar’ly vow’d,  
Free from all bonds, save that which vertue bindes,  
More constantly no course was ere allow’d,

Till that the end must manifest our mindes.  
And since so many frankely keep their faith,  
What first intended to accomplish bent,  
No doubt in spite of fickle fortunes wrath,  
A happy successe shall our soules content.

Might some few Thebans from the Spartans pride,  
By divers tyrants deaths redeem their Towne?  
And one Athenian who his vertue try’d,  
By thirty tyrants ruine, get renowne?

And to the Greekes are we inferiours growne,  
That where they have so many tyrants spoil’d,  
There cannot one be by us all o’erthrowne,  
Whose state yet staggering may be soon imbroil’d?

I am resolv’d, and with my thoughts decree,  
VVhat ever chance to come, or sweet, or sowre,  
I shall my soile from tyranny set free,  
Or then my selfe free from the tyrants pow’r.

*Dec. Brut.* By *Lepidus* invited this last night,  
Whilst *Cæsar* went to suppe, and I with him,

Then



Of all deaths shapes to talke, we tooke delight,  
 So at the table to beguile the time :  
 And whilst our judgements all about were try'd,  
 Straight *Caesar*, (as transported) to the rest,  
 With a most sudden exclamation cry'd :  
 O! of all deaths, unlook'd for death is best :  
 It from our selves doth steale our selves so fast,  
 That even the minde no fearefull forme can see,  
 Then is the paine ere apprehended past;  
 " Sowre things ere tasted, would first swallowed be.  
 The threatned destiny thus he divin'd :  
 (It would appeare) divinely then inspir'd;  
 For, now I hope that he shall shortly finde  
 That forme of death which he himselfe desir'd.

*Cai. Cas.* Whilst of our band the fury flames most hot,  
 And that their will to end this worke is such,  
 Lest *Caesars* absence disappoint the plot,  
 Which would of some abate the courage much;  
 It (*Decius*) were exceedingly well done,  
 That to his lodging you addrest your way,  
 Him by all meanes to further forward loone,  
 Lest him some sudden chance may move to stay.

*Dec. Brut.* There, where the Senate minds this day to sit,  
 Stand all prepar'd, not fearing danger more,  
 And for the Sacrifice when all is fit,  
 Ile bring an offering hallowed of before.

*Exit.*

## Act 4. Scene 2.

*Caesar, Calphurnia, Decius Brutus.*



Long-lookt-for Time that should the glory yeeld,  
 Which I through *Neptunes* trustlesse raign have sought;  
 And through the dust of many a bloudy field,  
 As by all dangers worthy to be bought.  
 Thy comming now those lowring shadowes clears,  
 My hopes horizon which did long o're-cast;  
 This day defrayes the toyles of many yeares,  
 And brings the harvest of my labours past.  
 The Senators a Messenger have sent  
 Most earnestly entreating me to come  
 And heare my selfe discern'd by their consent  
 To weare a Crowne o're all, excepting *Rome*;  
 Thus, they devise conditions at this houre  
 For him, of whom *Mars* hath made them the prey,  
 As Subjects limit could their Soveraignes pow'r,  
 Who must have minde of nought but to obey;  
 But having pacifi'd those present things,  
 I minde to leade my valorous legions forth



Toth' orientall Realmes (adoring Kings)  
Who can afford all that is due to worth.  
Then swimme my thoughts in th' ocean of delight,  
Whilst on the pillow of soft praise repos'd;  
Those eyes to gaze upon my glories light,  
Which Envy open'd, Admiration clos'd.

*Cal.* Ah, though your fancies great contentment finde,  
Whilst thus the world your vertue doth advance;  
Yet a prepost'rous terrou'r stings my minde,  
And braggs me with I know not what milchance;  
My wavering hopes o're-ballanc'd are with feares,  
Which to my soule sinistrous signes impart;  
And om'nous rumours so assault mine eares,  
That they almost make breaches in my heart.

*Cæs.* What? do foild *Pompeys* floting followers strive  
To recollect their ruines from the dust?  
Dare they who onely by my tollerance live,  
More to their strength, then to my favour trust?  
Or do'st thou feare his sonnes dejected state,  
Who steales infamous flying through those fouds,  
Which his great father, Admirall of late,  
Did plant with ships, till all their waves seem'd woods;  
Or makes his brothers death his hopes grow more,  
Since (by them straited in a bloody strife)  
I who in all the battels given before,  
Did fight for victory, then, fought for life;  
Or, whilst to march to *Parthia* I prepare,  
Doth a suspition thus afflict thy sprite:  
By *Crassus* fortune mov'd, who perish'd there,  
The scorned prey of the Barbarians spight?  
To those with *Cassius* who from thence retir'd,  
Amongst my bands a place I will allow,  
Whose foes shall finde (bad fate at last expir'd,)  
Though the same sheep, another sheep-heard now;  
Doe not imagine matters to bemone,  
For, whilst there stands a world, can *Caesar* fall?  
Though thousand thousands were conjur'd in one,  
I, and my fortune might confound them all.

*Cal.* No, none of those my minde doth discontent,  
Who undisguis'd still like themselves remaine:  
Vnlook't-for harmes are hardest to prevent:  
There is no guard against conceal'd disdain;  
But, in whom further can your trust repose,  
Whom danger now o're all by all attends?  
"Where private men but onely feare their foes,  
"Of Kings have greatest cause to feare their friends;  
"For, since most trusted, fittest to betray,  
"Those unto whom ones favour force affords,  
"Most dangerous ambushes with ease may lay,  
"Whilst falsest hearts are hid with fairest words.



And some report (though privately) yet plaine,  
That *Dolabella* and *Antonius* now,  
By your destruction doe intend to gaine  
That which you keep by making all men bow.

*Ces.* No corpulent sanguinians make me feare,  
Who with more paine their beards then th'en'mies strike,  
And doe themselves like th'Epicurians beare  
To *Bacchus*, *Mars*, and *Venus* borne alike;  
Their hearts doe alwaies in their mouthes remaine;  
As streames whose murmuring shewes their course not deep,  
Then still they love to sport, though grosse, and plaine,  
And never dreame of ought but when they sleep:  
But those high sprites who hold their bodies downe,  
Whose visage leane their restless thoughts records:  
Whilst they their cares depth in their bosomes drown,  
I feare their silence more then th'others words.

Thus *Cassius* now and *Brutus* seeme to hold  
Some great thing in their minde, whose fire oft smoaks;  
What *Brutus* would, he vehemently would;  
Thinke what they list, I like not their pale looks:  
Yet with their worth this cannot well agree,  
In whom bright vertue seemes so much to shine:  
Can those who have receiv'd their lives from me,  
Prove so ingrate, that they doe thirst for mine?  
Dare *Cassius* (match'd with me) new hopes conceive,  
At th'*Hellespont*, who fortune durst not try,  
And (like a dastard) did his Gallies leave,  
In all (save courage) though more strong then I  
Shall I suspect that *Brutus* seekes my bloud,  
Whose safety still I tendred with such care,  
Who when the heavens from mortals me seclude,  
Is onely worthy to be *Caesar's* heire?

*Cal.* "The corners of the heart are hard to know;  
Though of those two the world the best doth deeme,  
Yet doe not trust too much to th' outward show,  
For, men may differ much from what they seeme.  
"None oft more fierce then those who look most milde,  
"Impiety sometime appears devout,  
And (that the world the more may be beguil'd)  
"Even vice can cloath it selfe with vertues cote.  
Though it would seem (all hatred now laid downe)  
They on your favour onely should depend,  
Yet no respect can counterpoise a Crowne:  
"Ambition hath no bounds, nor Greed no end.  
Mov'd by vindictive hate, or emulous pride,  
Since some your person, some your place pursue;  
All threatned dangers to prevent, provide,  
And use for safety, what to State is due.

*Ces.* No armour is that can hold treason out.

*Cal.* To fright your foes with bands be back'd about.



*Cæs.* So dastard tyrants strive themselves to beare.

*Cal.* It better is to give, then to take feare.

*Cæs.* No guard more strong then is the peoples love.

*Cal.* But nought in th'earth doth more inconstant prove.

*Cæs.* Guards (shewing feare) to charge me men might tempt.

*Cal.* Guards would put them from hope, you from contempt.

*Cæs.* My brest from terrour hath been alwaies cleare.

*Cal.* When one least feares, oft danger lurks most neare.

*Cæs.* I rather dye then feare: at last life goes.

*Cal.* Yet, death must grieve, when forc'd by vaunting foes.

*Cæs.* I will not crosse my present pleasures so,

By apprehending what may chance to come,  
This world affords but too much cause for woe;  
And sorrowes still must harbour'd be by some.  
By joyes in time we must embrace reliefe,  
That when they end, we in some measure may  
By their remembrance mitigate the griefe  
Which still attends all those on th'earth that stay.  
I thinke the Senate is assembled now,  
And for my comming doth begin to gaze,  
Let me condignely once adorne my brow,  
And feast mine eares by drinking in due praise.

*Cal.* Stay, stay (deare Lord) retire thy steps againe,  
And spare a space to prorogate whole yeares;  
Let not this ominous day begin thy raigne,  
Which fatall and unfortunate appeares.  
An Astrologian through the world renown'd,  
Thy horoscopes just calculation layes,  
And doth affirme (as he by signes hath found)  
That Marches Ides doe bragge to bound thy dayes;  
Walke not abroad where harmes may be receiv'd  
(By great necessity since no way forc'd)  
For, (though his judgement may be farre deceiv'd)  
"In things that touch thy life, suspect the worst.

*Cæs.* Whilst I reform'd the Calendar by fits,  
Which did confound the order of the yeare;  
I waded through the depths of all their wits,  
Who of the starres the mysteries would cleare.  
Those pregnant sprites who walke betwixt the Poles,  
And lodge at all the Zodiackes severall signes,  
Doe reade strange wonders wrapt in th'azure scroules,  
Of which our deeds are words, our lives are lines.  
By speculation of superiour pow'rs,  
Some Natures secrets curious are to know,  
As how celestiall bodies rule o're ours,  
And what their influence doth worke below.  
Yea, they sometime may brave conjectures make  
Of those whose parts they by their birth doe prove,  
Since naturally all inclination take  
From Planets then predominant above;

*Cæs.*



And yet no certainty can so be had,  
 Some vertuously against their Starres have striv'd,  
 As *Socrates*, who grew (though borne but bad)  
 The most accomplish'd man that ever liv'd.  
 But of the houre ordain'd to close our lights,  
 No earth-clog'd soule can to the knowledge come;  
 For, O! the destinies farre from our sights,  
 In clouds of darknesse have involv'd our doome!  
 And some but onely guesse at great mens falls,  
 By bearded Comets, and prodigious Starres,  
 Whose sight-distracting shape the world appalls,  
 As still denouncing terrour, death, or warres.  
 The time uncertaine is of certaine death,  
 And that fantasticke man farre past his bounds:  
 "With doubt and reverence they should manage breath,  
 "Who will divine upon conjectur'd grounds.

*Cal.* But this all day hath prey'd upon my heart,  
 And from the same of cares a tribute claim'd;  
 Doe not despise that which I must impart,  
 Though but a dreame, and by a woman dream'd.  
 I thought (alas) the thought yet wounds my breast,  
 Then whilst we both (as those whom *Morpheus* weds)  
 Lay softly buried (with a pleasant rest)  
 I in thy bosome, thou within the beds:  
 Then from my soule strange terrours did with-draw  
 Th' expected peace by apprehended harmes;  
 For, I imagin'd, no, no doubt I saw,  
 And did embrace thee bloody in mine armes.  
 Thus whilst my soule by sorrowes was furcharg'd,  
 Of which huge weight it yet some burden beares,  
 I big with griefe, two Elements enlarg'd,  
 Th' ayre with my fighes, the water with my teares.

*Ces.* That which I heard, with thy report accords,  
 Whilst thou all seem'd dissolv'd in griefe at once,  
 A heavy murmuring made with mangled words,  
 Was interrupted oft by tragicke groines.  
 The memory, but not the judgement frames  
 Those raving fancies which disturbe the braine,  
 Whilst night dissolves all dayes designs in dreames,  
 "The senses sleeping, soules would stirre in vaine.  
 From superstitious feares this care proceeds,  
 Which still would watch o're that which thou dost love,  
 And in thy minde thus melancholy breeds,  
 Which doth those strange imaginations move.

*Cal.* Ah, in so light account leave off to hold  
 Those fatall warnings, which our mindes should leade  
 To search darke matters, till we may unfold  
 What dangers huge doe hang above thy head.  
 With sacred Garlands he who things divines,  
 By th' intrails of the consecrated beast,



Doth in the offering see finistrous signes,  
And I entreat thee doe not hence make haste.

*Cæs.* When I in *Spaine* against yong *Pompey* went,  
Thus, the diviner threatned me before,  
Yet did I prosecute my first intent,  
Which with new lawrels did my browes decore.

*Cal.* And yet you hardly there (as I doe heare)  
From danger (farre engag'd) redeem'd your life;  
But tokens now more monstrous doe appeare,  
And I suspect farre worse then open strife.

*Cæs.* Lest I too much seeme wedded to my will,  
(As others counsels scorning to allow)  
With jealous eyes I'll search about me still,  
And even mistrust my selfe to trust thee now;  
Yet if I stay, the Senators deceiv'd,  
May my beginning straight begin to hate;  
So might I perish, seeking to be sav'd:  
"By flying it, some fall upon their fate.  
But here one comes who can resolve me much,  
With whom I use to weigh affaires of weight;  
Whence com'st thou *Decius*, that thy haste is such?  
Is ought occur'd that craves our knowledge straight?"

*Dec.* I come to tell you how the Senate stayes,  
Till that your presence blesse their longing sight,  
And to conclude what is propos'd, delays,  
Since your applause can onely make it right:  
They your contentment to procure intend,  
And all their thoughts seeme at one object bent,  
Save that amongst themselves they doe contend,  
Who you to please, shall rarest wayes invent.

*Cæs.* Then that, no treasure to my soule more deare,  
Which to enjoy from hence I long to part,  
But yet I know not what arrests me here,  
And makes my feet rebellious to my heart;  
From thee (deare friend) I never doe conceale  
The weightiest secrets that concerne me most;  
And at this time I likewise must reveale,  
How heavens by signes me with destruction boast:  
To superstition though not earst inclin'd,  
My wife by dreames doth now preface my fall,  
It a sooth-fayer likewise hath divin'd:  
The Sacrifice prodigious seemes to all,  
So that till this disastrous day be gone,  
All company I purpose to disuse,  
And to the Senators will send some one,  
To paint my absence with a faire excuse.

*Dec. Brut.* Doe not repose on superstitious signes,  
You to suspect the people thus to bring,  
Whilst Sovereigne-like you limit their designs,  
Seeme not a tyrant, seeking to be King:



How can we satisfie the worlds conceit,  
 Whose tongue still in all eares your praise proclaimes ?  
 Or shall we bid them leave to deale in state,  
 Till that *Calphurnia* first have better dreames ?  
 If that this day you private would remaine,  
 The Senate to dissolve your selfe must goe,  
 And then incontinent come backe againe,  
 When you have showne to it some reverence so.  
*Cæs.* With thy advise (as pow'rfull) I agree,  
 The Senatours shall have no cause to grudge :  
 A little space, all part a space from me,  
 And I'll be shortly ready to dislodge.

*Caesar alone.*

**V**VHence comes this huge and admirable change,  
 That in my brest hath uncouth thoughts infus'd,  
 Doth th'earth then earst yeeld terrors now more strange,  
 Or but my minde lesse courage then it us'd ?  
 What spightfull fate against my state contends,  
 That I must now to fancied plagues give place,  
 By foes not mov'd, afraid amongst my friends,  
 By warre secure, endanger'd but by peace ?  
 When strongest troopes to fight with me did come,  
 Then did my heart the highest hopes conceive,  
 I warr'd with many, many to o're-come;  
 The greatest battels, greatest glory gave.  
 As th'enemies numbers, still my courage grew;  
 Through depths of dangers oft times have I past,  
 Yet never did those boundlesse labours rue,  
 To have none greater first, none equall last :  
 When bragging Gauls mov'd by their neighbours fals,  
 Had from the fields, no, from my fury fled;  
 And hid themselves with Armes, their Armes with walles,  
 Whilst I my troupes before *Alexia* led;  
 Then, though there swarm'd forth from the bounds about,  
 Huge hosts to compasse me inflam'd with wrath,  
 That the besiegers (all besieg'd about,)  
 Seem'd drawne by danger in the nets of death.  
 No way I who could with the pride comport,  
 That those Barbarians by vaine vaunts bewray'd,  
 Did re-assault th'assaulters in such sort,  
 That words by wounds, wounds were by death repayd.  
 Of those within the towne (to ease their toyles)  
 Till quite o're-com'd, their coming was not knowne,  
 Who straight (upbraided by the barbarous spoiles)  
 Did yeeld themselves, as if with them o're-throwne,  
 By liquid legions whilst with tumid boasts  
 The Trident-bearer striv'd my spoiles to beare;

Though



Though threatned thrise amid'st his humid hosts,  
 Still courage scorn'd to thinke of abject feare,  
 I us'd those Pyrats who had me deceiv'd,  
 Still as my servants (thundring threatnings forth)  
 And gave them money more then they had crav'd,  
 Whole ignorance too meanelly priz'd my worth:  
 Yet gathering ships, I stay'd not long a shore,  
 But trac'd their steps, though they not pay'd the way,  
 And taking them (as I had vow'd before)  
 By nought but death their ransome would defray;  
 Then when (without th' advice of others mindes)  
 Through hoary waves I past alone by night,  
 Whilst in a little Barke against great windes,  
 That even the Pilot lookt not for the light,  
 The waves themselves asunder seem'd to teare,  
 That in their gravell I might chuse a grave,  
 And crystall arches did above me reare,  
 That I a Tombe fit for my state might have,  
 Whilst dangers seem'd to merit Cæsars death,  
 As *Neptune* rais'd his head, I rais'd my heart;  
 And shewing what I was with constant breath,  
 To weake *Amiclas* courage did impart.  
 Was I not once amid'st large *Nilus* flote,  
 Whilst me to wound, a wood of darts did flye,  
 Yet swim'd so carelesse of my enemies shot,  
 That in my hand I held some papers dry?  
 With open dangers thus in every place,  
 I (whilst oft compass'd both by Sea and Land,)  
 Did undismay'd looke horror in the face,  
 As borne for nought, but onely to command.  
 But since a world of victories have fill'd  
 With Trophees Temples, Theaters with my praise,  
 That bath'd with balme which glories bayes had still'd,  
 With friends in peace, I look'd to spend my dayes;  
 The chambers musicke now affrights me more,  
 Then Trumpets sounds when marching in the field,  
 And Gowns (though signes of peace) worse then before  
 The pompous splendour of a flaming shiel.  
 Those thoughts of late which had disdain'd to doubt,  
 Though I alone had march'd amongst my foes,  
 Loe, whilst amongst my friends well back'd about,  
 They, then the eyes more danger now disclose.  
 If any chance, to meet a number brings,  
 Insurrections feare from common wrath,  
 Yea, if two talke a part of private things,  
 Straight I suspect that they conspire my death;  
 When sudden rumours rise from vulgar smoake;  
 (Whilst th'inward motions roule my restless eyes,)  
 I at each corner for an ambush looke,  
 And start astonish'd, lest some tumult rise.

When



When light (first lightning) doth encourage toyles,  
 I still despaire to re-enjoy the night,  
 And when mine eyes th' umbragious darkenesse spoils,  
 I never looke to grace them with the light;  
 For, when the light with shadowes makes a change,  
 To flatter mortals with a dreame of rest,  
 What ugly Gorgons, what Chimera's strange  
 Doe bragge the little world within my brest?  
 The time which should appease impetuous cares,  
 Doth double mine, who view most when quite blinde;  
 I apprehend huge horrors and despaire,  
 Whilst th' outward objects not distract my minde:  
 Now of my conquests what delight remains?  
 Where is the peace pursu'd by many a strife?  
 Have I but taken paine to purchase paines?  
 And sought by dangers for a dangerous life?  
 Is this the period of aspiring pow'rs,  
 In promis'd calmes to be most plagu'd by stormes?  
 Lurke poyl'nous Serpents under fairest flow'rs,  
 And hellish furies under heavenly formes?  
 It will not grieve my ghost below to goe,  
 If circumvented in the warres I end,  
 As bold *Marcellus* by *Romes* greatest foe,  
 Who gave his ashes honour as a friend;  
 Or like t' *Epaminondas* in his death,  
 O! would the Gods I had amidst alarmes,  
 When charg'd with recent spoiles, been spoil'd of breath,  
 Whilst I to *Pluto* might have march'd in armes;  
 Yet, life to end, which nought but toyles affords,  
 I'll pay to death the tribute that it owes;  
 Straight with my bloud, let some come dye their swords,  
 Whose naked brest encounter shall their blowes:  
 But ah! how have the furies seiz'd my brest,  
 And poyson'd thus my sprite with desp'rate rage?  
 By horrid Serpents whilst quite barr'd from rest,  
 No kinde of comfort can my cares assuage;  
 No, *Atropos*, yet spare my threed a space,  
 That to the Stygian streames ere walking downe,  
 I may of honour have the highest place,  
 And it I fall, yet fall beneath a Crowne.  
 Whilst cares are bended to applauding shouts,  
 My thoughts divided are within my brest,  
 And my tols'd soule doth flote between two doubts,  
 Yet knowes not on what ground to build her rest.  
 The Senators, they have this day design'd,  
 To shew the world how they esteeme my worth;  
 Yet doe portentuous signes perturb my minde,  
 By which the heavens would point my danger forth:  
 The Gods from me with indignation gone,  
 In every thing charact'red have my death:



## The Tragedy of Iulius Cæsar.

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And must both heaven and earth conspire in one,  
To quench a little sparke of smoaking breath?  
My safety would that I should stay within  
Till this disastrous day give darkenesse place;  
But daring honour would have me begin  
To reape the glory of my painefull race,  
And I'll advance in spight of threatned broyles,  
For, though the fates accomplish what we dreame,  
When onely death hath triumph'd of my spoiles,  
I then (though breathlesse) still shall breathe with fame.

*Exit.*

### Chorus.

**V** *What fury thus doth fill the brest  
With a prodigious rash desire,  
Which banishing their soules from rest,  
Doth make them live who high aspire,  
(Whilst it within their bosome boyles)  
As Salamanders in the fire;  
Or like to Serpents changing spoiles,  
Their wither'd beauties to renew?  
Like Vipers with unnaturall toyles,  
Of such the thoughts themselves pursue,  
Who for all lines their lives doe square,  
Whilst like Camelions changing hue,  
They onely feed on empty ayre:  
"To passe ambition greatest matters brings,  
"And (save contentment) can attaine all things:  
This active passion doth disdain  
To match with any vulgar minde,  
As in base breasts where terrours raigne,  
Too great a guest to be confin'd;  
It doth but lofty thoughts frequent,  
Where it a spacious field may finde,  
It selfe with honour to content,  
Where reverenc'd fame doth lowdest sound;  
Those for great things by courage bent,  
(Farre lifted from this lumpish round)  
Would in the sphere of Glory move,  
Whilst lofty thoughts which nought can binde,  
All rivals live in vertues love;  
"On abject preyes as th' Eagles never light,  
"Ambition poysons but the greatest sprite,  
And of this restlesse Vultures brood,  
(If not become too great a flame)  
A little sparke doth sometime good,  
Which makes great mindes (affecting fame)  
To suffer still all kinde of paine:  
Their fortune at the bloudy game,*

And

Who




Who hazard would for hope of gaine,  
 Vnlesse first burn'd by thirst of praise?  
 The learned to a higher straine,  
 Their wits by emulation raise,  
 As those who hold applauses deare;  
 And what great minde at which men gaze,  
 It selfe can of ambition cleare,  
 Which is when valu'd at the highest price,  
 A generous errour, an heroicke vice?  
 But when this frenzie flaming bright,  
 Doth so the soules of some surprise,  
 That they can taste of no delight,  
 But what from Soveraignty doth rise,  
 Then, huge affliction it affords;  
 Such must themselves so to disguise  
 Prove prod gall of courteous words,  
 Give much to some, and promise all,  
 Then humble seeme to be made Lords,  
 Yea, being thus to many thrall,  
 Must words impart, if not support;  
 To those who crush'd by fortune fall;  
 And grieve themselves to please each sort:  
 "Are not those wretch'd, who o're a dangerous snare,  
 "Do hang by hopes, whilst ballanc'd in the ayre;  
 Then when they have the Port attain'd,  
 Which was through Seas of dangers sought,  
 They (loe) at last but losse have gain'd,  
 And by great trouble, trouble bought:  
 Their mindes are married still with feares,  
 To bring forth many a jealous thought;  
 With searching eyes, and watching eares,  
 To learne that which it grieves to know,  
 The brest that such a burden beares,  
 What huge afflictions doe o'rethrow?  
 Thus, each Prince is (as all perceive)  
 No more exalted then brought low,  
 "Of many, Lord, of many, slave;  
 "That idoll greatnesse which th'earth doth adore,  
 "Is gotten with great paine, and kept with more:  
 He who to this imagin'd good,  
 Did through his countries bowels tend,  
 Neglecting friendship, duty, bloud,  
 And all on which trust can depend,  
 Or by which love could be conceiv'd,  
 Doth finde of what he did attend,  
 His expectations farre deceiv'd;  
 For, since suspecting secret snares,  
 His soule hath still of rest beene reav'd,  
 Whilst squadrons of tumultuous cares,  
 Forth from his brest extort deep groanes:



Thus *Cæsar* now of life despaire,  
 Whole lot his hope exceeded once;  
 And who can long well keep an ill wonne State?  
 "Those perish must by some whom all men hate.

Act. 5. Scene 1.

*Marcus Brutus, Chorus, Antonius, Caius  
 Cassius, Marcus Tullius Cicero.*

 Re generous *Romans* so degener'd now,  
 That they from honour have estrang'd their hands?  
 And, us'd with burdens, do not blush to bow,  
 Yea (even though broken) shake not off their bands;  
 This glorious worke was worthy of your paine,  
 Which now ye may by others dangers have;

But what enchants you thus, that ye abstaine  
 That which ye should have taken, to receive?  
 Where be those inundations of delight,  
 Which should burst out from thoughts o're-flow'd with joy,  
 Whil'st emulous Vertue may your mindes incite,  
 That which we give you bravely to enjoy,  
 Or quite conform'd unto your former state,  
 Do still your mindes of servitude allow,  
 As broken by adversitie of late,  
 Not capable of better fortune now?  
 Loe, we who by the Tyrants favour stood,  
 And griev'd but at the yoke which you out-rag'd,  
 Have our advancement, riches, rest, and bloud,  
 All liberally for liberty engag'd.

*Chor.* Thou like thy great Progenitour in this,  
 Hast glory to thy selfe, t'us freedome brought;  
 "Then liberty what greater treasure is?  
 "Ought with it much, without it much seemes nought:

But pardon us (heroicke man) though we  
 To high perfection hardly can aspire,  
 Though every man cannot a *Brutus* be,  
 "What none can imitate, all must admire.

At this strange course (with too much light made blinde)  
 We our opinions must suspend a space,  
 "When sudden chances do dismay the minde,  
 "The Iudgement to the Passion first gives place.

*Ant.* What wonder now though this most barbarous deed  
 Have with amazement clos'd your judgement in,  
 Which O (I feare) shall great confusion breed?  
 When *Cæsars* toyls did end, *Romes* did begin:  
 The most suspitious mindes had not beleev'd,  
 That *Romans* reverenc'd for their worth by us,

Y

Would

Thus



Would have presum'd to kill, or to have griev'd  
 An hallow'd body inhumanely thus;  
 Who would have once but dream'd of such despight?  
 What strange hostilitie! in time of peace  
 To kill, though not accus'd, against all right,  
 A sacred man, and in a sacred place?

*Cai. Cass.* If *Caesar* as a Citizen had liv'd,  
 And had by Law decided every strife,  
 Then I would grant those treason had contriv'd,  
 Who went without a Law to take his life;  
 But to pervert the Laws, subvert the State,  
 If all his travels did directly tend,  
 Then I must say, we did no wrong of late:  
 "Why should not Tyrants make a Tragicke end?"

*Cho.* Since destinies did *Caesars* soule enlarge,  
 What course can we for his recovery take?  
 Ah! th'unrelenting *Charons* restless Barge  
 Stands to transport all o're, but brings none back:  
 "Of lifes fraile glasse (when broken) with vaine grones,  
 "What earthly power the ruines can repaire;  
 "Or who can gather up, when scattred once,  
 "Ones bloud from th'earth, or yet his breath from th'ayre?  
 Let us of those who passe oblivions floud  
 Oblivious be, since hope of help is gone,  
 And spend our cares where cares may do most good,  
 Lest *Rome* waile many, where she wailes but one.

*Ant.* Still concord for the Common-weale were best,  
 To reconcile divided thoughts againe:  
 "Then discord to great Townes, no greater pest,  
 Whose violence no reverence can restraine.  
 Yet often-times those warie wits have err'd,  
 Who would buy wealth and ease at any cost:  
 "Let honesty to profit be preferr'd,  
 "And to vile peace warre when it wounds us most;  
 But seeking peace, what surety can we finde?  
 Can faithlesse men give faith, just feares to stay?  
 "No sacred band Impiety can binde,  
 "Which sweares for trust, seeks trust but to betray;  
 What help'd it *Caesar*, that we all had sworne  
 His body still from dangers to redeeme?  
 "Those who are once perjur'd, hold oaths in scorn:  
 "All are most franke of what they least esteeme.

*Mar. Brut.* None needs in States which are from Tyrants free,  
 Loath'd execrations to confirme his will,  
 Where willingly men would with good agree,  
 And without danger might despise all ill;  
 All odious oaths by those are onely crav'd,  
 Whose suit from Reason doth a warrant want,  
 Whil'st who deceive (affraid to be deceiv'd)  
 Seek of men thrall'd, what none whil'st free would grant.

When



When *Cæsar* had prevail'd in *France* and *Spaine*,  
His Fortune building on his Countries wracke;  
(Of liberty a shadow to retaine)

We gave him all that he was bent to take.  
The Senate had reserv'd nought but a show,  
Whose course to it by *Cæsar* was impos'd,  
Who lifted up, by bringing others low,  
Of Offices, and Provinces dispos'd:

Then that our faded hopes might never spring,  
When bent to try the *Parthians* wooden showre,  
He for five yeares dispos'd of every thing,  
Even in his absence leaving us no pow'r.

O how some aggravate our deed with hate!  
Who durst his body wound, or with bloud staine,  
Though consecrated by constraint of late,  
Yea, but reputed holy, yet prophaine,  
And did forget how he (a wondrous case)  
The Tribuneship did violate with scorne,  
Which our fore-fathers (free) in time of peace  
Advise'dly had inviolable sworne.

Did he not once appropriate (swolne with wrath)  
The publike treasure to his private use?  
And to the Tribune boldly threatned death,  
Who did resist, griev'd at that great abuse.

Wixt *Romans* and a Tyrant what availes  
A Covenant whil'st Right rests trod on thus?

"Who can build further when the ground once fails?  
Could we save him who sought to ruine us?"

*Cic.* So absolutely good no man remaines;  
Whose naturall weaknesse may not him o're-come;  
"Even Vertues dye from Vice may take some stains,  
"And worthy minds may of grosse faults have some:

"As in fine fruits, or weeds, fat earth abounds,  
"Even as the Labourers spend, or spare their paine,

"The greatest spirits (disdaining vulgar bounds)  
"Of what they seek the highest height must gaine;

"They (that bright glory may be so enjoy'd)  
"As onely borne to be in action still,

"Had rather be (then idle) ill imploy'd:

"Great spirits must do great good, or then great ill;  
The worlds chiefe treasure which bright Rayes do arme,  
"A huge evill procur'd (though onely fram'd for good)

"All that fond youth whom his owne wish did harme,  
Was kill'd by fire, and buried in a flood.

"By rules of Reason whil'st he rightly liv'd,

"When lawfully elected by the State,

"What glorious deeds by *Cæsar* were atchiev'd,

"Which all the world as wonders must relate?

"When of right he buried all respects,

"As blinde Ambition had bewitch'd his minde)



What harme ensu'd, by pitifull effects,  
 We at the first, he at the last did finde;  
 Whil'st like *Narcissus* with himselfe in love,  
 He with our bondage banqueted his sight,  
 And for a while (uncertaine joyes to prove)  
 VVith all our woes would sweeten his delight;  
 How could brave men (with vertuous mindes) as those  
 VVho of their Countries weale are jealous still,  
 But stoutly to all stormes their States expose,  
 The States destroyer resolute to kill?  
 But since our freedome flows from *Cæsars* bloud,  
 Let us embrace that which too long we lack:  
 "Peace gives to justice pow'r, it, to all good,  
 "VVhere warre breeds wrong, and wrong all kinde of wracke.  
 This Citie hath experienc'd with great paine,  
 VVhat guilty troubles rise from civill strife,  
 VVhich by her ruines registred remaine,  
 Since first the *Gracchi* gave contention life.  
 VVhen *Scilla* once, and *Marius* (mad through pride)  
 Did strive who should the most tyrannicke prove,  
 VVhat memorable miseries were try'd,  
 From *Romans* mindes no time can e're remove?  
 Then last by *Cæsar*, and his Sonne in law,  
 VVhat thousands Ghosts to *Pluto* were dispatch'd:  
 Ah! that the world those hosts divided saw,  
 Which, joyn'd in one, no world of worlds had match'd:  
 Yet with this wit which we have dearly bought,  
 Let us abhorre all that may breed such broils,  
 Lest when we have our selves to ruine brought,  
 In end *Barbarians* beare away our spoils.

*Cho.* Rome to those great men hardly can afford  
 A recompence, according to their worth,  
 Who (by a Tyrants o're-throw) have restor'd  
 The light of liberty which was put forth;  
 Yet (by due praises with their merits even)  
 Let us acknowledge their illustrious mindes;  
 And to their charge let Provinces be given:  
 "Still vertue grows, when it preferment findes.

*Ant.* Those barbarous Realms by whose respective will,  
 Of *Cæsars* Conquests monuments are showne:  
 As if they held them highly honour'd still,  
 Who warr'd with *Cæsar* though they were o'rethrown,  
 Can this disgrace by their proud mindes be borne,  
 Whil'st we dishonour, whom they honour thus?  
 And shall we not (whil'st as a Tyrant torne)  
 Give him a tombe, who gave the world to us?  
 Must his Decrees be all reduc'd againe,  
 And those degraded whom he grac'd of late,  
 As worthy men unworthily did gaine

Their



Their roomes of reputation in the State?  
As if a Tyrant we him damne so soone,  
And for his murd'ers do rewards devise,  
Then what he did, must likewise be undone,  
For which I feare, a foule confusion rise.

*Cho.* Ah! (brave *Antonius*) sow not seeds of warre,  
And if thou alwayes do'st delight in armes,  
The haughty *Parthians* yet undaunted are,  
Which may give thee great praise, and us no harmes.  
Detest in time th'abominable broils,  
For which no Conquerour to triumph hath com'd,  
Whil'st this wretch'd Towne (which still some party spoils)  
Must loath the Victor, and lament th'o're-com'd:  
And shall we still contend against all good,  
To make the yoke where we should bound abide?  
Must still the Commons sacrifize their bloud,  
As onely borne to serve the great mens pride?

*Ant.* Whil'st I the depths of my affection sound,  
And reade but th'obligations which I owe,  
I finde my selfe by oaths, and duty bound,  
All *Cæsars* foes, or then my selfe t'ore-throw.  
But when I weigh what to the State belongs,  
The which to plague no passion shall get place,  
Then I with griefe digesting private wrongs,  
Warre with my selfe to give my Countrey peace.  
Yet whil'st my thoughts of this last purpose muse,  
I altogether dis-assent from this,  
That *Cæsars* fame, or body we abuse,  
To deale with Tyrants as the custome is.  
Lest guilty of ingratitude we seeme,  
(If guerdoning our benefactors thus)  
Great *Cæsars* body from disgrace redeeme,  
And let his acts be ratifi'd by us.  
Then for the publike-weale which makes us pause,  
Towards those that have him kill'd t'extend regard,  
Let them be pardon'd for their kinsmens cause:

“Remission given for evill is a reward.

*Ca. Cass.* We stand not vex'd like Malefactors here,  
With a dejected and remorsefull minde,  
So in your presençe supplicants t'apppeare,  
As who themselves of death do guilty finde;  
But looking boldly with a loftie brow,  
Through a delight of our designe conceiv'd,  
We come to challenge gratefulnesse of you,  
That have of us so great a good receiv'd.  
But if you will suspend your thoughts a space,  
Though not the givers, entertaine the gift;  
Do us reject, yet liberty embrace:  
To have you free (loe) that was all our drift.  
So *Rome* her ancient liberties enjoy,



Let *Brutus* and let *Cassius* banish't live;  
 Thus banishment would breed us greater joy,  
 Then what at home a Tyrants wealth could give.  
 Though some misconstrue may this course of ours,  
 By ignorance, or then by hate deceiv'd;  
 "The truth depends not on opinions pow'rs,  
 "But is it selfe, how ever misconceiv'd.  
 Though to acknowledge us, not one would daigne,  
 Our merit of it selfe is a reward,  
 "Of doing good none should repent their paine,  
 "Though they get no reward, nor yet regard.  
 I'll venture yet my fortune in the field,  
 With every one that *Rome* to bondage draws;  
 And as for me, how ever others yeeld,  
 I'll nought obey, but Reason, and the Laws.

*Cic.* What fools are those who further travell take,  
 For that which they even past recovery know?  
 Who can revive the dead, or bring time back?  
 That can no creature who doth live below.  
 Great *Pompey* (now) for whom the world still weeps,  
 Lyes low, neglected on a barbarous shore;  
 Selfe-slaughtered *Scipio* flotes amidst the deeps,  
 Whom, it may be, Sea-monsters do devoure.  
 Of *Libyan* Wolves grave *Cato* feasts the wombes,  
 Whose death, of worth the world defrauded leaves;  
 Thus some that did deserve *Mausolean* tombes,  
 Have not a title grav'd upon their graves.  
 And yet may *Cæsar* who procur'd their death,  
 By brave men slaine be buried with his race;  
 All civill warre quite banish'd with his breath,  
 Let him now dead, and us alive have peace.  
 "We should desist our thoughts on things to set,  
 "Which may harme some, and can give help to none,  
 "Learne to forget that which we cannot get,  
 "And let our cares be gone of all things gone.  
 "Those who would strive all crosses to o're-come,  
 "To present times must still conforme their course,  
 "And making way for that which is to come,  
 "Not meddle with things past, but by discourse.  
 "Let none seek that which doth no good when found;  
 Since *Cæsar* now is dead, how ever dead;  
 Let all our grieve go with him to the ground,  
 For, sorrow best becomes a lightlesse shade;  
 It were the best, that joyn'd in mutuall love,  
 We phyicke for this wounded State prepare:  
 "Neglecting those who from the world remove,  
 "All men on earth for earthly things must care.

*Cbo.* O how those great men friendship can pretend,  
 By soothing others thus with painted windes;  
 And seeme to trust, where treason they attend,



Whilst love their mouth, and malice fills their mindes;  
 Those but to them poore simple soules appeare,  
 Whose count'nance doth discover what they thinke,  
 Who make their words, as is their meaning, cleare,  
 And from themselves can never seeme to shrinke:  
 Loe, how *Antonius* faines to quench all jarres,  
 And whom he hates with kindenesse doth embrace;  
 But as he further'd first the former warres,  
 Some feare he still will prove a foe to peace.  
 Now where *Calphurnia* stayes our steppes addresse;  
 Since by this sudden chance her losse was chiefe:  
 "All visite should their neighbours in distresse,  
 "To give some comfort; or to share in grieve.

Act 5. Scene 2.

*Calphurnia, Nuntius.*

*Chorus.*

**W**hen darkenesse last imprisoned had myne eyes,  
 Such monstrous visions did my heart affright,  
 That (quite dejected) it as stupid dies  
 Through terrours then contracted in the night;  
 A melancholy cloud so dimmes my brest,  
 That it my mind fit for misfortune makes,  
 A lodging well dispos'd for such a Guest,  
 Where nought of sorrow but th'impression lackes;  
 And I imagine every man I see  
 (My senses so corrupted are by feares)  
 A Herauld to denounce mishaps to me,  
 Who should infuse confusion in my eares.  
 O! there he comes to violate my peace,  
 In whom the object of my thoughts I see;  
 Thy message is charactred in thy face,  
 And by thy lookes directed is to me:  
 Thy troubled eyes rest rowling for reliefe,  
 As lately frightened by some ugie sight;  
 Thy breath doth pant as if growne big with grieve,  
 And straight to bring some monstrous birth to light.

*Nun.* The man of whom the world in doubt remain'd,  
 If that his minde or fortune was more great,  
 Whose valour conquer'd, clemencie retain'd  
 All Nations Subject to the Romane State;  
 Fraud harm'd him more then force, friends more then foes;  
 Ah! must this sad discourse by me be made?

*Cal.* Stay, ere thou further goe defray my woes,  
 How doth my love? where is my life? *Nun.* dead. *Cal.* dead:

*Cho.* Though apprehending horrors in her minde,  
 Now since she hath a certaintie receiv'd,



She by experience greater griefe doth finde:

“ Till borne, the passions cannot be conceav’d.

When as a high disaster force affords,

O how that Tyrant whom affliction bears,

Barres th’ eares from comfort, and the mouth from words,

And when obdur’d scornes to dissolve in teares!

*Cal.* Ah! since the lights of that great light are set,

Why doth not darknesse spread it selfe o’re all?

At least what further comfort can I get,

Whose pleasures had no period but his fall?

O would the Gods I always might confine

Flames in my brest, and floods within my eyes

To entertaine so great a griefe as mine,

That thence there might fit furniture arise;

Yet I disdain (though by distresse o’ rethrowne)

By such externall meanes to seeke reliefe:

“ The greatest sorrowes are by silence showne,

“ Whilst all the Senses are shut up with griefe:

But miserie doth so tyrannick grow

That it of sighes and teares a tribute claimes;

“ Ah! when the cup is full, it must o’reflow,

“ And fires which burne must offer up some flames;

Yet though what thou hast sayd my death shall be,

(Since sunke so deeply in a melted heart)

Of my lives death report each point to mee,

For every circumstance that I may smart.

*Nun.* What fatall warnings did foregoe his end,

Which by his stay to frustrate some did try?

But he who scorn’d excuses to pretend,

Was by the destinies drawne forth to die.

Whilst by the way he chanc’d to meet with one,

Who had his deaths-day nam’d, he to him said:

The Ides of March be come; but yet not gone

The other answer’d, and still constant stayd:

Another brought a letter with great speed,

Which the conspiracie at length did touch,

And gave it *Cæsar* in his hand to reade,

Protesting that it did import him much.

Yet did he lay it up where still it rests,

As doe the great whom blest the world reputes,

Who (griev’d to be importun’d by requests)

Of simple supplicants neglect the suites:

Or he of it the reading did deferre,

Still troubled by attendants at the gate,

Whilst some to show their credit would conferre,

To flatter some, some something to entreate.

Not onely did the Gods by divers signes

Give *Cæsar* warning of his threatned harmes;

But did our foes disturbe the rash designs,

And to their troubled thoughts gave strange alarmes;



A Senator who by some words we find,  
To the conspirators (though none of theirs)  
Had shewn himselfe familiar with their minde,  
Then chanc'd to deale with *Caesar* in affaires.  
That fight their soules did with confusion fill,  
For, thinking that he told their purpos'd deeds,  
They straight themselves, or *Caesar* thought to kill:  
"A guiltie conscience no accuser needs;  
But marking that he us'd (when taking leave)  
A suters gesture when affording thanks,  
They of their course did greater hopes conceave,  
And rang'd them seven according to their rankes.  
Then *Caesar* march'd forth to the fatall place;  
Neere *Pompeys* Theater where the Senate was,  
Where (when he had remain'd a litle space)  
All the confederats flock'd about. *Calph.* Alas.

*Nun.* First for the forme, *Metellus Cimber* crav'd  
To have his Brother from exile restor'd,  
Yet with the rest a rude repulse receiv'd,  
Whilst it they all too earnestly implor'd:  
Bold *Cimber* who in strife with him did stand,  
Did strive to cover with his Gowne his head:  
Then was the first blow given by *Casca's* hand,  
Which on his necke a litle wound but made.  
And *Caesar* (starting whilst the stroke he spi'd)  
By strength from further striking *Casca* stai'd,  
Whilst both the two burst out at once, and cry'd:  
He Traitor *Casca*, and he, Brother aide;  
Then all the rest against him did arise  
Like desp'rat men, whose furie force affords,  
That *Caesar* on no side could set his eyes,  
But every looke encountred with some Swords;  
Yet, as a lyon (when by nets surpriz'd)  
Stands strugling still so long as he hath strength,  
So *Caesar* (as he had their pow'r despis'd)  
Did with great rage resist, till at the length  
He thus cri'd out (when spying *Brutus* come)  
And thou my Sonne! then grieve did back rebound:  
"Nought but unkindnesse *Caesar* could o'ecome,  
"That, of all things, doth give the deepest wound.

*Cho.* "Ah! when unkindnesse is, where love was thought,  
"A tender passion breakes the strongest heart:  
"For, of all those who give offence in ought,  
"Men, others hate, but for unkinde men, smart.  
*Nun.* Ah! taking then no more delight in light,  
As who disdainfullie the world disclaim'd,  
Or if from *Brutus* blow to hold his sight,  
As of so great ingratitude asham'd,  
He with his Gowne when cover'd first o're all,  
As one who neither sought, nor wish'd reliefe,

Not .



Not wronging majestie, in state did fall,  
 No sigh consenting to betray his griefe.  
 Yet (if by chance or force I cannot tell)  
 Even at the place, where *Pompey's* statue stood,  
 (As if to crave him pardon,) *Caesar* fell,  
 That in revenge it might exhaust his blood;  
 But when his corpes abandon'd quite by breath,  
 Did fortunes frailties monument remaine,  
 That all might have like int'rest in his death,  
 And by the same, looke for like praise or paine:  
 Then *Cassius*, *Brutus*, and the rest began  
 With that great Emperours blood to die their hands;  
 "What beast in th'earth more cruell is then man,  
 "When o're his reason passion once commands?"

*Cal.* Whilst brutish *Brutus*, and proud *Cassius* thus  
 Romes greatest Captaine under trust deceiv'd,  
 Where was *Antonius* (since a friend to us)  
 That he not lost himselfe, or *Caesar* sav'd?

*Nun.* The whole conspiratours remain'd in doubt,  
 Had he and *Caesar* joyn'd, to be undone,  
 And so caus'd one to talke with him without,  
 Who fain'd a conference till the fact was done.  
 Then knowing well in such tumultuous broiles,  
 That the first danger alwayes is the worst,  
 He fled in hast, disguis'd with borrow'd spoiles,  
 For rage and for disdaine even like to burst.

*Cal.* The Senatours which were assembled there,  
 When they beheld that great man brought to end,  
 What was their part? to what inclin'd their care?  
 I fear affliction could not finde a friend.

*Nun.* Of those who in the Senate-house did sit  
 (So sad an object forrie to behold,  
 Or fearing what bould hands might more commit)  
 Each to his house a severall way did hold;  
 This act with horreur did confound their sight,  
 And unawares their judgement did surprize:  
 "When any hastie harmes un-lookt-for light,  
 "The resolution hath not time to rise:  
 That man on whom the world did once rely,  
 By all long reverenc'd, and ador'd by some,  
 None to attend him had but two and I.

*Cho.* "To what an ebbe may fortunes flowing come?  
 Why should men following on the smoake of pride,  
 Leave certaine ease to seeke a dream'd delight,  
 Which when they have by many dangers tri'd,  
 They neither can with safety keepe nor quite?  
 "The people who by force subdu'd remaine,  
 "May pittie those by whom opprest they rest;  
 "They but one Tyrant have, whereas there raigne  
 A Thousand Tyrants in one Tyrants brest;



## *The Tragedy of Julius Caesar.*

VVhat though great *Caesar* once commanded Kings,  
VVhose onely name whole Nations did appall:  
Yet now (let no man trust in worldly things)  
A little earth holds him who held it all.

*Cal.* Ah! had he but beleev'd my faithfull cares,  
His State to stablish who have alwayes striv'd,  
Then (scaping this conspiracie of theirs)  
He, honour'd still, and I had happy liv'd.  
Did I not spend of supplications store,  
That he within his house, this day would waste,  
As I by dreames advertis'd was before,  
VVhich shew'd what was to come, and now is past;  
VVhil' st the Sooth-sayers sacrific'd did finde  
A beast without a heart, their Altars staine,  
By that presage my soule might have divin'd,  
That I without my heart would soone remaine;  
But all those terrours could no terror give  
To that great minde, whose thoughts too high still aym'd;  
He by his fortune confident did live,  
As, if the heavens, for him had all things fram'd;  
Yet though he ended have his fatall race,  
To bragge for this, let not his Murtherers strive:  
For, O! I hope to see within short space,  
Him dead ador'd, and them abhorr'd alive.  
Though now his name the multitude respects,  
Since murdering one who him had held so deare,  
VVhil' st inward thoughts each outward thing reflects,  
Some monstrous shape to *Brutus* must appeare.  
Iust *Nemesis* must plague proud *Cassius* soone,  
And make him kill himselfe, from hopes estrang'd;  
Once all the wrongs by foes to *Caesar* done,  
May by themselves be on themselves reveng'd.

*Cho.* "Some, Sovereigne of the earth, would fortune prove,  
"As if, confus'dly, Gods did men advance;  
"Nought comes to men below, but from above,  
"By providence, not by a staggering chance:  
"Though to the cause that last forgoes the end,  
"Some attribute the course of every thing,  
"That cause, on other causes doth depend,  
"Which chain'd 'twixt heaven and earth due ends forth bring;  
"Of those decrees the heavens for us appoint,  
"(Who ever them approves, or doth disprove)  
"No mortall man can disappoint a point,  
"But as they please here moves, or doth remove;  
"We, when once come the worlds vaine pompe to try,  
"(Led by the fates) to end our journey haste:  
"For, when first borne, we straight begin to dye,  
"Lifes first day is a step unto the last.  
"And is there ought more swift then dayes, and yeares,

Which



" Which weare away this breath of ours so soone,  
 " Whil' st *Lachesis* to no request gives eares,  
 " But spinnes the threeds of life till they be done?  
 " Yet foolish worldlings following that which flies,  
 " As if they had assurance of their breath,  
 " To fraile preferment fondly strive to rise,  
 " Which (but a burden) weighs them downe to death.

*Nun.* There's none of us but must remember still,  
 How that the Gods by many a wondrous signe,  
 Did shew (it seem'd) how that against their will,  
 The destinies would *Caesars* dayes confine.

A monstrous starre amidst the heaven hath beene,  
 Still since they first against him did conspire;  
 The solitary birds at noone were seene,  
 And men to walke environ'd all with fire:

What wonder though the heavens at such a time,  
 Do brave the earth with apparitions strange,  
 Then whil' st intending such a monstrous crime,  
 " Unnaturall men make Natures course to change?

*Cho.* Though all such things seeme wonderfull to some,  
 They may by Reason comprehended be,  
 For, what, beyond what usuall is, doth come,  
 The Ignorant with wondring eyes do see.

Those bastard Starres, not heritours of th'ayre,  
 Are first conceiv'd below, then borne above,  
 And when fore-knowing things, sprits take most care,  
 And by illusion, superstition move.

Yet this, no doubt, a great regard should breed,  
 When Nature hath brought forth a monstrous birth,  
 In secret Characters where men may reade  
 The wrath of heaven, and wickednesse of th'earth.

The Naturallists, and th'Astrologians skill  
 May oft, encountring, manifest like care:  
 Since th'one looks back, the other forward still,  
 One may tell what, the other why things are.

*Nun.* Shall sorrow through the waves of woes to saile,  
 Have still your teares for Seas, your fighs for winds;  
 To miserie what do base plaints availe?

A course more high becomes heroicke mindes.

" None are o're-come, save onely those who yeeld,  
 From froward Fortune though some blows be borne,  
 Let Vertue serve Adversity for shield:

" No greater grieve to grieve then th'enemies scorne;  
 This makes your foes but laugh to see you weep,  
 At least these teares but for your selfe bestow,  
 And not for that great spirit, whose spoils heavens keep;  
 For, he no doubt, rests deified ere now.

*Cal.* I onely waile my life, and not his death;  
 Who now amongst th'immortals doth repose,  
 And shall so long as I have bloud or breath,



## *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

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To furnish forth the elements of woes.  
I care not who rejoyce, so I lament,  
Who do to darknesse dedicate my dayes,  
And since the light of my delight is spent,  
Shall have in horreur all *Apollo's* rayes.  
(I will retyre my selfe to waile alone,  
As trustie Turtles mourning for their Mates)  
And (my misfortune alwayes bent to mone)  
Will spurne at pleasures as empyson'd baits;  
No second guest shall presse great *Cæsars* bed,  
Warm'd by the flames to which he first gave life;  
I thinke there may be greater honour had,  
When *Cæsars* widow, then anothers wife.  
This had afforded comfort for my harmes,  
If I (ere chanc'd abandon'd thus to be)  
Had had a little *Cæsar* in mine armes,  
The living picture of his Syre to me.  
Yet doth that Idoll which my thoughts adore,  
With me of late most strictly match'd remaine,  
For, where my armes him sometimes held before,  
Now in my heart I shall him still retaine.  
That (though I may no pretious things impart)  
Thy deitie may by me be honour'd oft,  
Still offering up my thoughts upon my heart,  
My sacred flame shall alwayes mount aloft.

*Exeunt.*

### Chorus.

**W**Hat fools are those who do repose their trust  
On what this masse of misery affords?  
And (bragging but of th'excrements of dust)  
Of life-lesse Treasures labour to be Lords:  
Which like the Sirens songs, or Circes charmes,  
With shadows of delight hide certaine harmes.  
Ah! whil'st they sport on pleasures ycie grounds,  
Oft poyson'd by Prosperitie with Pride,  
A sudden storme their floting joyes confounds,  
Whose course is ordred by the eye-lesse guide,  
Who so inconstantly her selfe doth beare  
Th'unhappie men may hope, the happy feare.  
The fortunate who bathe in flouds of joyes,  
To perish oft amidst their pleasures chance,  
And mirthlesse wretches wallowing in annoyes,  
Oft by adversitie themselves advance;  
Whil'st Fortune bent to mock vaine worldlings cares,  
Doth change despaire in hopes, hopes in despaire.  
That gallant Grecian whose great wit so soone,  
Whom others could not number, did o're-come,

*Exeunt.*



*The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

Had he not beene undone, had beene undone,  
 And if not banish'd, had not had a home;  
 To him feare courage gave (what wondrous change!)  
 And many doubts a resolution strange.  
 He who told one who then was Fortunes childe,  
 As if with horror to congeale his blond:  
 That Caius Marius farre from Rome exil'd,  
 Wretch'd on the ruines of great Carthage stood;  
 Though long both plagu'd by grieve, and by disgrace,  
 The Consul-ship regain'd, and dy'd in peace.  
 And that great Pompey (all the worlds delight)  
 Whom of his Theater then th' applauses pleas'd,  
 Whil'st praise-transported eyes endear'd his sight,  
 Who by youths toyles should have his age then eas'd,  
 He by one blow of Fortune lost farre more  
 Then many battels gayned had before.  
 Such sudden changes so disturbe the soule,  
 That still the judgement ballanc'd is by doubt;  
 But, on a Round, what wonder though things roule?  
 And since within a Circle, turne about?  
 Whil'st heaven on earth strange alterations brings,  
 To scorne our confidence in worldly things.  
 And chanc'd there ever accidents more strange,  
 Then in these stormy bounds where we remaine?  
 One did a sheep-hooke to a Scepter change,  
 The nurceling of a Wolfe o're men did raigne;  
 A little Village grew a mighty Towne,  
 Which whil'st it had no King, held many a Crowne.  
 Then by how many sundry sorts of men,  
 Hath this great State beene rul'd: though now by none,  
 Which first obey'd but one, then two, then ten,  
 Then by degrees return'd to two, and one;  
 Of which three States, their ruine did abide,  
 Two by Two's lusts, and one by Two mens pride.  
 What revolutions huge have hapned thus,  
 By secret fates all violently led,  
 Though seeming but by accident to us,  
 Yet in the depths of heavenly breasts first bred,  
 As arguments demonstrative to prove  
 That weaknesse dwels below, and pow'r above.  
 Loe, prosprous Cæsar charged for a space,  
 Both with strange Nations, and his Countreys spoils,  
 Even when he seem'd by warre to purchase peace,  
 And roses of sweet rest, from thornes of toils;  
 Then whil'st his minde and fortune swell'd most high,  
 Hath beene constrain'd the last distresse to trie.  
 What warnings large were in a time so short,  
 Of that darke course which by his death now shines?  
 It, speechlesse wonders plainly did report,  
 It, men reveal'd by words, and gods by signes,



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## *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.*

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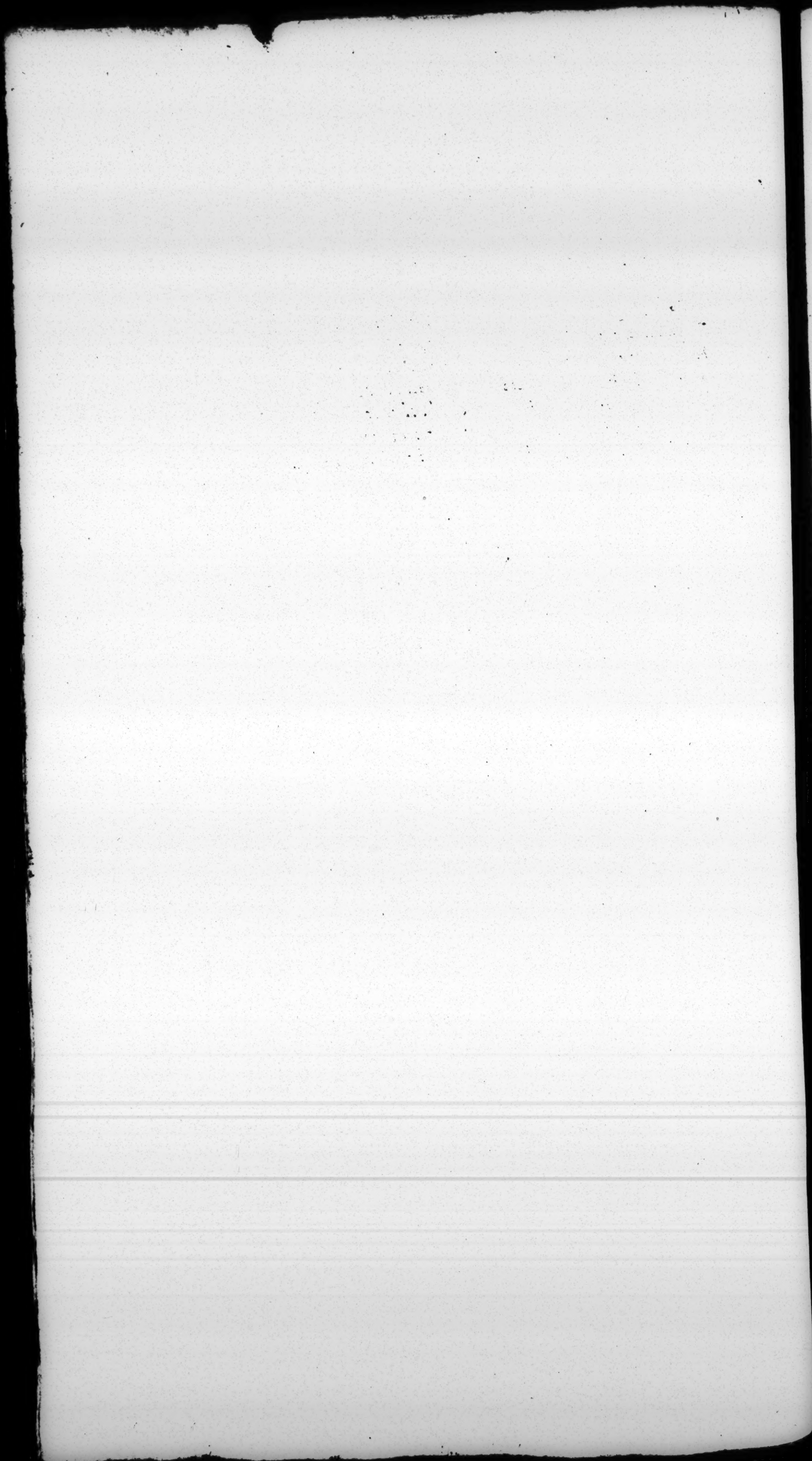
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Yet by the chaynes of destinies whilst bound,  
He saw the sword, but could not scape the wound.  
What curtaine o're our knowledge errour brings,  
Now drawn, now open'd, by the heavenly host,  
Which makes us sometime sharpe to see small things,  
And yet quite blinde when as we should see most,  
That curious braines may rest amaz'd at it,  
Whose ignorance makes them presume of wit;  
Then let us live, since all things change below,  
When rais'd most high, as those who once may fall,  
And hold when by disasters brought more low,  
The minde still free, what ever else be thrall:  
“Those (Lords of Fortune) sweeten every State,  
“Who can command themselves, though not their fate.

FINIS.

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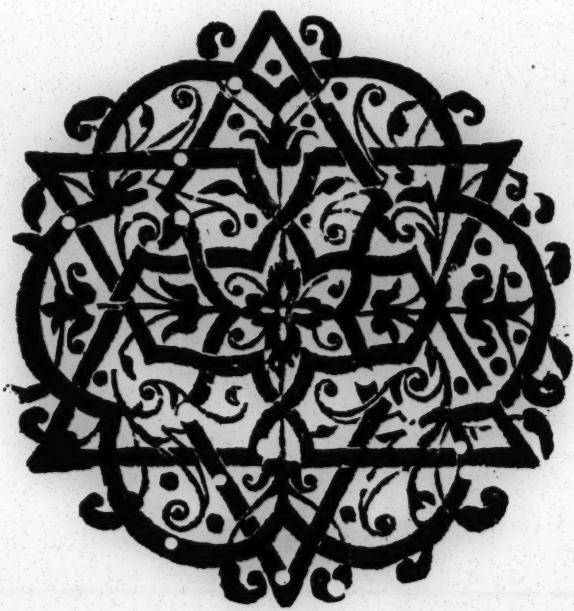


# DOOMS-DAY,

OR,  
THE GREAT DAY  
OF  
THE LORDS IVDGEMENT.

BY  
VVILLIAM  
Earle of STERLINE.

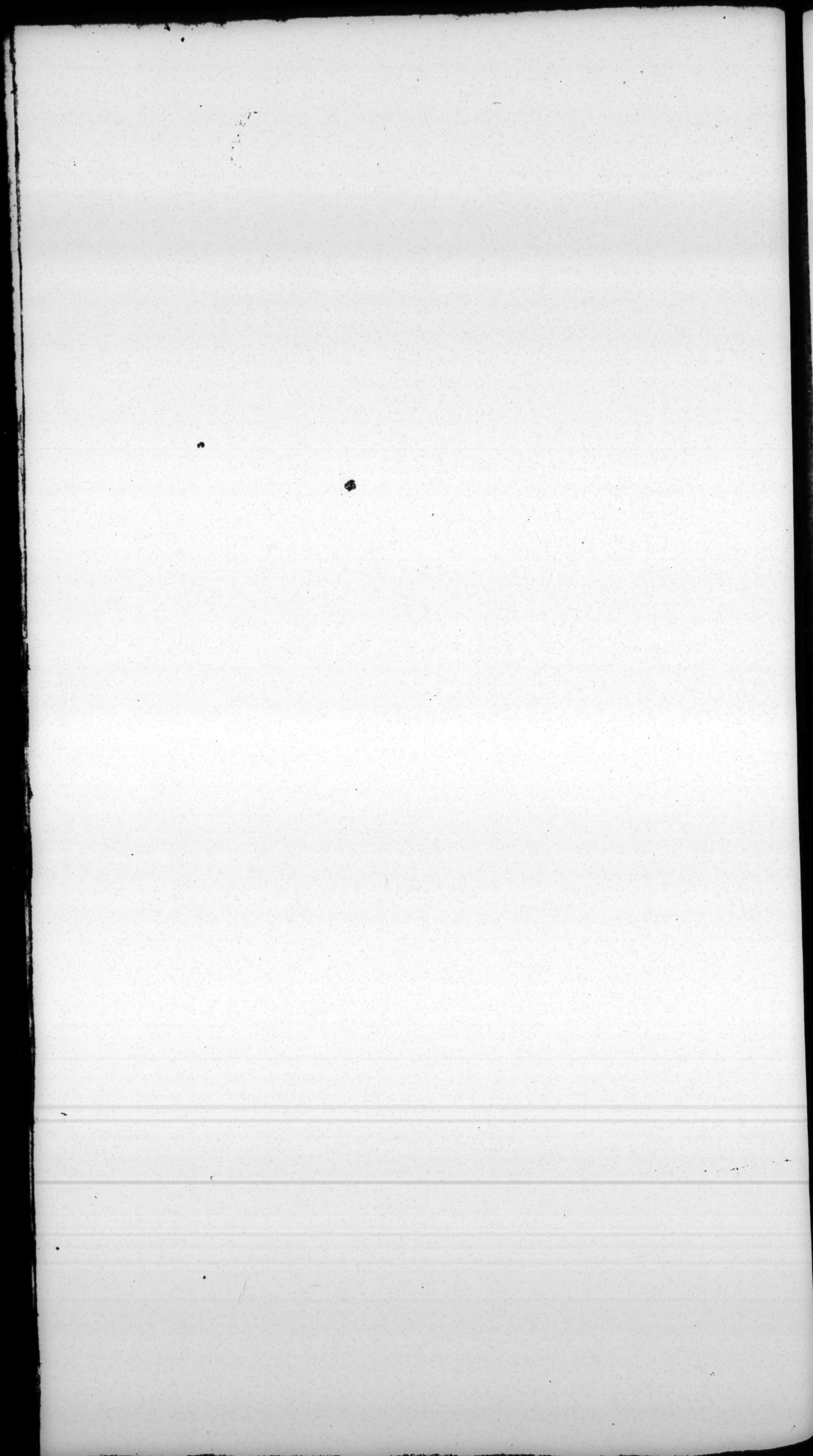
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LONDON,  
Printed by THOMAS HARPER.  
1637.









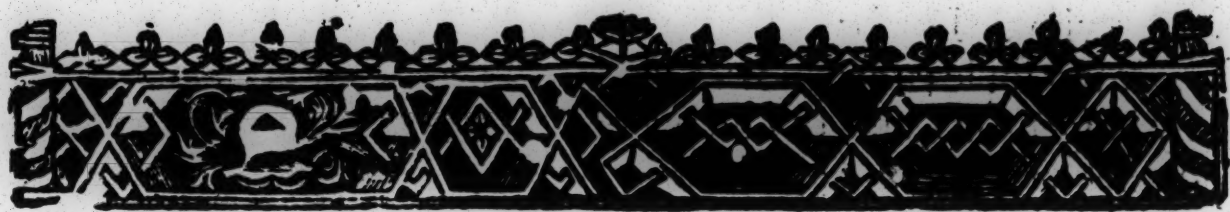
**L**ike *Sophocles* (the hearers in a trance)  
With *Crimson Cothurne*, on a stately Stage,  
If thou march forth (where all with pomp doth glance)  
To mone the *Monarchs* of the worlds first Age :  
Or if like *Phæbus* thou thy Selfe advance;  
All bright with *sacred Flames*, known by Heavens Badge,  
To make a *Day*, of Dayes which scornes the Rage :  
Whilst, when they end, it, what should come, doth Scance.  
Thy *Phœnix-Muse* still wing'd with *Wonders* flies,  
Praise of our *Brookes*, Staine to old *Pindus Springs*,  
And who thee follow would, scarce with their eyes  
Can reach the *Spheare* where thou most sweetly sings.  
Though string'd with *Starres*, Heavens, *Orpheus Harpe* enrolle,  
More worthy Thine to blaze about the Pole.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.









DOOMESDAY.  
OR,  
The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.  
*The first H O U R E.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*God by his workes demonstratively prov'd;  
His providence (impugning Atheisme) urg'd;  
The Divels from heaven, from Eden man remov'd;  
Of guilty guests the world by water purg'd;  
Who never sinn'd to dye for sinne behov'd;  
Those who him scourg'd in Gods great wrath are scourg'd;  
Some temporall plagues and fearefull judgements past;  
Arc cited here as figures of the last.*

I

**H**ou of whose power (not reach'd by reasons  
height)  
The Sea a drop, we th'Earth a mote may call:  
And for whose Trophees, stately to the sight,  
The azure Arke was rear'd (although too small)  
And from the lampe of whose most glorious light  
The Sun (a sparke) weake, for weake eyes did fall;  
Breath thou a heavenly fury in my brest:  
I sing the Sabbath of eternall rest.

2

Though every where discern'd, no where confin'd,  
O thou whose feet the clouds (as dust) afford,  
Whose voyce the Thunder, and whose breath the winde,  
Whose foot-stoole th'earth, seate heaven, works of thy word,  
Guards, hosts of Angels moving by thy minde,  
Whose weapons, famine, tempest, pest, and sword;  
My cloudy knowledge by thy wisdom clear'd,  
And by my weaknesse make thy power appeare.

B

Loc,



## 3

Loe, ravish'd (Lord) with pleasure of thy love,  
 I feele my soule enflam'd with sacred fires,  
 Thy judgements, and thy mercies, whil'ft I move,  
 To celebrate, my Muse with zeale aspires;  
 Lord, by thy helpe this enterprife approve,  
 That successe so may second my desires.

Make Sathans race to tremble at my lines,  
 And thine rejoyce while as thy glory shines.

## 4

Ye blinded soules, who even in frailty trust,  
 By moments pleasures earning endlesse paine,  
 Whil'ft charg'd with heavy chaines, vile slaves to lust,  
 Of earth, and earthly, till en-earth'd againe;  
 Heare, hold, and weigh my words, for once ye must  
 The strange effects of what I tell, sustaine :

I goe to sing (or thunder) in your eares,  
 A heaven of comfort, or a hell of feares.

## 5

All my transported thoughts at randome flye,  
 And where to fixe, no solid ground can finde,  
 Whil'ft silent wondring makes a setled eye,  
 What huge amazement hath o'rewhelm'd my minde ?  
 How some dare scorne (as if a fabulous lye)  
 That they should rise whom death to dust doth binde.  
 And like to beasts, a beastly life they leade,  
 Whonought attend save death when they are dead.

## 6

But yet what I admir'd, not strange doth seeme,  
 When as I heare (O heavens should such have breath ?)  
 That there be men (if men we may esteeme  
 Trunkes that are void of soules, soules void of faith,)   
 Who all this world the worke of fortune deeme,  
 Not hoping mercy, nor yet fearing wrath,  
 There is no God, fooles in their hearts doe say,  
 Yet make their hearts their Gods, and them obey.

## 7

The stately heavens which glory doth array,  
 Are mirrours of Gods admirable might;  
 There, whence forth spreads the night, forth springs the day  
 He fix'd the fountaines of this temporall light,  
 Where stately stars enstall'd, some stand, some stray,  
 All sparks of his great power (though small) yet bright.  
 By what none utter can, no, not conceive,  
 All of his greatnesse, shadows may perceive,



8

What glorious lights through christall lanternes glance,  
(As alwaies burning with their Makers love)  
Spheares keepe one musicke, they one measure dance,  
Like influence below, like course above,  
And all by order led, not drawne by chance,  
With majestie (as still in triumph) move.  
And (liberall of their store) seeme shouting thus,  
Looke up all soules, and gaze on God through us.

9

This pond'rous masse (though oft deform'd) still faire,  
Great in our sight, yet then a Starre more small,  
Is ballanc'd (as a mote) amid'st the ayre;  
None knowes what way, yet to no side doth fall,  
And yearely springs, growes ripe, fades, falles, rich, bare,  
Mens mother first, still Mistresse, yet their thrall.  
It centers heavens, heavens compasse it, both be  
Bookes where Gods pow'r the ignorant may see.

10

What ebbes, flowes, swels, and sinks, who firme doth keep?  
Whil'st flouds from th'earth burst in abundance out,  
As she her brood did wash, or for them weepe:  
Who (having life) what dead things prove, dare doubt;  
Who first did found the Dungeons of the deepe?  
But one in all, o're all, above, about:  
The flouds for our delight, first calme were set,  
But storme and roare, since men did God forget.

11

Who parts the swelling spouts that sift the raine?  
Who reines the winds, the waters doth empale?  
Who frownes in stormes, then smiles in calmes againe;  
And doth dispense the treasures of the haile?  
Whose bow doth bended in the clouds remaine?  
Whose darts (dread thunder-bolts) make men look pale?  
Even thus these things to shew his power aspire,  
As shadowes doe the Sunne, as smoake doth fire.

12

God visibly invisible who raignes,  
Soule of all soules, whose light each light directs,  
All first did freely make, and still maintaines,  
The greatest rules, the meaneft not neglects;  
Fore-knowes the end of all that he ordaines,  
His will each cause, each cause breeds fit effects,  
Who did make all, all thus could onely leade,  
None could make all, but who was never made.

B 2

Vile



13

Vile dogge, who wouldst the ground of truth o'rethrow,  
 Thy selfe to marke thy darkened judgement leade,  
 For (if thy selfe) thou must thy Maker know,  
 Who all thy members providently made,  
 Thy feet tread th'earth (to be contemn'd) laid low,  
 To looke on heaven exalted was thy head.  
 That there thou might'st the stately Mansion see,  
 From whence thou art, where thou should'st seeke to be.

14

The world in Soules, Gods image cleare may see,  
 Though mirrours bruis'd when false, sparks dim'd far shewne;  
 They in strict bounds, strict bonds, kept captive be,  
 Yet walke o're all this all, and know not known;  
 Yea soare to heaven, as from their burden free,  
 And there see things which cannot well be shewne.  
 None can conceive, all must admire his might,  
 Of whom each atome gives so great a light.

15

When troubled conscience reads accusing scroules,  
 Which witness'd are even by the breasts own brood;  
 O what a terrour wounds remording soules,  
 Who poyson finde what seem'd a pleasant food!  
 A secret pow'r their wand'ring thoughts controules,  
 And (damning evill,) an authour proves of good.  
 Thus here some mindes a map of hell doe lend,  
 To shew what horrors damned soules attend.

16

To grant a God, the divell may make men wise,  
 Whose apparitions Atheists must upbraid,  
 Who borrowing bodies, doth himselfe disguise,  
 Lest some his ugliness might make afraid:  
 Yet oft in monstrous formes doth roaring rise,  
 Till even (as charm'd) the charmer stands dismayd.  
 He bellowing forth abominable lyes,  
 Bloud in his mouth, and terrour in his eyes.

17

Who saves the world lest that it ruin'd be  
 By him whose thoughts (as arrowes) ayme at ill,  
 Save one that rules the world by his decree;  
 Who makes his power not equall with his will:  
 Of which (not left to plague at pleasure free)  
 He (forc'd) affords a testimony still.  
 From every thing thus springs to God some praise,  
 Men, Angels, Divels, all must his glory raise.

Though



18

Though trusting more, yet some transgresse as much  
As those who unto God draw never neare:  
For what the first not see, the last not touch,  
Th'ones eyes are blinde, the others are not cleare:  
Their mindes (false mirroures) frame a God, but such  
As waters straight things crooked make appeare.  
Their faith is never firme, their love not bright,  
As Ankers without holds, fires without light.

19

Their judgements fond, by frailty all confinde,  
Whose soule (as water) vanity devoures;  
Doe faine in God what in themselves they finde,  
And by their weaknesse judge the pow'r of pow'rs;  
Then (the unbounded bounding by their minde)  
Would staine heavens Garden with terrestriall flowres.  
" Men still imagine others as they are,  
" And measure all things by corruptions square.

20

They thinke that God, soft pleasure doth affect,  
And jocund, lofty, lull'd in ease, as great,  
Doth scorne, contemne, or at the least neglect  
Mans fickle, abject, and laborious state,  
That he disdaines to guerdon, or correct  
Mans good or euill, as free from love, or hate.  
That when th'earth is his prospect from the skies,  
As men on beasts, on men he casts his eyes.

21

No, high in heaven from whence he bindes, and frees;  
He in voluptuous ease not wallowing lyes;  
What was, what is, what shall be, all he sees,  
Weighs every worke, each heart in secret tryes,  
Doth all record, then daily by degrees  
Gives, or abstracts his grace, cause, end, both spies.  
His contemplation farre transcends our reach,  
Yet what fits us to know, his word doth teach.

22

Then to confirme what was affirm'd before,  
That no God is, or God doth not regard,  
Who doe blaspheme (say fooles) or who adore,  
This oft due vengeance wants, and that reward,  
Then godly men the wicked prosper more,  
Who seeme at freedome, and the others snar'd.  
Such (as they thinke) feele paine, and dreame but joy,  
Whil' st they what can be wish'd, doe all enjoy.

B 3

The



23

The Sunne in all like comfort doth infuse,  
 The raine to all by equall portions parts,  
 Heavens treasures all alike both have, and use,  
 Which God to all (as lov'd alike) imparts;  
 Each mindes free state like passions doe abuse,  
 Each burd'nous body by like sicknesse smarts.  
 Thus all alive alike all fortunes try,  
 And as the bad, even so the best doe dye.

24

O men most simple, and yet more then mad,  
 Whose foolish hearts sinne wholly hath subdu'd,  
 Whil'st good men now are griev'd, though you be glad,  
 They weake, (yet pure) you strong, (yet stain'd, and lew'd)  
 Huge are the oddes betwixt the best and bad,  
 Which darkely here, hence shall be cleerely view'd.  
 When of Gods wrath the winde sifts soules at last,  
 They shall abide, you vanish at a blast.

25

Gods benefits though like to both design'd,  
 Whil'st judgement doth upon weake sight depend,  
 Yet th' inward eyes a mighty difference finde,  
 To ballance them whil'st spirituall thoughts ascend,  
 The gift is one, but not the givers minde,  
 The use is one, but not the users end.  
 God so would clogge the one, the other raise,  
 Those take themselves to please, they him to praise.

26

The godly ill, the wicked good may have,  
 And both may be whil'st here, pleas'd, or annoy'd;  
 But as they are, all make what they receive,  
 Not reall of it selfe, but as imployd;  
 Those temporall treasures monuments doe leave,  
 As by a blessing, or a curse convoy'd.  
 But this is sure, what ever God doth send,  
 To good mens good, to evill mens evill doth tend.

27

God, soules to cure, doth divers Balmes apply,  
 Whil'st his intent the successe still doth crowne;  
 Some are pres'd downe, lest they should swell too high,  
 Some are rais'd high, lest that they should sinke downe:  
 Some must have wealth, their charity to try,  
 Some poverty, their patience to renowne.  
 "He who made all, knowes all, and as they neede,  
 "Not as they wish, makes things with his succeed.

Since



28

Since worldly things, God makes both sorts possesse,  
Whose use in them a gratefulnesse should move:  
Let us seeke greater things (though seeming lesse)  
Which for one sort doe onely proper prove,  
That heavenly grace, whose power none can expresse,  
Whose fruits are vertue, zeale, faith, hope, and love.

"The godly may the wicked's treasures gaine,  
"But theirs the wicked never can attaine.

29

Ah, why should soules for fenselasse riches care!  
They mercy neede, it is a way to wrath:  
The first man he was made, the rest borne bare;  
Thole floting treasures come, and goe with breath.  
Not mortals goods, no, mortals evils they are,  
Which (since but dead) can nothing give save death.  
Their seed base care, their fruit is torturing paine,  
A losse when found, oft lost, the loosers gaine.

30

The greatest good that by such wealth is sought,  
Are flattering pleasures, which (whil'st fawning) stayne;  
A smoake, a shadow, froth, a dreame, a thought,  
Light, sliding, fraile, abusing, fond, all vaine;  
Which (whil'st they last, but shewes) to end soon brought,  
Of bravest thoughts, the liberty restraine.  
As of heavens beauties, clouds would make us doubt,  
Through mists of mindes, the sprite peeps faintly out,

31

That King (of men admir'd, of God belov'd),  
Whom such none did preceede, nor yet succede,  
Who wisdomes minion, vertues patterne prov'd,  
Did shew what heighth of blisse this earth could breed,  
Whose minde and fortune in like measure mov'd,  
Whil'st wealth and wit striv'd which should most exceed,  
Even he was cross'd alive, and scorn'd when dead,  
By too much happinesse, unhappy made.

32

Her store, franke nature prodigally spent,  
To make that Prince more than a Prince esteem'd,  
Whil'st Art to emulate her mistresse bent,  
Though borrowing strength from her, yet stronger seem'd,  
He nothing lack'd, which might a minde content,  
What once he wish'd, or but to wish was deem'd.  
For, thoughts of thousands rested on his will,  
"Great fortunes finde obsequious followers still.

With



33

With God the Father, he who did conferre,  
 And of the Sonne plac'd for a figure stood,  
 He to Gods law did his vile lust preferre,  
 His lust as boundlesse as a raging floud;  
 Who would have thought he could so grossly erre,  
 Even to serve Idols, scorne a God so good?  
 "The strong in faith (when destitute of grace)  
 "Like men disarm'd, fall faintly from their place.

34

Gods way cannot be found, his course not knowne,  
 As hearts he did enlarge, or else restraine,  
 Some were made Saints, who Saints had once o'rethrowne,  
 Some once thought holy, turn'd to be prophane,  
 To mock mens judgement, justifie his owne,  
 Whil'ft God by both did magnifi'd remaine.  
 Let none presume, nor yet all hope despise;  
 When standing feare, when falne, still strive to rise.

35

Through hell to heaven, since our Redeemer past,  
 Thinke that all pleasure purchas'd is with paine,  
 Though the first death, none shall the second taste,  
 Who are with God eternally to raigne;  
 Chus'd, call'd, made holy, just and glorious last,  
 'Twixt heaven and earth they have a spirituall chaine,  
 Whose fastening faith, whose linkes are all of love,  
 Through clouds by Gods own hand stretch'd from above.

36

Let not the godly men affliction feare,  
 God wrestle may with some, but none o'rethrowes,  
 Who gives the burden, gives the strength to beare;  
 And best reward the greatest service owes,  
 Those who would reape, they at the first must eare;  
 Gods love, his faith, a good mans trouble shoves.  
 "Those whom God tryes, he gives them power to stand,  
 He *Iacob* toss'd, and help'd, both by one hand.

37

Loe, since first chus'd ere made, much more ere prov'd,  
 Th'electd are not lost when as they stray,  
 And let none aske what so to doe God mov'd:  
 His will his word, his word our will should sway;  
 He hated *Esau*, and he *Iacob* lov'd,  
 Hath not the Potter power to use the clay?  
 And though his vessels could, why should they plead,  
 If to dishonour, or to honour made?

Some



38

Some dare tempt God, presuming of his grace,  
And proudly sinne, (as sav'd assur'd to be)  
Nor care not much what course they doe imbrace,  
Since nought (they say) can change Gods first decree:  
No, none findes heaven, but heavenly wayes must trace:  
The badge the bearer shewes, the fruits the tree.  
Who doubt, doe good, as those who would deserve,  
Who trust, be thankfull, both God better serve.

39

With gifts fit for their state, all are endu'd;  
Grace mercy still, wrath justice doth convoy;  
God cleares their sight of whom he will be view'd,  
And blindes them here, whom hence he will destroy,  
Those whom he did elect, them he renew'd,  
Those whom he leaveth, they sinne, and sinne with joy:  
Such live like beasts, but worse (when dead) remaine,  
Beasts dead, lose sense, death gives them sense with paine.

40

This froward race that to confusion runnes,  
Through selfe-presumption, or distrust of God,  
Shall once disgorge the surfet of their sinnes,  
Whil'st what seems light, then proves a burd'nous lode,  
With them in judgement once when God begins  
To beat, to bruise them with an iron rod:  
"Whil'st airy pleasures, leaden anguish bring,  
"Exhausted honey leaves a bitter sting.

41

Yet wicked men, whom foule affections blinde,  
Dare say (O now that heaven not brimstone raynes!)  
Let us alive have what contents the minde,  
And dread (when dead) threats of imagin'd paines;  
The debt we sweet, the interest easie finde,  
At least the payment long deferr'd remaines:  
Who shadowes feare whilst they the substance keepe,  
But start at dreames, when they securely sleepe.

42

Ah filthy wretch, more high thy fancies lift,  
(That doth encroach which thou would'st thus delay)  
Then Eagle, arrow, Shippe, or winde, more swift,  
(Match'd onely by it selfe) time posts away,  
Straight of all soules, God shall the secrets sift,  
And private thoughts, with publike shours display.  
Then when times glasse (not to be turn'd) is runne,  
Their grieve still growes, whose joyes were scarce begun.

Whil'st



43

Whil'st rais'd in haste, when soules from him rebell,  
 By inundations of impetuous sinne,  
 The fouds of Gods deep indignation swell,  
 Till torments torrents furiously come in,  
 Damnations mirrours, models of the hell,  
 To shew what hence not ends, may here beginne.  
 Then let me sing some of Gods judgements past,  
 That who them heare, may tremble at the last.

++

That glorious angell bearer of the light,  
 The mornings eye, the Messenger of day,  
 Of all the Bands above esteem'd most bright,  
 (As is amongst the rest the month of May)  
 He whom those gifts should humbled have of right,  
 Did (swolne with pride) from him who gave them stray.  
 And sought (a traitour) to usurpe his seate,  
 Yea worse (if worse may be) did prove ingrate.

45

Their starry tales the pompous Peacocks spreade,  
 As of all birds the basenesse thus to prove,  
 So Lucifer who did hels legions leade,  
 Was with himselfe preposterously in love;  
 But better Angels scorning such a head,  
 No flattering hope to leave their Lord could move.  
 "Those who grow proud, presuming of their state,  
 "They others doe contemne, them others hate.

46

The divell to all, an easie way affords,  
 That strife which one devis'd, all did conclude,  
 Their armour malice, blasphemy their swords,  
 Darts sharp'd by envy, onely aym'd at good:  
 They when they met, did need to use no words,  
 The thoughts of others, who soone understood:  
 By bodies grosse when they no hindrance have,  
 Pure sprites (at freedome) all things may conceive.

47

As where uncleannesse is, the Ravens repaire,  
 The spotted band swarm'd where he spu'd his gall,  
 Who fondly durst with God (foule foole) compare,  
 And his apostasie applauded all,  
 Then to usurpe heavens throne, did bend their care,  
 So hastning on the horror of their fall,  
 Whose trayterous head made (like a whore that straves,)  
 His flaming beauties prodigall of rayes.

Whil'st



48

Whil'ft vainely puf't up with prepofterous aymes,  
He even from God his treasure ftriv'd to fteale,  
The Angels good (thofe not deferving names)  
With facred ardour, boldly did appeale;  
Their eyes fhot lightning, and their breath fmeak'd flames;  
As ravish'd with Gods love, burnt up with zeale.  
All lifted up their flight, their voyce, their hands,  
Then fang Gods praife, rebuk'd rebellious hands.

49

This mutiny a monftrous tumult bred,  
The place of peace all plenish'd thus with armes;  
Bright *Michael* forth a glorious Squadron led,  
Which forc'd the fiends to apprehend their harmes,  
The lights of heaven look'd pale, clouds (thundring) fhed;  
Winds (roaring trumpets) bellow'd loud alarmes :  
Thinke what was fain'd to be at *Phlegra* bounds,  
Of this a shadow, ecchoes but of founds.

50

O damned dog, who in a happy ftate,  
Could not thy felfe, would not have others bide :  
Of finne, death, hell, thou open didft the gate,  
Ambitions bellows, fountaine of all pride,  
Who force in heaven, in Paradice deceit,  
On earth us'd both, a traitour alwaies try'd.  
O firft the ground, ftill guilty of all evils,  
Since whom God Angels made, thou mad'ft them divels.

51

When them he view'd, whose power nought can exprefse,  
To whose leaft nod the greateft things are thrall,  
Although his word, his looke, his thought, or leffe,  
Might them have made duft, ayre, or what more fmall,  
Yet he (their pride though purpos'd to repreffe)  
Grac'd by a blow, difdain'd to let them fall.  
But them referv'd for more opprobrious ftripes,  
As firft of finne, ftill of his judgement types.

52

Thofe fcornd Rivals, God would judge, not fight,  
And then themfelves none elfe, more fit could finde,  
Brands for his rage, (whil'ft flaming at the height,)  
To cleare their knowledge it with terrour fhin'd;  
Whofe guilty weakenesse match'd with his pure might,  
Did at an instant vanifh like a winde.  
“ Their confcience fir'd, who doe from God rebell,  
“ Hell firft is plac'd in them, then they in hell.

That



53

That damned crue, God having spy'd a space,  
 First, lightning lookes, then thundred forth those words,  
 Baites for my wrath, that have abus'd my grace,  
 As once of light, of darkenesse now be Lords,  
 Where order is, since forfeiting your place,  
 Passe where confusion every thing affords.  
 And use your spight to pine, and to be pin'd,  
 Not Angels, no, doe evils as divels design'd.

54

If we great things with small things may compare,  
 Or with their Maker, things that have been made,  
 Marke when the Falcon fierce soares through the ayre,  
 The little feathered flockes fall downe as dead;  
 As darkenesse flyes, heaven (like a Bride) lookes faire,  
 When *Phæbus* forth doth fiery Coursers leade,  
 Like some Bride-groome bent for his wedding place,  
 Or like a mighty man to runne his race.

55

Even so as lightning (flashing from the sky)  
 Doth dye as it descends, scarce seen when gone,  
 More fast then follow could a thought, or eye,  
 Heavens banish'd rebels fell downe every one;  
 Then abject runnagates over all did flye,  
 As seeking desarts where to howle and moane.  
 O what a deadly storme did then begin,  
 When heaven rain'd divels to drown the world with sin!

56

That forge of fraud, evils centre, spheare of pride,  
 From blisse above, whom Gods owne breath had blowne;  
 He, who his strength in heaven in vaine had try'd,  
 (As dogs bite stones for him who hath them throwne,)  
 Did hunt Gods image, when in *Adam* spy'd,  
 And (grudging at his State) despis'd his owne:  
 It never ended yet, which then began,  
 His hate to God, his envy unto man.

57

Ere tainted first with that most fatall crime,  
 Then *Adam* liv'd more blest then can be thought:  
 Babe, Infant, Childe, Youth, Man, all at one time,  
 Form'd in perfection, having need of nought,  
 To paradise prefer'd from abject slime,  
 A graine of th'earth to rule it all was brought.  
 With him whom to content, all did contend,  
 God walk'd, and talk'd, as a familiar friend.



58

Then of his pleasures to heape up the store,  
God *Evah* did create with beauties rare,  
Such as no women had since; none before,  
Thinke what it is to be divinely faire,  
And then imagine her a great deale more;  
She, principall, the rest but copies are.  
No height of words can her perfections hit,  
The worke was matchlesse, as the worke-mans wit.

59

The worlds first father what great joyes did fill,  
Whil'st Prince of Paradiſe from trouble free,  
The faireſt creature entertain'd him ſtill;  
No rivall was, he could not jealous be,  
But wretched prov'd, in having all his will,  
And yet diſcharg'd the taſting of one tree.  
" Let one have all things good, abſtract ſome toy,  
" That want more grieves, then all he hath gives joy.

60

Through *Edens* garden, ſtately *Evah* ſtray'd,  
Where beauteous flowers her beauties backe reglanc'd  
By natures ſelfe, and not by art array'd,  
Which pure (not bluſhing) boldly were advanc'd;  
With dangling haireſ the wanton Zephyres play'd,  
And in rich rings their ſtoring gold onhaunc'd.  
All things concurr'd, which pleaſure could incite,  
So that ſhe ſeem'd the centre of delight.

61

Then could ſhe not well thinke, who now can tell  
What banquetted her ſight with objects rare?  
Birds ſtriv'd for her whoſe ſongs ſhould moſt excell,  
The odoriferous flowres perfum'd the ayre:  
Yet did her breath of all moſt ſweetly ſmell,  
Not then diſtemper'd with intemperate fare.  
No mixtures ſtrange, compos'd corrupting food,  
All naturally was ſweet, all ſimply good.

62

But ah! when ſhe the apples faire did ſpy,  
Which (ſince reſerv'd) were thought to be the beſt;  
Their fained pretiouſneſſe enflam'd to try,  
Be cauſe diſcharg'd, ſhe look'd where they did reſt,  
Luxuriouſly abandon'd to the eye,  
Swolne, languiſhing (like them upon her breaſt.)  
" Ah curiouſneſſe, firſt cauſe of all our ill,  
" And yet the plague which moſt torments us ſtill!

C

On



63

On them she (doubtfull) earnestly did gaze,  
 The hand oft times advanc'd, and oft drawne backe,  
 Whil'st Sathan cunningly her parts did praise,  
 And in a Serpent thus his course did take:  
 Your state is high, you may more high it raise,  
 And may (with ease) your selves immortall make.  
 This pretious fruit God you forbids to eate,  
 Lest (knowing good and evill) you match his state.

64

Those fatall fruits which poison'd were with sinne,  
 She (having tasted) made her husband prove;  
 What could not words of such a Sirene winne?  
 O woe to man, that woman thus can move!  
 He him to hide (his falls first marke) did rinne,  
 Whom knowledge now had learn'd to loath, and love.  
 Death from that tree did shoot through shadowes darke,  
 His rest an apple, beauty was his marke.

65

Thus good and evill they learn'd to know by this,  
 But ah the good was gone, the evill to be:  
 Thus monstrosly when having done amisse,  
 They cloathing sought (of bondage a decree)  
 "Loe, the first fruits of mortals knowledge is,  
 "Their nakednesse, and hard estate to see:  
 "Thus curiousnesse to knowledge is the guide,  
 "And it to misery, all toiles when tryde.

66

Marke *Adams* answer when his Maker crav'd,  
 If that his will had beene by him transgress'd;  
 The woman (Lord) whom I from thee receiv'd,  
 Did make me eate, as who my soule posses'd:  
 The woman said the Serpent, me deceiv'd:  
 Both burden'd others, none the fault confess'd.  
 Which custome still their faulty race doth use,  
 "All first doe runne to hide, next to excuse.

67

But he who tryes the reynes, and views the heart,  
 (As through the clouds) doth through fraile bodies see,  
 And is not mock'd by mens ridiculous art,  
 By which their crimes encrease, more odious be:  
 Who proudly sinne, they must submissely smart,  
 Loe, God craves count of what he did decree.  
 And those who joyn'd in sinne, are punish'd all,  
 All *Adams* partners crush'd were with his fall.

Thus



68

Thus God first damn'd the fountaine of deceit,  
O most accurst of all the beasts which breed,  
Still wallowing in the dust (a loathsome state)  
Drawn on thy belly basely shalt thou feed;  
The woman thee, thou shalt the woman hate.  
Which hatred still inherit shall her seed.

Whose fierce effects both mutually shall feele,  
Whil'ft he shall breake thy head, thou bruise his heele.

69

And woman weake, whose thought each fancy blowes,  
I will encrease thy griefe, thy joyes restraine,  
And since thy judgement doth depend on shoves,  
Thou to thy husband subject shalt remaine :  
And (bringing forth thy brood with bitter throwes,)  
What was with pleasure sown, shalt reape with paine.  
Those beauties now which mustred are with pride,  
In withered wrinckles, ruinous Age shall hide.

70

Fond *Adam*, thou (obeying thus thy wife)  
What I commanded violate that durst :  
Cares shall exhaust thy dayes, paines end thy life,  
Whil'ft for thy cause the earth becomes accurst,  
With thornes and thistles, guerdoning thy strife,  
Who sweating for thy food, art like to burst.  
And looke no more for rest, for toile thou must,  
Till whence first com'd, thou be turn'd back to dust.

71

By Angels arm'd barr'd from the pleasant place,  
When wretched *Adams* pilgrimage was past,  
The tree of sinne o're-shadowing all his race,  
They from their minds all love of God did cast,  
Them to reclaime who did contemne his grace,  
Who weary was with striving at the last,  
And of the world a harvest made by raine,  
Did straight resolve to try new seede againe.

72

Yet since that *Noah* uprightly had liv'd,  
He and his race stood safe on horrors height,  
And when all creatures ruine was contriv'd,  
Did live secure the forty-day-long night :  
To make the world repent, that good man striv'd,  
His swelling engine building in their sight.  
" But with the wicked what can well succeed,  
" In whom perswasions obstinacy breed.

C 2

Whil' a



73

Whil'st sin o're-flow'd the world, Gods wrath o're-flam'd,  
 Which when rais'd high, downe floods of vengeance pours,  
 As *Noahs* preaching oft times had proclaim'd,  
 (Heavens threatning straight to drown the highest Towers;  
 Clouds clustred darkenesse, lightnings terrour stream'd,  
 And rumbling thunders usher'd ugly shoures;  
 Whil'st ravenous tempests swallow'd up the light,  
 Day (dead for feare) brought forth abortive night.

74

From guests prophane that th'earth might be redeem'd,  
 The lights of heaven quench'd in their lanternes lay,  
 The cloudy conduits but one Cisterne seem'd,  
 Whil'st (save the waters) all things did decay :  
 The fire drown'd out, heavens all dissolv'd were deem'd,  
 Ayre water grew, the earth as wash'd away :  
 By monstrous storms, whil'st all things were o'r e-turn'd,  
 Then (save Gods wrath) in all the world nought burn'd.

75

Men to the mountaines did for helpe repaire,  
 Whence them the waves did violently chafe;  
 In natures scorne, came scaly squadrons there,  
 The Forrests guests inheriting their place :  
 By too much water, no, for lacke of ayre,  
 All were confounded in a little space.  
 " One creature needs all th'elements to live,  
 " But death to all one element can give.

76

That moving masse against the storme did strive;  
 Which all the creatures of the world contain'd;  
 As through the deepes it through the clouds did drive,  
 Not by the Compasse, nor the Rudder rayn'd :  
 No Port, no land was, where it could arrive,  
 Whil'st th'earth with waters leuell all remain'd.  
 The waves (the world all else as hush'd) at once,  
 Roard forth a consort with mens dying grones.

77

But when o're all Gods breath did ruine blow,  
 The Arke with others sinne from death did save :  
 Him whom the raging floods did not o'rethrow,  
 Who (of Gods judgements judge) did all perceiue,  
 A little liquour did at last o'rethrow,  
 Which to his sonne to mocke occasion gave.  
 " Thus drunkenesse disdainefull scorne doth breed,  
 " A fertile vice which others still succeed.



78

As the first world did first by pride offend,  
Whose burning rage to such a height did runne,  
That it to quench, God did the waters bend :  
O drunkenesse, the second worlds first sinne,  
The course of vice that Element must end,  
Which is oppos'd to that which did begin.  
In every thing Gods justice we may spy,  
" As flouds drown'd pride, flames drunkenesse must dry.

79

The peopled world soone left the Lord to feare,  
And Sathan in their soules did raise his Throne;  
O what a burden nature, do'st thou beare,  
Since that to sinne and live, seeme both but one !  
Men *Babels* Towers against the starres did reare,  
Since like deserving, fearing what was gone,  
As though that God could but one plague command;  
(Ah fooles) what strength against his strength can stand ?

80

Whil'st fondly they proud weaknesse did bewray,  
(Who can the deeps of his high judgements founde ?)  
By making their owne tongues their hearts betray,  
The Thund'rer straight those Titans did confound :  
Here divers tongues the worke of men did stay,  
Which afterwards the worke of God did ground.  
" One meanes made Christians joyne, and Ethnicks jarre,  
" Did helpe th' Apostles, *Babels* builders marre.

81

When purpos'd to dissolve quicke clouds of dust,  
Gods wrath (as stubble) sinners doth devoure;  
That towne to sacke, which had not ten men just,  
He brimstone rain'd (O most prodigious shoure !)  
Their bodies burn'd, whose soules were burn'd with lust,  
What fayre was, ugly, what was sweet, grew sowre.  
Yet of that fire, *Lot* scap'd the great deluge,  
" Gods holy Mountaine is a fire refuge.

82

I thinke not of the ruine of those states,  
Which since but strangers to the ground of grace,  
Were carried head-long with their owne conceits,  
And even (though brightly) blindely ran their race :  
Gods firme decrees, which fondly they call'd fates,  
Did bound their glory in a little space.  
Whil'st tempests huge toss'd their tumultuous mindes,  
Like Reeds by Rivers way'ring with all windes.

C ?

Seca



83

Such rais'd not for their good, but for Gods ends,  
 When bent his owne to punish, or support,  
 Doe (as his arrowes) hit but where he tends,  
 Else of themselves their power doth not import;  
 His spotted flocke, when he to purge intends,  
 They are but tooles us'd in a servile sort,  
 To fanne or cleanse, such fannes or Besomes are,  
 Which afterwards he not in wrath doth spare.

84

Proud *Asbur* first did daunt all other foiles,  
 Till barbarous *Persia* did become her head;  
 The Greekes did glory in the Persians spoiles,  
 Whose Prince at last, *Rome* did in triumph leade;  
*Rome* (ravishing the earth) bred bloudy broiles,  
 Yet was by whom she scorn'd a widdow made.  
 " The world a Tennis-court, the Rackets fates,  
 " Great Kings are bals, when God will tosse their states.

85

To them whom God to doe great things doth chuse,  
 He generous mindes, and noble thoughts imparts,  
 And doth in them all qualities infuse,  
 That are requir'd to act heroicke parts;  
 Of matters base, then making others muse,  
 He breaks their sprites, and vilifies their hearts.  
 " As greatnesse still a gallant minde preceeds,  
 " A staggering courage, ruine still succeeds.

86

Of *Greece* and *Rome*, the glory mounting high,  
 Did minds amaze, (made all the Muses song,)  
 On both the wings of worth, whil'st it did flye,  
 By valour rais'd, borne up on learning long;  
 But (loe) both base in abject bondage lye,  
 Whose brood proves now as faint, as once thought strong.  
 That with their Empires (made their enemies spoiles,)  
 Their sprites seeme too transferr'd to forraine foiles.

87

For, nations once which strangers were to fame,  
 On whom (as Monsters) civill lands did gaze;  
 Those who in scorne did them Barbarians name,  
 Doe now farre passe in all which merits praise:  
 Thus glories Throne is made the seate of shame,  
 Who were obscure, doe honour highest raise.  
 " Nought constant is below, No, not true worth;  
 " It melted South, and freezes in the North.

What



88

What heart not quakes to thinke what scroules record,  
The vengeance huge inflicted oft below :  
Not onely Gentiles thus as then abhorr'd,  
High indignation justly did o'rethrow;  
That heritage long labour'd by the Lord,  
Which (as his portion) he would onely owe.  
As loath'd for sinne, or for repentance lov'd,  
Gods minion still, or slave to strangers prov'd.

89

By monstrous plagues, God did his power expresse  
In *Nilus* bounds, which yet admir'd remaines,  
The subtile Sorcerers forcing to confesse,  
That his owne finger pointed out their paines;  
The Seas retir'd, would not his will transgresse,  
Till squadrons march'd upon their Virgin playnes.  
He gloriously triumph'd o're *Pharaohs* hoast,  
What *Israel* sav'd, that the *Egyptians* lost.

90

God made not wonders strange to *Jacobs* brood,  
When their great journey boldly was begun,  
Over them a cloud by day, by night fire stood,  
A guide, a guard, a shadow and a sunne,  
Rockes vomited a floud, heavens rained down food,  
*Canaan* was miraculously wonne.  
Their armes did Armies spoile, huge Gyants kill,  
Weake blasts breach'd walls, the Sun (as charm'd) stood still.

91

But who can thinke and trust, trust, not admire,  
That those ingrate to such a God could prove;  
Who oft had seen (above their owne desire)  
His power by wonders, and by gifts his love :  
Yet they provok'd the holy one to ire,  
And did the mighties indignation move.  
Till as abhorr'd, the land did spue them forth,  
And Euphrates did swallow Iordans worth.

92

That Realme the worlds first froth, and now the lees,  
Of which for *Israel*, Angels hosts had slaine;  
The Lord transplanting men (as men doe trees)  
It *Israel* made a captive to remaine :  
The stately Temple nought from ruine frees,  
Whose sacred vessels, Ethnicks did prophane.  
Yet (when repenting) all turn'd backe by faith :  
Sole mortals teares doe quench th'immortals wrath.



93

Of all the workes which God for us hath wrought,  
 None more to stray opinions course permits,  
 Then our salvation, offred, urg'd, not sought,  
 And curious natures course the truth worst hits :  
 What was contemn'd, a pretious treasure bought,  
 A myſtery ſurmounting vulgar wits.

“ The worker, not the worke muſt move our mindes :

“ Ceſtiall ſecrets, faith (not reaſon) findes.

94

O! who could looke for glory from the duſt :  
 Or for a Saviour ſettred in the grave ?  
 The power which wrought it, muſt give power to truſt,  
 Elſe natures ſtrength will but make wit to rave :  
 O juſtice mercifull, O mercy juſt !  
 He gave his beſt belov'd his foes to ſave.

And even to ſuffer, ſuffer did his Sonne,  
 “ The victory over hell is hardly wonne.

95

The word was fleſh, the God-head dwelt with men,  
 Inviſible, yet ſubject to the ſight,  
 He whom no bounds could bound, was bounded then,  
 Whil'ſt th' earthly darkneſſe clouded heavenly light :  
 Birds had their neſts, and every beaſt a den,  
 Yet had he nought who did owe all of right.

No kinde of thing the wicked world could move,  
 Not wonders done below, words from above.

96

Thoſe wonders then which ſacred writs record,  
 Did ſome convert, a multitude amaze,  
 What did not Gods owne word doe by a word :  
 Lame ranne, Deafe heard, Dumb ſpake, Divels fled, dead raiſe,  
 Of ſervants ſervant, whil'ſt of Lords the Lord,  
 Did ſeeke but his owne paine, mans good, Gods praiſe.  
 To marry heaven with earth whil'ſt he began,  
 God without Mother, without Father man.

97

Who never did begin, he would begin,  
 That lifes chiefe fountaine might of life be reav'd;  
 The innocent would beare the weight of finne,  
 That by his ſufferings, ſinners might be ſav'd,  
 Yet that which God muſt give, and none can winne,  
 (Though offred freely) many not receiv'd.  
 Whil'ſt on a tree Chriſt gain'd (when tortur'd moſt)  
 What by a tree for pleaſure Adam loſt.



98

The worlds great Iudge was judg'd; and worldlings stood,  
Even glories Glory, glorying to disgrace;  
They damn'd as evill, the Author of all good,  
(Though death of death) who unto death gave place :  
Ah, for our ransome offering up his blood,  
Great was the warre he had to make our peace !  
The heire of heaven daign'd to descend to hell,  
That in the heaven, hell-worthy men might dwell.

99

The Father saw the Sonne furchar g'd with woe,  
Yet would to calme his griefe, no favour show;  
For man could not repay, nor God forgoe,  
That debt which the first man did justly owe :  
Christ (as a God) could not have suffered so,  
Nor have as man prevail'd, but both below.  
He men most grac'd, when men him most disgrac'd :  
Iustice and mercy mutually imbrae'd.

100

When God confirm'd with many fearefull wonder,  
The great worke which was wrought for them he lov'd,  
Heaven (clad with darknesse mourn'd,) th'earth sob'd asunder :  
Thus creatures wanting sense, were highly mov'd,  
Who should have had, had none, nor could not ponder,  
What did import the anguish that he prov'd.  
But of his torments strange which did abound,  
Ah, mans ingratitude did deepest wound.

101

O ! wicked off-spring of a godly Sire,  
Who saw the Saviour of the world arise,  
That which your fathers did so oft desire,  
Yet could not get that which you did despise :  
Who mercy mock'd, prepare your selves for ire.  
He lives, he lives, whose death you did devise.  
His blood (not spent in vaine) must wash, or drowne :  
Those whom it doth not save, it shall sinke downe.

102

To rest on them and theirs, Iewes who did cry  
For Christs contemned blood, had what they sought;  
Then blood, no burden with more weight doth lye,  
Even as they his, so was their o'rethrow wrought :  
They by the Roman power did make him dye,  
And them the Roman power to ruine brought :  
Whil'st for their cause, God every thing had curst,  
Romes mildest Emperour prov'd for them the worst.

*Ierusa-*



103

*Ierusalem* the faire, *Iehovahs* love,  
 Repudiated by disdainefull wrath.  
 A bastard race did beare, whom nought could move;  
 A vile adultresse violating faith;  
 Then did the worlds delight her terroure prove,  
 And harmes perform'd fore-told by sacred breath:  
 Nought rested where the stately City stood,  
 Save heapes of horroure rais'd of dust and bloud.

104

But (murd'ring Saints) in wickednesse grown bold,  
 That Town which long was drunk, last drown'd with bloud  
 That Town by which who bought the world was sold,  
 Sold with disgrace, beheld her scorned brood:  
 Them lov'd by God, men did in honour hold,  
 And loath'd by God, with them in horroure stood.  
 Then Iewes whom God high rais'd, and low doth bow,  
 What name more glorious once, more odious now?

105

When of salvation, joyfull newes were spread,  
 With spirituall grace, all nations to bedew,  
 Whil'st famish'd soules that sacred Nectar fed,  
 The Lord strange judgements, millions made to view,  
 And those who first fierce persecutions bred,  
 A jealous God with vengeance did pursue.  
 The wrath that he against his servants beares,  
 Is kindled by their sinne, quench'd by their teares.

106

By him who first gainst Christ did ensignes pitch,  
 His Brother, Mother, Wife, and selfe was slaine;  
 The great Apostate wounded in a ditch,  
 Did grant with griefe the Galileans raigne;  
 Of him whose errors did whole Realmes bewitch,  
 The death most vile, did viler doctrine staine.  
 "A monstrous death doth monstrous lives attend,  
 "And what all is, is judged by the end.

107

He who made *Himens* torch drop bloud, and teares,  
 (The nation most humane, growne inhumane)  
 Did bloud (when dead) at mouth, nose, eyes, and eares,  
 As vomiting his farfet so againe:  
 In crime, and crowne like charge his brother beares;  
 The bloody band by mutuall blowes was slaine.  
 The King, the Duke, the Fryer, devis'd that ill,  
 The King the Duke, the Fryer the King did kill.

Whole



108

Whose sight is so eclips'd which now not sees,  
In every Kingdome, Province, Towne and race,  
On Princes, Subjects, men of all degrees,  
What weighty judgements, sinners steppes doe trace:  
Which not the Crowne, more then the Cottage frees:  
The wicked man (sayes God) shall have no peace.

“ A countenance calme may maske a stormy minde,  
“ But guiltinesse no perfect case can finde.

109

Those temporall plagues are but small smoakes of ire,  
To breach a breast which is not arm'd with faith,  
And are when God due vengeance doth require,  
Of indignation drops, weake sparkes of wrath;  
As lightning is to hels eternall fire,  
Or to a tempest huge, a little breath.

So are all those of this which I proclaime,  
A puffe, a glance, a shadow, or a dreame.

110

As weigh'd by God, still ballanc'd hangs this round,  
Which sinne (grown heavy) now quite downward beares;  
Exhausted courage, horror shall confound,  
Till hopes high towers rest all o'reflow'd with feares:  
All shall together fall, as by one wound,  
Not having time to flye, no, not for teares.

On day as night (as on the wearied sleepe)  
Death steales on life, and judgements way doth sweep.

111

All clearely see who lifes short race doe rinne,  
Though this last judgement they would not admit,  
That fatall doome inflicted first for sinne,  
Which (whil' st not look'd for) doth most certaine hit,  
And of all soules the proesse doth beginne;  
For straight when death arrests, the Iudge doth sit.

To beare this charge, all fortifie the minde,  
“ As death us leaves, so judgement shall us finde.

112

Death each man daily sees, but none fore-sees,  
The wage of sinne, the Iubilee of cares,  
First judgement threatned, base corruptions lees,  
Inheritance that serves all *Adams* heires,  
And marshalling (not partiall) all degrees,  
The charge enjoyn'd for no respect that spares,  
What agues, wounds, thoughts, pains, all breaching breath,  
Are Heraulds, Serjeants, Vshers, posts of death.

Death



113

Death dores to enter at, and darts to wound,  
 Hath as the heaven hath starres, or sea hath sands;  
 What though not sicke, not stab'd, not choak'd, burnt, drown'd,  
 Age matchlesse enemy all at last commands?  
 O what designs the Emperour pale doth bound,  
 Built of bare bones, whose arch triumphall stands!  
 Ah for ones error, all the world hath wept,  
 The golden fruit, a leaden Dragon kept.

114

Then since finnes hang-man, natures utter foe,  
 By whom true life is found, lifes shadow lost,  
 A thousand fancies interrupting so,  
 When least expected, doth importune most:  
 Haste, haste your reckonings, all must pay, and goe,  
 Guests of the world, poore passengers that post,  
 "And let us strive (a change thus wisely made)  
 "To dye alive, that we may live when dead.

115

All thinke whil'ft sound, what sicknesse may succeed,  
 How in the bed imprison'd ye may be,  
 When every object, loathsomnesse doth breed,  
 Within, without, that soule, or eyes can see;  
 To trembling nature, which still death doth dread,  
 Whil'ft grieve paints horror in a high degree,  
 The body in the bed, thoughts in it roule,  
 The conscience casting up a bitter scroule.

116

But when th' externall powers begin to faile,  
 That neither tongue can give, nor cares receive,  
 Friends (wretched comforters) retir'd to waile,  
 To agonize the soule alone doe leave,  
 Which Sathan straight with squadrons doth assaile,  
 Then bent to force whom first he did deceive;  
 Who once entic'd, then to accuse beginnes,  
 To wakened soules upbraiding buried finnes.

117

That fatall conflict which all flesh doth feare,  
 By helpes from heaven, which foughten out, and wonne;  
 Whil'ft soules to heaven triumphing Angels beare,  
 This mortall race magnanimously runne:  
 Of them that are to decke the highest sphere,  
 The soule shall shine more glorious then the Sunne.  
 Whil'ft cloath'd with righteousness, a Priest, a King,  
 Hell where's thy victory, death where thy sting?



118

O! when to part, God doth the soule permit,  
Rais'd from her shell, a pearle for Sion chus'd,  
She recollects (accomplish'd ere she flit)  
Her faculties amidst fraile flesh diffus'd;  
As judgement, reason, memory, and wit,  
Then all refin'd, no more to be abus'd.  
And parts in triumph, free from earthly toiles,  
Yet longs perchance to gather up her spoiles.

119

Let those great plagues (smoakes of our Makers ire)  
Make all in time their inward state reforme,  
Those plagues of which, loe, even to sing I tyre,  
Ah, what doe those who beare their ugly forme!  
Yet they but kindlings are of endlesse fire,  
And little drops which doe foregoe a storme.  
Look, look, with clouds heavens bosome now doth swell,  
To blow the wicked to the lowest hell.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The second Houre.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*That threatned time which must the world appall,  
Is (that all may amend) by signes fore-showne,  
Warres rumor'd are, the Gospell preach'd o're all,  
Some Iewes convert, the Antichrist growes knowne:  
Divels rage, vice raignes, zeale cooles, faith failes, stars fall,  
All sorts of plagues have the last Trumpet blowne:  
And by prodigious signes it may appeare,  
That of the Sonne of man the signe drawes neare.*

I



Hough thundring down those who transgresse his  
And with disdain his bounty do abuse: (lawes,  
As Adamants doe iron, repentance drawes  
The Lord to love them whom he first did chuse;  
A space retir'd from the tempestuous waves,  
The Port of mercy must refresh my Muse;  
Whose ventrous flight all loftinesse must leave,  
And plainly sing what all men should conceive.

D

The



2

The Lord delights not in a finners death,  
 But sheepe which stray, toiles to recover still;  
 To please a Sonne who had deserv'd his wrath,  
 His Calfe (long fed) the father straight did kill:  
 Not for the best whose thoughts (sway'd by his breath)  
 Had squar'd his actions onely to his will;  
 His Calfe, Gods Lamb, were given the lost to gaine,  
 His best sonne griev'd, Gods onely Sonne was flaine.

3

Who can expresse, consider, or conceive,  
 Our Makers mercy, our Redeemers love,  
 Or of that sprite the power, which who receive,  
 By sacred ardour ravish'd are above;  
 O! to create, to sanctifie, to save,  
 Ingratitude to gratefulnesse may move:  
 Who weighs those works (else damned were his state)  
 Must (if no more) be griev'd to be ingrate.

4

First, ere by ends beginnings could be prov'd,  
 Whil'st time nor place, to limit nought attain'd.  
 All wholly holy, wholly to be lov'd,  
 God in himselfe, and all in him remain'd:  
 Whil'st both the Sunne, and spheare in which he mov'd,  
 That which contain'd, and that which was contain'd;  
 Truth lightned light, all in perfection stood,  
 More high then thoughts can reach, all God, all good.

5

All this alone the Lord would not possesse,  
 But would have some who taste his goodnesse might,  
 Which (when bestow'd) in no degree growes lesse;  
 What darker growes the Sunne by giving light?  
 Yet, not that grace o'reflow'd, as in excesse:  
 All was (of purpose) providently right.  
 His glories witnesses God men did raise,  
 That they might it admire, him serve, and praise.

6

When God in us no kinde of good could see,  
 Save that which his, we not our owne could call,  
 Great was his favour, making us to be  
 Even ere we were, much lesse deserv'd at all;  
 What? since in us affection must be free,  
 Who dare presume to make our Makers thrall?  
 He first us freely made, when nought, of nought,  
 And (when sinnes slaves) with his own bloud us bought.

Though



7

Though sometime some inspir'd by God, we see,  
Do gratefull, yea, not meritorious deeds;  
The fruit, not root of mercies saving tree,  
Which was Christs crosse whence all our rest proceeds;  
As owing most, they should most humble be,  
To him whose grace in them such motions breeds.  
From whom so good a minde, and means, they had,  
Where others were abandon'd to be bad.

8

The Lord to those whose souls produce his seale,  
Doth give good things, as who them justly owes,  
Bound by his promise, pleaded with true zeale;  
Which all the arguments of wrath o'rethrows,  
Whil'st they from it to mercy do appeale,  
Which justifies all that repentance shows;  
God sinnes confess'd with griete, with joy forgives,  
That which faith humbly seeks, power freely gives.

9

He who (when pilgrims) all their trouble sees,  
The faithfull souls from danger doth secure;  
And them from fetters of corruption frees,  
As griev'd that mortals should such griefe endure;  
But now for them (whom he to save decrees)  
He shall true rest perpetually assure.  
At that great Court which must determine all,  
Even till Christ rise as Iudge, from *Adams* fall.

10

Their blood which Tyrants (by evill Angels led)  
Like worthlesse waters lavish'd on the dust,  
From out the Altar cries, all that was shed,  
From *Abel* till (and since) *Zachary* the just,  
To see the wicked with confusion cled,  
When judg'd by him in whom they would not trust.  
"The sorrow of his Saints doth move God much:  
"No sweeter incense then the sighs of such.

11

God is not slack as worldings do suppose,  
But onely patient, willing all to winne;  
Times consummation quickly shall disclose,  
The period of mortality, and sinne,  
And for the same his servants to dispose,  
Else charg'd by signes the proceffe doth begin,  
Signes which each day upbraid us with the last,  
Few are to come, some present, many past.

D 2

What



12

What fatall warnings do that time preface,  
 A due attendance in the world to breed:  
 (Though oftner now) some us'd in every age,  
 And some more monstrous, straight the day preceed:  
 Ah! flie the flames of that encroaching rage,  
 And arme against these terrors that succeed:  
 For whom the first not frights, the last confounds,  
 As whilst the lightning shines, the Thunder wounds.

13

Whilst threatening worldlings with the last deluge,  
 Old *Noah* scorne acquir'd, but never trust:  
 Though building in their sight his owne refuge,  
 So were the people blinde with pride and lust;  
 And ere the coming of the generall Iudge,  
 To damne the bad, and justifie the just,  
 Even when the tokens come, which Christ advis'd,  
 As *Noahs* then, Christs words are now despis'd.

14

As lifes last day hath unto none beene showne,  
 That still (attending death) all might live right:  
 So that great Iudgements day is kept unknowne,  
 To make us watch, as Christ were still in fight;  
 Like Virgins wife with oyle still of our owne,  
 That when the Bridegroom comes, we want not light.  
 "Live still as looking death should us surprise,  
 "And go to beds, and graves, as we would rise.

15

O what great wonder that so few are found,  
 Whom those strange signes make griev'd, or glad, appeare!  
 Though that day haste which should their souls confound,  
 Or from corruption make them ever cleare.  
 If holy *Ierome* thought he heard the sound  
 Of that great Trumpet thundring in his eare,  
 What jealous cares should in our breasts be lodg'd,  
 Since greater sinners, nearer to be judg'd?

16

When will to man, or rather man to will,  
 Was freely given, straight discord did begin:  
 Though brethren borne, th'one did the other kill,  
 Of those who first were made lifes race to runne.  
 Thus striving (as it seem'd) who did most ill,  
 The father fell, the sonne did sink in sinne.  
 Love *Adam* lost, but *Cain* did kindle wrath,  
 The author breeding, th'actor bringing death.

Thus



17

Thus at the first contentious worldlings jarr'd,  
Of all the world when onely two were heires;  
And when that Nations were, then Nations warr'd,  
Oft sowing hopes, and reaping but despair;  
Base avarice, pride, and ambition marr'd  
All concord first, and fram'd death divers snares:  
" Though as a winde soone vanish doth our breath;  
" We furnish feathers for the wings of death.

18

Lo, as the sacred Register records,  
Strife is (still boyling mortall mens desires)  
The thing most fertile that the world affords,  
Of which each little sparke may breed great fires.  
Yet that portentuous warre which Christs owne words  
Cites as a signe when judgement th'earth requires,  
It is not that which vaine ambition bends,  
By partiall passions rais'd for private ends.

19

Such was the warre which in each age was mov'd,  
When by preposterous cares from rest restrain'd:  
Bent to be more then men, men monsters prov'd,  
Who (Lords of others) slaves themselves remain'd.  
For, whilest advancement vaine they fondly lov'd,  
The devill their souls, whilest they but bodies gain'd;  
So with their owne disturbing every state,  
They bought hels horrors at too high a rate.

20

Christ came below, that souls might be releev'd,  
Not to breed peace, but worse then civill warres:  
Broyles amongst brethren, scarce to be beleev'd;  
Even twixt the sonne and syre engendring jarres.  
" God must be pleas'd who ever else be griev'd;  
" The Gospels growth no Tyrants malice marres.  
As *Aegypts* burdens *Israels* strength did crowne,  
" The truth most mounts when men would presse it downe.

21

Those warres that come before that fatall day,  
End things begun, and endlesse things begin:  
Are not us'd broils which States with steele array,  
Whilest worldlings would but worldly treasures winne.  
No, even Religion shall make peace decay:  
And godlinesse be made the ground of sinne.  
Then let the world expect no peace againe,  
When sacred causes breed effects prophane.

D 3

Such



22

Such warres have beene, some such are yet to be,  
 What must not once plague *Adams* cursed brood:  
 Ah that the world so oft those flames did see,  
 Which zeale had kindled to be quench'd with bloud,  
 Whilst disagreeing thoughts in deeds agree,  
 Some bent for Sprituall, some for Temporall good,  
 "Hels fire-brands rage, whilst zeale doth weakly smoke,  
 "When policy puts on religions cloke.

23

All Nations once the Gospels light shall see,  
 That ignorance no just excuse may breed,  
 Truth spreads in spite of persecution free:  
 The bloud of Martyrs is the Churches seed,  
 That it receiv'd, or they condemn'd may be,  
 All on the word their soules may sometime feed,  
 The Word by which all help, or harme must have,  
 "Those knowledge damnes, whom conscience cannot save.

24

When bent to mitigate his Fathers wrath,  
 Mans mortall veile the God-head did disguise,  
 The worlds Redeemer was engag'd to death,  
 And rais'd himself to shew how we should rise;  
 Those twelve whose doctrine builded on his breath  
 To beare his yoke all Nations did advise,  
 They terrours first, and then did comfort found,  
 For, ere the Gospell heale, the Law must wound.

25

In simple men who servile trades had us'd,  
 (The wisest of the world are greatest fools)  
 The holy Ghost one truth, all tongues infus'd,  
 And made them teach who never knew the Schools;  
 Yea, with more power the souls of men they brus'd,  
 Then Rhetorick could do with golden rules,  
 "The Sprite (when God the souls of men converts)  
 "Doth move the teachers tongues, the hearers hearts.

26

The South was first of Soveraigntie the seat,  
 From whence it springing, spread to neighbouring parts,  
 And then some States did strive how to be great,  
 By morall vertues, and by martiall arts,  
 Till colder climats did controll that heat,  
 Both shewing stronger hands, and stouter hearts,  
 And whilst each Prince was onely prais'd as strong,  
 The way to greatnesse, went by ruine long.



27

The light of heaven first in the East did shine,  
Then ranne the course kept by the earthly light,  
And did (as zeale in Realmes) rise, and decline,  
Still giving day to some, to others night,  
The faith of man yet toild it to refine,  
And left no land till loath'd, not forc'd, no flight,  
Christs light did still amongst the Gadarens shine,  
Till to his presence they preferr'd their swine.

28

Where are these Churches seven, thole lanterns seven;  
Once *Asias* glory, grac'd by sacred scroules:  
With monsters now, as then with Martyrs even,  
The Turke their bodies, Sathan rules their foules,  
Lands then obscure are lifted up to heaven,  
Whose souls like *Linxes* look, whilst theirs like Owles,  
Those whom the word renown'd, are knowne no more,  
Those know God best, who scarce knew men before.

29

The worlds chiefe state old *Rome* with glory gain'd,  
Of which the losse her Nephews shame did seale,  
The Gospels truth at *Rome* long taught remain'd;  
But now she would the same too much conceale,  
Thus Temp'rall power, and Sprituall both *Rome* stain'd,  
Growne cold in courage first, and last in zeale,  
The Church first stood by toils, whilst poore, still pure,  
And straight whilst rich then rent, fell when secure.

30

From offering grace no storme the Word can stay,  
Ere judgement come to those who will receive,  
In this last age Time doth new worlds display;  
That Christ a Church over all the earth may have,  
His righteousnesse shall barbarous Realmes array,  
If their first love more civill Lands will leave,  
*America* to *Europe* may succeed,  
God may of stones raise up to *Abram* seed.

31

The Gospell clearly preach'd in every place,  
To Lands of which our Fathers could not tell,  
And when the Gentiles all are drawne to grace,  
Which in the new *Ierusalem* should dwell,  
Then shall the stubborne Iews that truth imbrace,  
From which with such disdain they did rebell;  
Who first the Law, shall last the Gospell have,  
Christ whom he first did call, shall last receive.

When



32

When God would but be serv'd by *Iacobs* brood  
 (By his owne mercy, not their merits mov'd)  
 The Gentiles did what to their eyes seem'd good,  
 And, Sathans slaves, the works of darknesse lov'd:  
 They unto Idols offred up their bloud,  
 Yea (bow'd to Beasts) then beasts more beastly prov'd,  
 Those whom God did not chuse, a god did chuse,  
 And what they made, did for their maker use.

33

But when that onely soile too narrow seem'd,  
 To bound Gods glory, or to bound his grace;  
 The Gentiles soules from Sathan he redeem'd,  
 And unto *Shems* did joyne of *Iaphets* race:  
 The bastard bands as lawfull were esteem'd;  
 The strangers entred in the childrens place.  
 Who had beene Infidels imbrac'd the faith,  
 Whilst mercies Minions vessels were of wrath.

34

That chosen flock whom to himself he drew,  
 Who saw not *Iacobs* fault, nor *Israels* sinne:  
 When we regener'd, they degener'd grew;  
 To lend us light their darknesse did begin.  
 Yea, worse then we when worst, Gods Saints they flew.  
 And when that his wine-yard they entred in,  
 They first his servants kil'd, and then his Sonne,  
 " Nought grows more fast then mischief when begun.

35

Sonnes of the second match whom Christ should crowne,  
 Ah brag not you as heritours of grace:  
 The naturall branches they were broken downe,  
 And we (wilde Olives) planted in their place.  
 Feare, feare, lest seas of sinnes our soules do drowne,  
 Shall he spare us who spar'd not *Abrams* race?  
 As they for lack of faith, so may we fall;  
 " What springs in some, is rooted in us all.

36

Till ours be full though *Israels* light lyes spent,  
 Our light shall once them to salvation leade;  
 Is God like man that he should now repent,  
 That promise which to *Abrams* seed was made:  
 For his great harvest ere that Christ be bent,  
 The Iews shall have a Church, and him their head.  
 Both Iews and Gentiles once, one Church shall prove  
 We feare their Law, they shall our Gospell love.

This



37

This signe it seemes might soone accomplis'd be,  
Were not where now remains that race of *Shems*,  
The Gentiles dregges, and Idols which they see,  
Makes them loath all, for what their law condemnes;  
To be baptisde yet some of them agree,  
Whil'st them their mates, their mates the world contemnes;  
And why should we not seek to have them sav'd,  
Since first from them salvation we receiv'd?

38

When the Evangell most toil'd souls to winne,  
Even then there was a falling from the faith:  
The Antichrist his kingdome did begin  
To poyson souls, yet ere the day of wrath  
Once shall perditions Childe, that man of sinne  
Be to the world reveal'd, a prey to death.  
God may by Tyrants scourge his Church when griev'd,  
Yet shall the scourge be scourg'd, the Church reliev'd.

39

The Antichrist should come with power and might,  
By signes and wonders to delude the eyes:  
Thus Sathan seemes an Angell oft of light,  
That who the truth contemn'd, may trust in lyes:  
And this with justice stands, even in Gods fight,  
That he in darknesse fall, the light who flies:  
"And, oh! this is the uttermost of ill,  
"When God abandons worldlings to their will.

40

This adversary of Christs heavenly word,  
Should straight himselfe extoll by Sathans wit,  
Over all that is call'd God, or is ador'd;  
And of iniquity no meanes omit,  
Though worthy of the world to be abhorr'd;  
He in the Church of God, as God, shall sit:  
This hypocrite huge mischiefes borne to breed,  
Should look like God, yet prove a devill indeed.

41

This mysterie of sinne which God doth hate,  
Even in *Pauls* time began, and since endur'd:  
Yet could not then be knowne, till from the gate,  
That which then stop'd, was razde, and it assur'd;  
The *Romane* power was at that time so great,  
That of lesse States the luster it obscur'd;  
The let which then remain'd, while as remov'd,  
This Antichrist, the next aspirer prov'd.

That

This



42

That sprituall plague which poysons many Lands,  
Is not the *Turke*, nor *Mahomet* his Saint;  
Nor none who Christ to crosse directly stands:  
He whom the Sprite takes such great pains to paint,  
It must be one who in the Church commands,  
No foe confess'd, but a professor faint.

For if all did him know, none would him know,  
A foe (thought friend) gives the most dangerous blow.

43

Ere that day come which should the just adorne,  
And shall discover every secret thought,  
The Antichrist whose badge whole Lands have borne;  
The Prophet false which lying wonders wrought:  
The Beast with the blasphemous mouth and horne,  
Shall be reveal'd, and to confusion brought.

"For causes hid though God a space spare some,  
"Their judgements are more heavy when they come.

44

Th'effronted whore prophetically showne  
By holy *John* in his mysterious scrouls,  
Whom Kings and Nations to their shame should owne,  
The devils chiefe Bawd adulterating souls;  
Though scandaliz'd, and to the world made knowne,  
By mingling poyson with her pleasant Bouls,  
Yet shall her coufening beauties courted be,  
Till all at last her fall with horror see.

45

The part where that great whore her Court should hold,  
Vile *Babylon*, abominable Towne,  
Where every thing, even souls of men are sold,  
Low in the dust to lye, shall be brought downe:  
Her nakednesse all Nations shall behold,  
And hold that odious which had once renowne;  
But her discovery, and her ruines way,  
Are hid till that due time the same display.

46

Flie faithfull Christians from that sea of sinne,  
Who hate the Whore, and from the horned Beast,  
Flie, flie in time, before their grieve begin,  
Lest as their pleasures, so their plagues you taste;  
When as the Lambe the victory doth winne,  
He of fat things will make his flock a feast.  
This cloud disperf'd, the Sunne shall shine more bright,  
Whil'ft darknesse past enderes the present light.

Now



47

Now in the dangerous dayes of this last age,  
When as he knowes Christ doth to come prepare,  
The divell shall like a roaring Lyon rage,  
Still catching foules with many a subtile Inare,  
Whil'st his fierce wrath, no mischiefe can asswage,  
Some by presumption fall, some by despaire,  
And if this time not shortened were, deceiv'd,  
Gods chosen children hardly could be sav'd.

48

Some for a glorious use who once did serve,  
As starres to th'eyes, cleare lights of foules esteem'd,  
Loe (stumbling blockes) from their first course did lwerve,  
Not what they were, else were not what they seem'd,  
And justly damn'd (lights foes) as they deserve,  
From darknesse more shall never be redeem'd :  
“ Church-Angels all, all for examples use,  
“ So that their fall doth many thousands bruise.

49

Men so the world shall love, religion hate,  
That all true zeale shall in contempt be brought,  
The spirituall lights eclipse shall grow so great,  
That lies the truth, truth shall a lye be thought :  
Yet some shall weigh their workes at such a rate,  
As they themselves, not Christ their foules had bought:  
All just to seeme, not be, their wits shall wrest,  
Not bent to edifie, but to contest.

50

Some signes are gone, which registred were found,  
To rouse the world before that dreadfull blast;  
But, ah! what all now see, and I must found,  
I wish they were to come, or else were past;  
Those signes, those finnes I sing, doe warne, shall wound  
This Age, too ag'd, and worthy to be last.  
It signes that shadow'd were, doth so designe,  
I must historifie, and not divine.

51

That his should warie be, Christ gave advice,  
Since thousands were to be seduc'd by lyes;  
The divell (whil'st all adore their owne device)  
Doth taint mens hearts, or else upbraid their eyes,  
The froth of vertue, and the dregs of vice,  
Which onely last, the worlds last time implies.  
Not griev'd, no, not asham'd, of sinne some vaunt;  
Impiety doth so vaine mindes supplant.

Men



52

Men with themselves so much in love remaine,  
 They poore within, without themselves adorne,  
 And (if not gorgeous) garments doe disdain,  
 Though the first badge of bondage that was borne,  
 Yet pampred bodies, famish'd soules retaine,  
 Which seeke the shadow, and the substance scorne.  
 " Ere high advanc'd, all once must humble prove,  
 " Those first themselves must loath, whom God will love.

53

The greatest number now prophanely sweares,  
 And dare to brawle, or jest, name God in vaine,  
 Yet that heaven thunder, or th'earth burst, not feares,  
 Left so they crush'd, or swallowed should remaine:  
 Some vomit forth (polluting purer cares)  
 Words which them first, and others after staine.  
 " A filthy tongue, and a blasphemous mouth,  
 " Of Sathans seed doe shew a mighty growth.

54

That avarice which the Apostle told,  
 When as the world declines, mens mindes should sway,  
 Doth rage so now, that even their God for gold,  
 Not onely men, men in our time betray;  
 To Sathan some for gaine their soules have sold,  
 Whil'st what their hearts hold truth, their words gaine-say.  
 " By Ethnickes once those must condemn'd remaine,  
 " Who change religion, worldly things to gaine.

55

What age ere this so many children saw,  
 Who with their Parents (O unhappy strife)  
 Doe plead at law, though wronging natures law,  
 And helpe to haste their death, who gave them life?  
 Now vertuous words to vitious deeds doe draw:  
 The love of God is rare, of pleasure rife:  
 " This darknesse shewes that it drawes neare the night,  
 " Sinne then must shortly fall, since at the height.

56

Then even the most of misery to make,  
 The soules of some which (alwaies ill) grow worse,  
 (All sense quite lost) in sinne such pleasure take,  
 That frozen mindes can melt in no remorse;  
 No threatned terrors can their conscience wake,  
 Sinne hath so much, the sprite so little force.  
 " No physicke for the sicke, which live as sound,  
 " A sore past sense doth shew a deadly wound.



57

As such a burden it did burst to beare,  
(Through horror of our finnes) the earth doth shake,  
And shall it selfe oftentimes asunder teare,  
Ere Christ his Iudgement manifest doth make;  
Or else I know not, if it quake for feare  
Of that great fyre which should it shortly take;  
The living earth to move, dead earth doth move;  
Yet earthly men then th'earth more earthly prove.

58

In forraine parts whose ruines fame renownes,  
In indignation of her sinfull feed,  
(As men should doe their eyes) the earth God drownes,  
Which (that some captiv'd aire may straight be freed)  
Doth vomit mountaines, and doth swallow Townes;  
The worlds foundation brandish'd, like a Reed,  
Whil'st with pale hearts the panting people thinke,  
That hell will ryse, or that the heaven will sinke.

59

One Earth-quake toss'd the Turkes imperiall head,  
Dayes sensible, but violent some howers,  
Till in that Towne a monstrous breach was made,  
(As charg'd at once by all the damned powers)  
I know not whether buried first, or dead;  
Troupes seem'd to strue in falling with their Towers,  
Whil'st those who stood long trembling did attend,  
That all the world (at least themselves) should end.

60

Twixt *Rome* and *Naples* once (in envies eye)  
What stately Townes did the worlds Conquerours found,  
Which now wee not (noe, not their ruines) spie,  
Since layde more low then levell with the ground:  
They with all theirs en-earth'd by Earth-quake's lye,  
Whose stones (drawne down where darkenes doth abound)  
Like *Sisiphus* perchance a number roule,  
Else *Dis* builds dungeons for the damned soules.

61

Late neare those parts whose ruines men admire,  
Where wealth superfluous Idle wonders wrought,  
An earth-quake strange amazement did acquire,  
A plaine conceav'd, and forth a mountaine brought,  
Which diuers dayes disgorged flames of fyre,  
And stones whose substance was consum'd to nought;  
Hells fyre it seem'd which (as Gods wrath) did rise,  
Grown great, flam'd forth, upbraiding sinners eyes.

E

Last



62

Last in this land our eyes saw one of late,  
 Whose terror from some mynds rests not remoov'd,  
 Then any else as strange, though not soe great,  
 Not violent, but universall prov'd,  
 As if of Natures course the threatned date,  
 All at one houre this kingdome trembling moov'd;  
 The old State lothing, longing for a new,  
 Th'earth leapes for joy, as straight to have her due.

63

But ah who walkes, when rock'd is all this round;  
 Or stryves to stand though even the earth thus starts?  
 Though God doth tosse this Ball till it rebound,  
 Who lest it part, from his corruption parts?  
 Ah! that the world soe sencelesse should be found,  
 Both heaven and earth doe shake, but not mens hearts;  
 Since for his word the world disdaynes to bow,  
 Dumbe Creatures doe denounce Gods Iudgments now.

64

I thinke the earth by such strange throwes would tell,  
 How much she doth her present state despise;  
 Or else all those who in her bowels dwell,  
 Doe rouze themselves, as ready now to ryse:  
 Her belly thus growne big doth seeme to swell,  
 As one whose travell soone should her surprise;  
 And yet her broode she viper-like must free,  
 Whose course must end when theirs beginnes to be.

65

As God that day of doome strives to make knowne,  
 By monstrous signes which may amaze the mynde,  
 That judgment great by judgements is foreshowne,  
 Whil'st all the weapons of his wrath have shin'd,  
 That others may (whil'st some rest thus o'rethrowne)  
 Stand in the furnace of affliction fin'd;  
 "For still the wretched most religious prove,  
 "And oft examples more then doctrine move.

66

The Sword of God shall once be drunke with bloode;  
 And surfet on the flesh of Thousands flaine  
 Of those who (following evill) doe flie from good,  
 And (scorning Christ) professe to be prophane,  
 From Gods wine-presse of wrath shall flowes a floode,  
 Which shall with blood their horses bridles staine;  
 None may abide, nor yet can flie his sight,  
 When arm'd with vengeance God doth thundring fight.  
 When



67

When father-like God chastising his childe,  
Plagu'd all the subjects for their Soveraignes crime,  
What thousands then were from the world exil'd?  
Even in three dayes (so soon turnes flesh to slime)  
The earth made waste, men had no more defil'd,  
Had but one Angell warr'd a little time:  
Since by Gods word, the world did made remaine;  
Lesse then his look may ruine it againe.

68

The pestilence of wrath chiefe weapon thought,  
Which of all plagues, the plague is onely call'd,  
As if all else (respecting it) were nought,  
It hath so much the mindes of men appall'd;  
That wound by Gods own hand, seems onely wrought,  
Whose mediate meanes scarce rest to reason thrall'd:  
That which we not conceive, admire we must,  
And in Gods power above our knowledge trust.

69

That poyson'd dart, whose strength none can gaine-stand,  
God us'd but rarely (when inflam'd with wrath,)  
And had it once been brandish'd in his hand,  
All trembling stood (as 'twixt the jawes of death)  
Then now it selfe, the fame more mov'd this land,  
Of that great frenzy which infects the breath:  
"A thing thought strange, by habite homely proves.  
"What first all griefe, at last all sense removes.

70

Once in one age, few dayes, and in few parts,  
The pest some people to repentance urg'd,  
And did with terroure strike the strongest hearts,  
Whil'st his Vineyard the heavens great husband purg'd,  
The quiver of whose wrath did raine downe darts,  
By which of late what kingdome was not scourg'd:  
So that men now not feare that whip of God,  
Like boyes oft beaten, that contemne the rod.

71

Loe, in this stately Ile, admir'd so much,  
What Province, no, what Towne hath not been pyn'd  
By that abhorr'd disease, which strikes who touch,  
Whil'st byles the body, madnesse swels the minde:  
Ah, of some Townes, the anguish hath been such,  
That all, all hope of safety had resign'd:  
Whil'st friends no comfort gave, no, no reliefe,  
The sicknesse onely (not the death) bred griefe.

E 2

This



72

This raging ague bursts so ugly out,  
 Till men of those whom they love best, are dread;  
 Whil'ft danger all in every thing doe doubt,  
 Men by the plague (made plagues) as plagues are fled,  
 And are with horreur compass'd round about,  
 When that contagion through the ayre is spread;  
 The ayre which first our breath (abus'd) doth staine,  
 It poison'd so, but poisons us againe.

73

What thing more wretched can imagin'd be,  
 Then is a towne where once the pest abounds?  
 There not one sense rests from some trouble free;  
 Three doe infect, and two (though pure) beare wounds;  
 Oft in one hole heapes throwne at once we see,  
 As where to bury fear'd for want of bounds:  
 Yea, whil'ft in plaints they spend their plaguy breath,  
 Of all things that are fear'd, the least is death.

74

Death (whil'ft no drugges this feavers force o're-throwes)  
 Oft ere the patient the Physitian clames,  
 The ayre they draw their heate more high still blowes,  
 Till even what should refresh, then most enflames;  
 Of damned soules the state their torment showes,  
 Who gnash their teeth as cold, whil'ft fry'd with flames:  
 And 'twixt their paines this difference but comes in,  
 Death ends the one, the other doth beginne.

75

To plague those parts where Christs owne troupes do dwell,  
 The Angell that destroyes hath most been bent,  
 That whom words could not move, wounds might compell,  
 Ere ruine come, in time now to repent,  
 By paine on earth, made thinke of paine in hell,  
 As this they flye, that that they may prevent.  
 "What can discourage those whom Christ doth love,  
 "To whom evill good, grieve joy, death life doth prove?

76

Where we should alwaies strive the heaven to gaine,  
 By prayers, plaints, and charitable deeds,  
 To raise up earth on earth, our strength we straine,  
 So base a courage, worldly honour breeds;  
 This doth provoke the darts of Gods disdain,  
 By which of some the wounded conscience bleeds:  
 "All head-long runne to hell, whose way is even;  
 "But by a narrow path, are drawn to heaven.



77

Of vengeance now the store-house opened stands,  
O what a weight of wrath the world (ah) beares!  
Through terrour straight, why tremble not all lands,  
When God in rage a throne of justice reares?  
And poures downe plagues whil'ft brandishing his brands,  
The pest now past, straight famine breeds new feares.  
“ Still thinke that mischief never comes alone,  
“ Who worse preface the present lesse becomone.

78

Since that the world doth loath celestiall food,  
That spirituall Manna which foules Nectar proves,  
By grace drawne forth from the Redeemers bloud,  
A gift (and no reward) given where he loves,  
Those who terrestriall things thinke onely good,  
Them want shall try, whom no abundance moves:  
“ For, ah, of some so far the bodies be,  
“ That of their foules they not the leanness see.

79

Gods creatures (oft condemn'd) shall once accuse  
Those who in wantonnesse them vainely spent,  
And justly, what unjustly they abuse,  
Shall unto them more sparingly be lent,  
That which they now superfluously use,  
Shall (made a curse) not natures need content.  
“ A barren soule should have a barren earth,  
“ Oft temporall plenty breeds a spirituall dearth.

80

Those in the dust who still prophanely roule,  
Whose thorny thoughts doe choake that heavenly seed,  
Which by the word was sown in every soule,  
Shall likewise want what should their bodies feed:  
What most they trust, shall once their hopes controule,  
By earthly hunger, heavenly thirst to breed.  
Thus those (like babes) whose judgement is not deepe,  
Who scorn'd a treasure, shall for trifles weepe.

81

What Sauces strange (a fault which custome cloakes)  
To urge the bodies appetite are made,  
Which natures selfe sufficiently provokes?  
But of the soule, when carnall cares it leade,  
The appetite which, (ah) even nature choakes,  
What art is us'd to quicken it when dead?  
Whil'ft bodies doe too much, foules nought digest,  
But when the others fast, are fit to feast.



82

Base belly-gods, whose food is Sathans bate,  
 Whose judgements to your taste rest onely thrall,  
 The Lord in wrath shall cut away your meate,  
 And for your honey, furnish you with gall,  
 Like loathsome beasts since you the Acornes eat,  
 Yet looke not up to see from whence they fall;  
 Sonnes prodigall, who from your father swerve,  
 You keeping worse then swine, shall justly sterve.

83

To waken some which sleepe in sinne as dead,  
 The Lord ere Christ doe come all states to try,  
 Since but abus'd, shall breake the staffe of bread,  
 And as we him, make th' earth us fruits deny;  
 The corne shall wither, and the grasse shall fade,  
 Then men to nurse, since rather bent to dye;  
 As dutifull to him by whom they breed,  
 Gods creatures pure, his rebels scorne to feed.

84

Now in this time which is the last esteem'd,  
 The sprites impure, doe all in one conspire,  
 And worke that God by men may be blasphem'd,  
 To purchase partners of eternall fire,  
 That who should them condemne, hath us redeem'd,  
 Makes envy blow the bellows of their ire,  
 Till wicked Angels irritated thus,  
 Not seeke their safety, but to ruine us.

85

More neare doth draw salvation to the just,  
 The more the Dragons minde doth envy wound,  
 That men (the slaves of death, the sonnes of dust)  
 As heires of heaven, with glory should be crown'd,  
 And that perpetuall paines they suffer must,  
 Though (all immortall) to no bodies bound:  
 "Hearts gall'd with envy, storme at every thing,  
 "Whom still their harme, or some ones good must sting.

86

Mans foe who first confusion did devise,  
 (By long experience growne profound in skill)  
 Through strength oft try'd our weaknesse doth despise,  
 And knowes what best may serve each soule to kill:  
 He unawares our passions doth surprise,  
 And to betray our wit, corrupts our will.  
 "Whom God not guards, thole Sathan soon may win,  
 "Whil'st force doth charge without, and fraud within.

That



87

That heire of hell, whom justly God rejects,  
(Who sought by subtilty all soules to blinde,)  
Not onely shafts in secret now directs,  
By inspirations poysoning the minde,  
But even a Banner boldly he erects,  
As this worlds Prince by publike power design'd :  
From shape to shape, this *Proteus* thus removes,  
Who first a Foxe, and last a Lyon proves.

88

He since his kingdome now should end so soone,  
Doth many *Circes*, and *Medeas* make,  
That can obscure the Sunne, and charme the Moone,  
Raife up the dead, and make the living quake,  
Whil'st they by pictures, persons have undone,  
Doe give to some, from others substance take :  
Three elements their tyranny doth thrall,  
But oft the fourth takes vengeance of them all.

89

Whil'st in his hand the bolts of death he beares,  
Still watching soules the crafty hunter lyes  
With inward fancies, and with outward feares,  
Whom he may tempt, continually he tryes;  
Whil'st (rumbling horror) sounds assault the eares,  
And monstrous formes paint terrour in the eyes:  
He who with God even in the heaven durst strive,  
Thinks soon on earth, mens ruine to contrive.

90

As many did possess'd by sprits remaine,  
When first Christ came, salvation to beginne,  
So likewise now before he come againe,  
Some bodies daily which they enter in,  
By desp'rate meanes would be dispatch'd of paine,  
Else (bound in body) loose their soules to sinne,  
And if that God not interpos'd his power,  
Hels tyrant straight would every soule devoure.

91

In some whom God permits him to abuse,  
The Prince of darknesse doth at divers houres,  
His subtile substance fraudfully infuse  
Till they his sprite, his sprite their soules devours :  
He as his owne doth all their members use,  
And they (as babes with knives) worke with his powers.  
O monstrous union, miracle of evils,  
Which thus with men incorporates the divels !

When



92

When erst in *Delphos*, after ugly cryes,  
 The Priestresse *Pythia* seeming to be sage,  
 Big by the divell, delivered was of lyes,  
 She to the terrour of that senselesse age;  
 Still panting, swolne, hell flaming through her eyes,  
 Roar'd forth responses by propheticke rage;  
 And to her Lord whil'st prostituted thus,  
 An image was of whom he fills with us.

93

Of those who are possess'd in such a sort,  
 Some to themselves whom Sathan doth accuse,  
 They mad (or he in them) doe bragge, or sport,  
 And whil'st they would the lookers on abuse;  
 Doe secrets (to themselves not known) report,  
 And of all tongues the eloquence can use :  
 All what each age devis'd observing still,  
 The divell knowes much, but bends it all to ill.

94

O heavens be hid, and lose thy light O Sunne !  
 Since in the world (O what a fearefull thing ! )  
 The divell of some so great a power hath wonne,  
 That what was theirs, he doth in bondage bring,  
 Then from their body speakes (as from a tunne),  
 As sounds from bells, or flouds through rockes do ring.  
 Deare Saviour rise, and in a just disdainè,  
 This Serpent bruise, this Leviathan reyne.

95

The Sunne and Moone, now oftentimes look pale,  
 (As if asham'd the shame of men to see)  
 Or else grown old, their force beginnes to faile,  
 That thus so oft ecclips'd their beauties be,  
 And o're their glory, darknesse doth prevaile,  
 Whil'st faint for griefe, their ruine they fore-see :  
 For (as superfluous) they must shortly fall,  
 When as the light of light doth lighten all.

96

The heavenly bodies (as growne now lesse strong)  
 Doe seeme more slacke (as weary of their race)  
 So that Time rests reform'd (as quite runne wrong)  
 All clymats still new temperatures embrace,  
 What strange effects must follow then ere long ?  
 Some starres seem new, and others change their place;  
 So altred is the starry Courts estate,  
 Astrologues want intelligence of late.

Each



97

Each element by divers signes hath showne,  
That shortly evill must be discern'd from good;  
The Earth (ag'd Mother) loe, is barren growne,  
Whose wombe oft worne, now torne, doth faile in brood,  
And may (since staggering else) be soone o'rethrown:  
What wonder? weake through age, and drunk with bloud,  
With bloud, which still to God for vengeance cryes,  
And (as o're-burden'd) groning, groveling lyes.

98

The liquid legions by tumultuous bands,  
(Whole bellowing billowes to transcend contend,)  
Do oft usurpe, and sometime leave the lands,  
Still stor'd with monsters, which a storme portend,  
Whil'st crown'd with clouds, each murmuring mountaine stands,  
Which acted first, but suffer must in end:  
A mighty change, heavens Monarch now concludes,  
Flouds first quench'd flames, flames straight shall kindle flouds.

99

The ayre whole power impetuous nought can bound,  
Doth cite all soules to Gods great Parliament,  
Whil'st thundring tempests roare a rumbling sound,  
And the last Trumpets terrour represent;  
Those blasts denounce the ruine of this round,  
Which heaven in showres seemes weeping to lament:  
Thus waters wash, winds wipe, and both conspire,  
That th'earth (so purg'd) may be prepar'd for fire.

100

The water th'earth, the ayre would it o'rethrow,  
Whose rage by ruine onely is repress,  
The high things still insulting o're the low,  
Till once the highest have consum'd the rest;  
The fourth must end what the first three fore-show,  
Whose prooffe is last reserv'd, as thought the best:  
A fyery tryall, strictly tryes each thing,  
And all at last, doth to perfection bring.

101

Then natures selfe, not strong as of before,  
Yeelds fruits deform'd, as from a bastard seed,  
That monstrous mindes may be admir'd no more,  
Whil'st monstrous bodies more amazement breed:  
All the portentuous brood of beasts abhorre,  
And (since prodigious) ominously dread.  
Since all things change from what they first have been,  
All (in another forme) shall soone be seen.

Few



102

Few signes, or none remaine mens mindes to move,  
 Till of the Sonne of man, the signe crave fight;  
 That glory which unspeakeable doth prove,  
 Christs substance, no, his shadow, yet our light,  
 Whole Majesty, and beauty, from above,  
 Shall ere he shine, make all about be bright:  
 The comming of the Lord, that signe bewrayes,  
 As lightning thunder, as the Sunne his rayes.

103

Yet this vile age (what rage?) some mockers breeds,  
 That big with scorne, disdainfully dare say,  
 What change mad mindes with such fond fancies feeds,  
 From formes first known, since nought below doth stray:  
 The summer harvest, winter spring succeeds,  
 The Moon doth shine by night, the Sunne by day;  
 Males procreate, and females doe conceive,  
 Some daily life doe lose, some it receive.

104

O Atheists vile, else Christians void of care,  
 From Gods Tribunall who in vaine appeale,  
 That Christ to judge the world doth straight prepare,  
 You thus (contemning signes) a signe reveale,  
 Whole hearts obdur'd, the nearenesse doth declare,  
 Of your damnations, our salvations seale:  
 And whil'st your heart both heaven and hell derides,  
 Your judgement heaven, your torment hell provides.

105

Yet foolish soules their pleasures still affect,  
 (And marrying wives) what mirth may move devise,  
 But whil'st asleep their safety they neglect,  
 Christ (as a thiefe) against them shall arise,  
 And (in a rage) when they him least expect,  
 Shall sloathfull servants suddenly surprize,  
 Who then shall wish (whil'st frighted on each side)  
 That from his face them hills, them hels, might hide.

106

O multitude, O multitude as sand!  
 A day of horreur strange shall straight appeare,  
 Come down, and in the threshing valley stand;  
 The threshing valley, loe, the Lord drawes neare,  
 And else doth take (take heed) his fanne in hand;  
 Light soules, as chaffe with winde doe vanish here:  
 The harvest ripe, and the wine-presse is full,  
 Yea, wickednesse o're-floues, all hearts are dull.

Seale,



107

Seale, viall, Trumpet, seaventh, opens, powres, sounds,  
 What doth not intimate Gods great decree,  
 Which Natures course, Mans faith, Gods mercy bounds,  
 Even in a Time, when Time noe more shall be;  
 The fyre is kindling else which all confounds;  
 Gods hand (loe) writes, his ballance rais'd wee see:  
 When soules are weigh'd (Gods wondrous workes to crowne)  
 The weighty must mount up, the light fall downe.

108

But ere the deepes of wrath I enter in,  
 When as repentance shall no more have place,  
 As God a time deferres some Soules to winne,  
 I will suspend my furie for a space,  
 That ere the height of horreur doe beginne,  
 My thoughts may bath amid't the springs of grace;  
 To cleare some soules which Sathan seekes to blinde;  
 Lord purge my sp'rit, Illuminate my minde.

# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

## *The third HOURS.*

### THE ARGUMENT.

*Whilst Angels him convoy, and Saints attend,  
 (The heavens as smoake all fled before his face)  
 Christ through the Clouds with Glary doth descend,  
 With Majestie, and terrour, Power and grace;  
 What flye, walke, grow, swimme, all what may end, doe end.  
 Earth, Aire, and Sea, all purg'd in little space:  
 Strange preparations that great Court preceede,  
 Where all must meete whom any age did breede.*

I



Immortall Monarch ruler of the rounds,  
 Embalme my bosome with a secret grace,  
 Whilst lifted up above the vulgar bounds,  
 A path not pay'd my spirit aspires to trace,  
 That I with brazen breath may roare forth  
 sounds,  
 To shake the Heart, fixe paleness in the face:  
 Lord, make my swelling voice, (a mighty winde)  
 Lift up the low, beate downe the loftie minde.

What



2

What dreadfull sound doth thunder in myne eares?  
 What pompous splendor doth transport myne eyes?  
 I wot not what above my selfe me beares,  
 He comes, he comes who all hearts secrets tryes.  
 Shout, shout for joy who long have rayn'de downe teares:  
 Houle, houle for grieve you who vaine Ioyes most prise:  
 Now shall be built, and on eternall grounds,  
 The height of horreur, pleasure passing bounds.

3

Now (noe more firme) the firmament doth flie,  
 As leapes the Deere fled from the hunters face;  
 Loe, like a drunkard reeles the Cristall skie;  
 As garments old degraded from their grace,  
 All folded up heavens blew pavilion spie,  
 Which with a noyse doth vanish from the place;  
 The Lanterne burnt, Light utters utter worth,  
 Drawne are the hangings, Majestic comes forth.

4

Who can abide the Glory of that sight,  
 Which kills the living, and the dead doth rayse,  
 With squadrons compass'de, Angels flaming bright,  
 Whom thousands serve, Ten thousand thousands praise:  
 My soule entranc'd is ravish'd with that light,  
 Which in a moment shall the world amaze;  
 That of our sprite which doth the powers condense,  
 Of muddy mortalls farre transcends the sence.

5

A fyre before him no resistance findes,  
 Fierce sounds of horreur thunder in each eare,  
 The noyse of Armies, tempests and whirlwindes,  
 A weight of wrath, more then ten worlds can beare;  
 Thinke what a terroure stings distracted mindes,  
 When mountaines melt, and valleys burst for feare;  
 What? what must this in guilty mortalls breede,  
 While all this All doth tremble like a Reede?

6

The God of battels battell doth intend,  
 To daunt the nations, and to fether kings;  
 He with all flesh in judgement to contend,  
 Atmid-night comes, as on the morning wings.  
 O! Tymes last period expectations end,  
 Which due rewards for what hath past then brings;  
 The Lords great day, a day of wrath, and paine,  
 Whose night of darkenesse never cleares againe.

That



7

That element still cleare in spight of nights,  
Which (as most subtile,) mounted up above,  
To kindle there perchance those glorious lights,  
Which dy'd by it, as deck'd by beauty, move;  
Or else of curious thoughts too ventrous flights,  
(As which may not be touch'd) a bounds to prove,  
That they presume not higher things to see,  
Then are the elements of which they be.

8

Marke how th' Eolian bands loos'd from the bounds,  
Where them in fetters their commander keeps,  
(As if the angry sprite of all the rounds,)  
Like tyrants rage, till heaven to quench them weeps,  
Whose rumbling fury, whil'st it all confounds,  
Doth cleave the clouds, and part the deepest deeps,  
By noyse above, and violence below,  
Th'earth quakes and thunder both at once to show.

9

Even so fire which was made (nought to annoy)  
To liquid limits clos'd with clouds retire,  
Lest what it fosters, it might else destroy,  
O! when enlarg'd! and kindled by Gods ire,  
It him at mid-night doth as Torch convey,  
All, all will seeme a Piramide of fire:  
To God what is this universall frame?  
Now but a mote, at last a little flame?

10

The Axel-trees on which heavens round doth move,  
Shrunke from their burden, both fall broken down;  
Those which to Pilots point out from above,  
Their wayes through waves to riches or renowne,  
And so (though fix'd) the strayers helpers prove,  
Nights stately lampes borne in an azure crowne:  
Those guiding starres, may (as not needfull) fall,  
When worldlings wandrings are accomplish'd all.

11

The vagabonds above, lascivious lights,  
Which from fond mindes that did their course admire,  
By strange effects observ'd from severall heights,  
(As deities) Idols altars did acquire,  
Thrown from their spheres, expos'd to mortals sights,  
(As abject ashes, excrements of fire.)  
They (whil'st thus ruin'd) farre from what before,  
Shall damne the nations which did them adore.

F

With



12

With lodgings twelve design'd by severall signes,  
 Now fals that building more then cristall cleare,  
 Which dayes bright eye (though circling all) confines,  
 Still tempring times, and seasoning the yeare;  
 All temporall light (no more to rise) declines,  
 That glory may eternally appeare :  
 All then made infinite, no bounds attend,  
 Times and halfe times quite past, Time takes an end.

13

As slimy vapours whil'st like starres they fall,  
 Shot from their place, do hurle alongst the skie,  
 Then *Pleiades, Arcturus, Orion*, all  
 The glistering troupes (lights languishing) doe dye;  
 Like other creatures to confusion thrall,  
 They from the flames (as sparkes from fire) doe flye;  
 The heavens at last griev'd for their falling spheares,  
 (All else dry'd up) weep down their stars for teares.

14

As leaves from trees, the stars from heaven doe shake,  
 Darke clouds of smoake, exhausting thole of raine,  
 The Moone all turnes to bloud, the Sunne growes blacke,  
 Which (whil'st prodigious formes they doe retaine)  
 Of vengeance badges, signes of ruine make,  
 And not ecclip'd by usuall meanes remaine :  
 Those common lights obscur'd, the just shine bright,  
 The wicked enter in eternall night.

15

Whil'st staggering reels this universall frame,  
 The Lord doth tread on clouds, enstall'd in state,  
 His Scepter iron, his Throne a fiery flame,  
 To bruise the mighty, and to fine the great;  
 Who of his glory can the greatnesse dreame,  
 That once was valued at a little rate ?  
 He by his word did first make all of nought,  
 And by his word shall judge all of each thought.

16

When God his people did together draw,  
 On Sions Mount to register his will,  
 He (that they might attend with reverent aw)  
 Came clad with clouds (sterne Trumpets sounding shrill)  
 And threatned death (whil'st thundring forth his law)  
 To all that durst approach the trembling hill :  
 What compassed with death, he thus did give,  
 Ah, who can keep, or violate, and live ?

Since



17

Since this confounding forme did mindes to tame,  
(That of their yoke all might the burden know)  
Those dreadfull statutes terribly proclaime;  
All flesh for feare shall fade away below,  
How they were kept when God a count doth claime,  
A time of terrour more then words can show.  
He gave in mercy, shall exact with ire,  
The mountaine smoak'd, the world shall burn on fire.

18

In spight of Natures powers which then expire,  
Through liquid limits breaking from above,  
Loe, downwards tends the Tempest of this fire;  
The airie Region doth a fornace prove,  
To boile her guests (as vessell of Gods ire)  
Which tortur'd there can no where else remove:  
Flames which should still for their confusion rage,  
Thus kindled first perchance nought can asswage.

19

The growing creatures which do mount so high,  
And as their earthly bounds they did disdain,  
Would (whilst their tops encroach upon the skie)  
Base men upbraid, who not their strength do straine  
With heavenly helps still higher up to flie,  
And spurne at th'earth where rooted they remaine;  
Those leavie bands while as they fanne the ayre,  
As fittest baits for fire first kindle there.

20

Who can imagine this and yet not mourne?  
What battell must succeed this huge alarme?  
Of *Lebanon* the stately Cedars burne,  
The Pines of *Idus* fall without an arme;  
The fertile Forrests all to flames do turne,  
And waste the world which they were wont to warme.  
To plague proud sinners every thing accords,  
What comfort once, confusion now affords.

21

The smoaking mountains melt like wax away,  
Else sink for feare (O more then fearfull things!)  
They which the fields with rivers did array,  
As if to quench their heat, drink up their springs;  
Like faded flowers, their drouping tops decay,  
Which (crown'd with clouds) stretch'd through the aire their wings,  
As did the raine, whilst fire doth seize all bounds,  
What last the first, the last at first confounds.

F 2

Then



22

Then of that birth hils shall delivered be,  
Which big by Nature they so long have borne,  
Though it fond mortals (slaves by being free)  
To make abortives have their bellies torne:  
Gold (as when *Midas* wish, O just decree!)  
Shall flow superfluous avarice to scorne.

What of all else did measure once the worth,  
Shall then lye loath'd by th'aguious earth spu'd forth.

23

The godly kings wise sonne from *Ophir* brought,  
With Ethnicks joyn'd (all welcome are for gaines)  
What *Spanyards* now in other worlds have sought,  
That golden fleece still wonne, and worne with paines:  
And yet at last what all this trouble wrought,  
From molten mountains shall o're-flow the plains.

Ah, ah curst gold, what mak'st thou men not do,  
Since sought over all the earth, and in it too?

24

Fond curiounesse made our first parents fall,  
And since the same hath still held downe their race;  
Whose judgements were to senselesse things made thrall,  
Which God most low, and they most high do place;  
Nought in themselves, to us by us made all,  
The which we first, and then they all things grace;  
But (straight dissolv'd) they shall to hell repaire,  
To brave a multitude, by them drawne there.

25

At heaven (when hence) if certaine to arrive,  
Then these Barbarians what could much annoy,  
Who naked walke, eate hearbes, for nothing strive,  
But scorne our toyls, whose treasure is their toy?  
As *Adam* first (when innocent) they live,  
And goldlesse thus the golden age enjoy;  
We barbarous are in deeds, and they in show,  
Too little they, and ah too much we know.

26

What huge deluge of flames enflames my minde,  
Whil'st th'inward ardour that without endeeres?  
A light (o're-flowing light) doth make me blinde,  
The Sea a lanterne, th'earth a lampe appeares:  
That cristall covering burn'd which it confin'de,  
The way to ruine fatall lightning cleares.

Dust equals all that unto it return:  
All creatures now one funerall fire doth burne.



27

The stately birds which sacred were to *Iove*,  
Whose portraits did great Emperours powers adorne,  
Whil'st generously their race they striv'd to prove,  
Which *Titans* beames with bended eyes had borne,  
Shall fall downe headlongs burning from above,  
(As *Phaeton* was fayn'd) ambitions scorne.

“ As fit to fall who of themselves presume,  
“ Those raging wrath doth at the first consume.

28

The sixth and last of that unmatched kinde,  
(If each of them doth live a thousand yeares)  
Shall Sabbath have in ashes still confin'd,  
Whose birth, death, nest, and tombe all one appeares,  
That onely bird which ov'r all others shin'd,  
(As o're small lights that which nights darknesse cleares.)  
He from renewing of his age by fire,  
Shall be prevented ere that it expire.

29

The *Salamander* which still *Vulcan* lov'd,  
And those small wormes which in hot waters dwell,  
They live by fire, or dye, if thence remov'de,  
But those last flames shall both from breath expell;  
Those creatures thus by burning heat oft prov'd,  
Show tortur'd souls may pine, yet breath in hell:  
If those in fire (and with delight) remaine,  
May not the wicked live in fire with paine.

30

That pompous bird which still in triumph beares,  
Rould in a circle his ostentive taile,  
With starres (as if to brave the starry spheares)  
Then seemes at once to walk, to flie, to faile,  
His flesh (which to corrupt so long forbears)  
Against destruction shall not now prevaile.  
Those painted fowls shall then be baits for fire,  
As painted fools be now for endlesse ire.

31

The *Indian Griphon* terror of all eyes,  
That flying Giant, *Nimrod* of the ayre,  
The scalie Dragon which in ambush lyes  
To watch his enemy with a martiall care,  
Though breathing flames, touch'd by a flame straight dyes,  
And all wing'd monsters made (since hurtfull) rare:  
“ Types of strong Tyrants which the weake oppresse,  
“ Those ravenous great ones prey upon the lesse.



## 32

Their nimble feathers then shall nought import,  
 Which with their wings both leuell Sea and Land,  
 The Falcon fierce, and all that active sort,  
 Which by their burden grace a Princes hand:  
 And (they for prey, their bearers bent for sport)  
 Dothrall great Monarchs which even men command:  
 Ere false on earth their ashes quenched be,  
 Whom soar'd of late aloft men scarce could see.

## 33

Those birds (but turn'd to dust) againe shall raine,  
 Which mutinous *Israel* with a curse receiv'd;  
 And those for sport so prodigally flaine,  
 For which (what shame) some belly-monsters crav'd,  
 Long necks (like Cranes) their tastes to entertaine,  
 From which the *Phœnix* hardly can be sav'd.  
 „ In bodies base whose bellies still are full,  
 „ The souls are made (choak'd with grosse vapours) dull.

## 34

The feather'd flocks which by a notion strange,  
 (I know not how inspir'd, or what they see)  
 Or if their inward following outward change,  
 As true Astrologues gathering stormes foresee,  
 In quaking Clouds their murmuring troupes which range,  
 To waile, or warne the world, hiv'd on some tree.  
 Nought unto them this generall wrack foreshows,  
 Men, Angels, no, not Christ (as man) fore-knows.

## 35

The rage of Time these changelings to appease,  
 Like fained friends who fortune onely woo:  
 Which haunt each soile whil'st there they finde their ease,  
 Though I confesse this shews their greatnesse too,  
 Who at their will use kingdomes as they please;  
 Even more then Monarchs with great hosts can do.  
 But yet where ere they be, they then shall fall,  
 Gods armie, yea, his arme doth stretch o're all.

## 36

Those which themselves in civill warres do match,  
 Whose sound triumphall Lyons puts to flight,  
 The mornings ushers, urging sleeps dispatch,  
 Whose wings applaud their voice saluting light,  
 The labourers horologe, ordinary watch,  
 Whose course by Nature rul'd goes alwayes right.  
 Those Trumpetters dissolving many dreame,  
 May then not see the day which they proclaime.



37

So suddenly all shall with ruine meet,  
That even the fowl which still doth streames pursue,  
As if to wash, or hide, her loath'd black feet,  
Then swimmes in state proud of her snowie hue:  
Who us'd with tragick notes (though sad, yet sweet)  
To make *Meanders* Nymphs her dying rue.  
She then surpris'd, not dreaming of her death,  
Shall not have time to tune her plaintive breath.

38

The winged squadrons which by feeling, finde  
A body (though invisible) of aire,  
Both solid, vaste, clos'd, open, free, confin'de,  
Whil'st weight by lightnesse, stayes by moving there;  
As swimmers waves, those flyers beat the winde,  
Borne by their burdens, miracles if rare.  
The feathers fir'd whil'st stretched armes do shrink,  
Though thus made lighter, they more heavy sink.

39

That sort which diving deep, and soaring high,  
(Like some too subtle trusting double wayes)  
Which swimme with fishes, and with fowls do flie;  
Whil'st still their course the present fortune sways.  
At last in vaine their liquid fortresse trie,  
Of wrath the weapons nought save ruine stayes.  
To flie the ayre downe in the deeps they bend,  
For want of ayre down in the deeps they end.

40

Wing'd Alchymists that quintessence the flowers,  
As oft-times drown'd before, now burn'd shall be,  
Then measuring Artists by their numbrous powers:  
Whose works proportions better do agree,  
Which do by Colonies uncharge their bowres,  
Kill idle ones, sting foes, what needs foresee:  
Men talk of vertue, Bees do practise it,  
Even justice, temperance, fortitude and wit.

41

What agony doth thus my soul invest?  
I think I see heaven burne, hels gulphs all gape,  
My panting heart doth beat upon my breast,  
As urging passage that it thence may scape,  
Rest from my self, yet no where else, I rest,  
Of what I was, reserving but the shape.  
My hairens are bended up, swolne are mine eyes,  
My tongue in silence minds amazement tyes.

Who



42

Who can but dreame what furies plague thy soule,  
 Poore sinfull wretch who then art toss'd with breath?  
 Whil'st desp'rate anguish no way can controule  
 The raging torrent of consuming wrath,  
 In every corner where thy eyes can roule,  
 Their sweetest shows more bitter are then death.  
 Who can expresse thy feelings, or thy feares,  
 Which even repentance cannot help with teares?

43

To look aloft if thou dar'st raise thy sight,  
 Weigh'd downe (as damn'd by guilty actions gone)  
 What horror, terrour, error, all affright  
 Thee; trembling thee, who out of time do'st gnone?  
 Oft shalt thou wish that thee false mountains might  
 Hide from his face who sits upon the Throne.  
 But, ah! in vaine a lurking place is sought,  
 Nought can be covered now, no, not one thought.

44

The dreadfull noise which that great day proclaimes,  
 When mix'd with sighs and shouts from mortals here;  
 O how deform'd a forme confusion frames!  
 None can well think till that it selfe appeare:  
 Whil'st clouds of smoke delivered are of flames,  
 They darken would their birth, it them would cleare,  
 But whil'st both strive, none victory attaines;  
 This endlesse darknesse bodes, that endlesse paines.

45

If seeking help from thy first parent flyme,  
 Loc *Plutoes* palace, dungeons of despaire,  
 (As fir'd by furies) kindled by thy crime,  
 Bent to encroach upon forbidden ayre,  
 Do gape to swallow thee before the time,  
 Whom they fore-see damn'd for a dweller there:  
 Heaven over thy head, hell burns beneath thy feet,  
 As both in rage, to fight with flames would meet.

46

With Owlie eyes which horrid lightnings blinde,  
 This to admire the reprobate not need;  
 Match'd with the horrors of a guilty minde,  
 Nought from without but pleasure can proceed:  
 Sinke in their bosomes hels and they shall finde  
 More ugly things a greater feare to breed.  
 "Of all most loath'd since first the world began,  
 "No greater Monster then a wicked man.

All



47

All sorts of creatures soone consum'd remaine,  
Crush'd by their death whose lives on them depend;  
(Their treasons partners whom they entertaine)  
Mans forfeiture doth too to them extend,  
Whom since they can no further serve againe,  
(True vassals thus) then with their Lords will end,  
Though oft they them like Tyrants did abuse,  
Whom as ingrate their dusts that day accuse,

48

Ere it we can call com'd, that which is past,  
Charg'd with corruption slowly I pursue,  
Since without hope to reach, though following fast,  
That which (like lightning) quickly scapes the view:  
I, where I cannot walk, a compasse cast,  
And must seek wayes to common knowledge due:  
For mortals eares my muse tunes what she sings,  
With earthly colours painting heavenly things.

49

When that great deluge of a generall wrath,  
To purge the earth (which sinne had stain'd) did tend,  
So to prolong their little puffs of breath,  
High mountains tops both Sexes did ascend:  
But what strong fort can hold out against death:  
Them (where they runne for help) it did attend:  
With paine and feare, choak'd, dash'd, (ere dying dead)  
Death doubled so was but more grievous made.

50

So when the flaming waves of wasting fire,  
Over all the world do riotously rage,  
Some to the deeps for safety shall retyre,  
As *Thetis* kisse could *Vulcans* wrath asswage;  
But that Lieutenant of his makers ire,  
Makes all the elements straight beare his badge:  
Scorch'd earth made open swallows thousands downe.  
Aire thickned choaks with smoke, and waters drowne.

51

The halting *Lemnian* highly shall revenge,  
The ancient scorne of other equall powers:  
Both strong and swift though lame (what wonder strange)  
He then (turn'd furious) all the rest devoures,  
Whose fiercenesse first his mother toils to change,  
But (having him embrac'd) she likewise loures,  
And with her sonne doth furiously conspire,  
Straight from pure ayre, then all transform'd in fire.

This



52

This heat with horreur may congeale all hearts,  
 Lifes bellows toss'd by breath which still do move;  
 That fanne which doth refresh the inward parts,  
 Even it shall make the breast a fornace prove.  
 That signe of life which oft arrives, and parts,  
 Boils all within, else burns it selfe above.  
 At that dread day denouncing endlesse night,  
 All smoke, not breath, whil' st flames give onely light.

53

That stormie Tyrant which usurpes the ayre,  
 Whil' st wooll (rain'd down from heaven) doth him enfold;  
 A liquid pillar hanging at each haire,  
 Sneez'd fiercely forth when shaking all for cold:  
 He clad with flames a fierie leader there,  
 Makes feeble *Vulcan* by his aid more bold.  
 Whose bellows fostred by the others blast,  
 May soone forge ruine, instruments to waste.

54

The Lands great creature, nurceling of the East,  
 Which loves extreame, and with zeale adores,  
 In sprite and nature both, above a beast,  
 Whil' st charg'd with men he through the battell roares:  
 And his arm'd match (of monsters not the least)  
 Whose scales defensive, horne invasive goares,  
 Whil' st foming flames (as other to provoke)  
 Straight joyn'd in dust, their battell ends in smoke.

55

The craftie fox which numbers do deceive,  
 To get, not be, a prey, shall be a prey;  
 The embrions enemy, womens that conceive,  
 As who might give him death, their birth to stay:  
 That ravenous Woolfe which bloud would alwayes have,  
 All then a thought more quickly shall decay.  
 No strength then stands, such weaknesse went before,  
 And subtile tricks can then deceive no more.

56

The Hart, whose hornes (as greatnesse is to all)  
 Do seeme to grace, are burdens to the head,  
 With swift (though slender legges) when wounds appall,  
 Which cures himselfe where Nature doth him leade;  
 Then with great eyes, weake heart, oft dangers thrall,  
 The warie Hare (whose feare oft sport) hath made  
 Doth seek by swiftnesse death in vaine to shunne,  
 As if a flight of flames could be out-runne.

The



57

The painted Panther which not fear'd, doth gore,  
Like some whose beauteous face, foule mindes defame;  
The Tyger tygrish, past expressing more,  
Since cruelty is noted by his name;  
The able Ounce, strong Beare, and foming Boare,  
(Mans rebels, since God did man his proclaime)  
Though fierce are faint, and know not where to turne :  
They see the forrests their old refuge, burne.

58

The mildest beasts importing greatest gaine,  
Which others crimes made altars onely touch,  
By whom they cloth, and feed, not crying flaine,  
The Christians image onely true when such,  
Their growing Inowes which arts fraile colours staine,  
Werewrong'd, when fain'd of gold, since worth more much:  
But pretious things the owners harmes oft breed,  
The fleeces flames the bodies doe succeed.

59

The flocks for profit us'd in every part,  
Though them to serve they make their Masters bow,  
And are the idols of a greedy heart,  
Which (like old *Egypt*) doth adore a Cow,  
Like *Hannibals*, which *Fabius* mock'd by art,  
As walking torches, all runne madding now :  
By *Phebus* tickled they to startle us'd,  
But *Vulcan* ruder makes them rage confus'd.

60

Their martiall Chieftan Mastives rage to stay,  
(*Pasiphaes* lover, *Venus* daily slave,)  
With brandish'd hornes (as mustering) first doth stray,  
Then throwes them down in guard a match to crave;  
Straight (like the *Colchian* Buls, ere *Iasons* prey)  
He flames (not fain'd) doth breath, but not to brave;  
Like that of *Phalaris*, whom one did fill,  
He tortur'd, (bellowing) doth lye bullering still.

61

Of all the beasts by men domestick made,  
The most obsequious, and obedient still,  
The fawning dog, which where we list we leade,  
And wants but words to doe all that we will,  
Which loves his Lord extreamely, even when dead,  
And on his tombe, for grieve himselfe doth kill,  
He doth with tongue stretch'd forth, to pant begin,  
Which straight when fir'd drawn back, burns all within.

The



62

The generous horse, the gallants greatest friend,  
 In peace for ease, and in effect for warre,  
 Which to his Lord (when weary) legges doth lend,  
 To flye, or chase, in sport, or earnest farre,  
 A *Pegasus* he through the ayre would bend,  
 Till that his course (turn'd Centaure) man doth marre;  
 His waving treasures fir'd, to flye from death,  
 He first the winde out-runnes, and then his breath.

63

This Squadrons king that doth for fight prepare,  
 (As threatning all the world) doth raging goe,  
 His foot doth beat the earth, his tayle the ayre,  
 Mad to be hurt, and yet not finde a foe,  
 But soone his shoulders rough the fire makes bare,  
 And melts his strength which was admired so;  
 Death doth to rest, arrest his rowling eyes;  
 Loc, in a little dust the Lyon lyes.

64

Those poyf'ous troupes in *Africkes* fields which stray,  
 In death all fertile, as the first began,  
 By looke, by touch, by wound, and every way,  
 True Serpents heires in hatred unto man,  
 Which God (still good) in desarts makes to stay,  
 To waste the world, though doing what they can:  
 But whil'ft they houle, scritch, barke, bray, hurle, hisse, spout,  
 Their inward fire soon meets with that without.

65

The Crocodile with running deepes in love,  
 By land and water, of tyrannicke pow'r,  
 With upmost lawes which (and none else) doe move,  
 Whose cleansing first is sweet, oft after sow'r;  
 And oft his crime his punishment doth prove,  
 Whil'ft a devouring bait train'd to devoure:  
 He neither now can fight, nor yet retire,  
 His scaly armour is no prooffe for fire.

66

The beast (though haunting deepes) not there confin'd,  
 Whose haire as pretious decke each great mans head,  
 Before like Eagles, like a Swans behinde,  
 Whose feet (as oares) to manage streames are made,  
 To waste the liquid wayes not needing winde,  
 Whose tayle his course doth as a rudder leade,  
 A sparke (falne from a tree) may then confound,  
 Him with his teeth that now strikes trees to ground.

The



67

The Otter black where finne-wing'd troupes repaire,  
Fresh rivers robber, which his prey doth chuse,  
And all that kinde, nor fish, nor flesh that are,  
But do two elements (*Amphibions*) use,  
Not able to touch th'earth, nor to draw th'aire  
In waters they their kindled skinnies infuse.  
But yet can refuge finde in neither soile,  
They burne on th'earth, and in the deeps do boile.

68

Flouds seeme to groane which beasts incursion maymes,  
All altered then which look't of late like glasse,  
And murmur at the stayning of their streames,  
By carkasses flot-flotting in a masse,  
A moving bridge whil'st every channell frames,  
When as there are no passengers to passe.  
With beasts all buried waters are press'd downe,  
Whil'st both at once their burdens burn, and drowne.

69

The Crystals quicke which slowly us'd to go,  
And others heat by coldnesse did allay,  
(As if then griev'd to be polluted so)  
Growne red with rage, boil'd up, pop-popling stay;  
And tread in triumph on their breathlesse foe,  
Whose ashes with their sands they leuell lay.  
But *Vulcan* now a victor in each place,  
By violence doth all these Nymphs embrace.

70

The dwellers of the deeps not harm'd in ought,  
When first vice all, and next the waters drown'd;  
So since by some more sacred still are thought,  
As whom sinnes scourge did onely not confound,  
The Elements not pure to purge now brought,  
Are likewise ruin'd by this generall wound.  
The fishes then are boil'd in every flood,  
Yet finde no eater that can relish food:

71

All which corruption onely serves to feed,  
When it doth end, doth end, so heaven designs;  
Nought save the soule which doth from God proceed,  
Over death triumphs, and still is pleas'd, else pynes,  
Death not mans essence, but his sinne did breed,  
And it with it, the end of time confines.  
Then death and life shall never meet againe,  
The state then taken always doth remaine.

G

Salt



72

Salt seas, fresh streames, the fish which loves to change,  
 (The rivers Prince esteem'd by dainty tastes)  
 Which through the Ocean though at large he range,  
 The bounds him bred to see yet yearly hastes;  
 Ah man oft wants (O monster more then strange)  
 This kinde affection common even to beasts.  
 That *Salmond* fresh for which so many strive,  
 May then be had, boil'd where it liv'd alive.

73

The Trout, the Eele, and all that watrie brood,  
 Which without feet, or wings can make much way,  
 Then leape aloft forc'd by the raging flood,  
 Not as they us'd before, for sport, or prey:  
 That which (once freez'd) their glasse to gaze in stood,  
 Now (turn'd to flames) makes what it bred decay.  
 Those which to talke men did all snares allow,  
 All without baits, or nets, are taken now.

74

These flouds which first did fields with streames array,  
 The rivers foure by sacred writ made knowne,  
 Which (since farre sundry) make their wits to stray,  
 Who Paradise drawne by their dreames have showne,  
 As turn'd from it, or it from them away;  
 In all the earth their strength shall be o're-throwne.  
 Whom first high pleasures, horrors huge last bound,  
 (As if for grieve) they vanish from the ground.

75

The fertile *Nilus* never rashly mov'd,  
 Which (ag'd in trauell) many Countrey knows,  
 Whose inundation by the labourer lov'd,  
 As barrenesse or plenty it fore-shows,  
 From divers meanes (but doubtfull all) is prov'd;  
 "Oft natures work all reasons power o're-throws:  
 The Ancients wondred not to finde his head,  
 But it shall all invisible be made.

76

Heavens indignation seizing on all things,  
 The greatest waters languish in their way;  
 The little brooks exhausted in their springs,  
 For poverty cannot their tribute pay:  
 Of moisture spoil'd the earth craves help, not brings;  
 "The mighty thus left to themselves decay;  
 "Great powers compos'd make but of many one,  
 "Whose weaknesse shows it selfe when left alone.

That



77

That floud whose fame more great then waters strayd,  
 VVhose race (like it) more then their own would owe,  
 VVhich from the Appennines oft gathering ayde,  
 VVould those overthrow, who did the world o'rethrow,  
 VVhich though unstable, onely stable stay'd,  
 In that great City where all else fell low :  
 It which so long familiar was with fame,  
 Shall be (dry'd up) an unregarded streame.

78

The Sheep-heards mirrours, all like silver pure,  
 VVhich curious eyes delighted were to see,  
 VVhen flames from heaven their beauties must endure,  
 No creature then left from confusion free,  
 Even they shall grow more ugly and obscure,  
 Then the infernall flouds are fain'd to be :  
 Of their long course, there shall no signe remaine,  
 VVorse then that lake where brimstone once did raine.

79

VVhil'ft *Thetis* bent to Court, those streames (as vaine)  
 That on themselves to gaze, strive time to winne,  
 And liquid Serpents winding through the Plaine;  
 (As if to sting the earth oft gathered in)  
 Seeme to attend the remnant of their traine,  
 Them to out-goe, that nearer wayes would runne :  
 Even in that pompe surpris'd, dry'd are their deeps,  
 VVhose widow'd bed, scarce their impression keeps.

80

That floud which doth his name from silver take,  
 The sea-like *Obbe*, and others of the Indes;  
 Over which a bridge, men by no meanes can make,  
 VVhil'ft one borne there (amazing strangers mindes)  
 On Straw or Reeds, with one behinde his backe,  
 Can crosse them all both scorning waves and windes :  
 Their empty channels may be trod on dry,  
 (Though pav'd with pearles) then pretious in no eye.

81

The great which change before they end their race,  
 Salt flouds, fresh seas, by mutuall bands as past,  
 VVhich th' Ocean charge, and though repuls'd a space,  
 Yet make a breach, and enter at the last,  
 VVhich from the earth (that strives them to embrace)  
 Now haste with speed, and straight a compasse cast :  
 They then for helpe to *Neptune* leeke in vaine,  
 By *Vulcan* ravish'd ere his waves they gaine.



82

The raging rampire which doth alwaies move,  
 Whose floting waves entrench the solid round,  
 And (whil'ft by *Titans* kiffe drawne up above,)  
 From heavens Alembicke dropt upon the ground,  
 Of fruits and plants, the vitall bloud doe prove,  
 And foster all that on the earth are found :

It likewise yeelds to the eternals ire,  
 Loe, all the sea not serves to quench this fire.

83

Yet did the Sea preface this threatned ill,  
 With ugly roarings ere that it arriv'd,  
 As if contending all hels fires to kill,  
 By violence to burst, whil'ft through it driv'd,  
 Which must make monstrous sounds jar-jarring still,  
 As heate with cold, with moisture drynesse striv'd :

Whil'ft *Iove*-like thundring *Pluto*, doth grow proud,  
 Even as when fires force passage through a cloud.

84

O what strange fight, not to be borne with eyes!  
 That Tennis-court where oft the windest too bold,  
 What still rebounded toss'd unto the skies,  
 And to the ground from thence have head-longs rol'd,  
 Doth now in raging rounds, not furrowes rise,  
 Then hostes of heate, as us'd to be of cold :

All government the liquid state neglects,  
 Whil'ft *Vulcans* hammer, *Neptunes* trident breks.

85

When this huge vessell doth to boyle begin,  
 What can it fill with matter fit to purge?  
 The earth as else without, if throwne within,  
 With all her creatures kept but for a scourge,  
 To wash away the foulness of that sinne,  
 Which on fraile flesh, strong nature oft doth urge:  
 But ah my thoughts are vaine, this cannot be,  
 Seas cleane not sinne, sinne doth defile the sea.

86

O foule contagion, spreading still to death,  
 What pest most odious can with thee compare?  
 Which first by thoughts conceiv'd, then born with breath,  
 Doth straight infect the sea, the earth the ayre,  
 Which damn'd in justice, and chastis'd in wrath,  
 Doth shew that God no creatures spots will spare:  
 All scourges must be scourg'd, and even the fire,  
 As but impure, must feele th' effects of ire.

That



87

That restlesse element which never sleepes,  
But by it selfe, when by nought else, is wrought,  
Which joynes all lands, yet them asunder keepes,  
It (ruines rocke) for refuge last is fought,  
For troupes doe throw themselves amidst the deeps,  
As if death rest, then given, lesse grieve were thought :  
“ Thus is despaire hot sonne of father cold,  
“ Rash without hope, and without courage bold.

88

The loving *Alcion* trusty to her mate,  
The which (save this) no other storme could catch,  
Whose arke not erres amid’st the going gate,  
Though none in it with art the waves doth watch,  
To many monsters, as expos’d a bait,  
Which moving sits, and in the deepes doth hatch :  
She of her nest, against the waves presumes,  
But never look’ t for fire which all consumes.

89

The greatest Monster of the Oceans brood,  
Which lodg’d griev’d *Jonas* harmelesse in his wombe,  
And did digest (yet to be fed) a food,  
A buried quicke man in a living tombe,  
Doth (monstrous masse) now tumble through the floud,  
As scorning force could make him to succumbe :  
But straight his finnes all fir’d, a farre doe shine,  
As if some *Pharos*, but a deathfull fighe.

90

That little wonder decking *Thetis* bowre,  
Whose adamantine touch there strongly bindes  
(Though both it saile and swimme) a wooden towre,  
For which mans wit no shew of reason findes;  
O matchlesse vertue, admirable power,  
Which fights and foiles alone, sailes, oares, waves, winds !  
Of all which live it that most strength hath shown,  
Press’d down by vulgar bands doth dye unknown.

91

That moving mountaine in a fearefull forme,  
Which compassing a ship, it downewards flings,  
And even in calmes doth vomit forth a storme,  
Whose bloud (all poison) where it touches stings,  
That monstrous masse, if Serpent, Eele, or Worme,  
To hastie ruine his owne greatnesse brings :  
“ The greatest fought for harmes are soonest spy’d,  
“ Where little ones a little thing will hide.



92

Of all the humid host, the most esteem'd,  
 The gentle Dolphins (where the depths doe roare,)  
 Which (not ingrate) who them redeem'd, redeem'd,  
 Him help'd alive, and did when dead deplore;  
 Of which one once with Musicke ravish'd seem'd,  
 When carrying *Arion* safely to the shore:  
 Those which delight so much in pleasant sounds,  
 The contrary preventing fire confounds.

93

The fairest Nymph which haunts the floting state,  
 To whose great beauty, *Thetis* envy beares,  
 The Oceans Muse, from whose sweet sounds (soules bate)  
 The Lord of *Ithaca* did stop his eares,  
 Of what she was most proud, that hastes her fate;  
 The golden haire which she dishevel'd weares:  
 Then whil'st they burne, her head seemes crown'd with light:  
 Thus shewes maske misery, and mocke the sight.

94

Those which from flight, by flight their lives oft winne,  
 The Angler drawing scorned lines to land,  
 Whil'st some do cast forth hooks, some draw them in,  
 And some benumme the gazing holders hand,  
 They can finde helpe in neither force, nor sinne,  
 In scale, in shell, on rocke, in mudde, or sand:  
 Whil'st *Tritons* sounds to tragick notes doe turne,  
 They in the deeps are boil'd, or, on the banks do burne.

95

The floting lodgings that all soiles doe try,  
 Which whil'st they walke on waves, and burden'd stray,  
 Seeme swimming Mountaines, Castles that doe flye,  
 Which Cannons arme, and ensignes doe array,  
 At first for smoake they nought about them spy,  
 Till all their sayles (on fire) doe cleare their way:  
 Whil'st flouds and flames, doe all their force imploy,  
 As if they striv'd, which should the ship destroy.

96

The liquid labyrinth, thou who first did'st prove,  
 No doubt thy desp'rate heart was arm'd with steele,  
 Did not the waves and clouds which alwaies move,  
 (Firme objects wanting) make thy eyes to reele:  
 Then he who first did steale fire from above,  
 Thou greater torments do'st deserve to feele:  
 He onely sought the fire to quicken breath,  
 And thou the water, as a way to death.



97

O! hatefull monster, since the world began,  
Which with thine owne could never yet be pleas'd,  
For lacke of rayment cold, for hunger wan,  
With what thou hast, though many might be eas'd,  
Thou poison'st first the quiet minde of man,  
Whose fury since can never be appeas'd:  
But seekes both sea and land with endlesse care,  
And wants but wings to violate the aire.

98

That which encroach'd on every bordering shore,  
By oft renu'd assaults usurping myles,  
Shall then all ebbe, not flowing as before,  
Whil'st travelling *Thetis* doth bring forth new Iles,  
Which birth soone old, to be embrac'd no more,  
She loth to leave, oft turnes, and kissing smiles:  
Till all the world one withered masse appeares,  
Spoild of all moisture, save mans fruitlesse teares.

99

What hideous object? what a horrid sight?  
O terror strange which even I quake to thinke!  
Where all of late was leuell at one height,  
Their mountaines mount, and fields farre down do sinke,  
All pav'd with monsters, which if painting right,  
Feare would make paper blacke, and pale my Inke:  
The seas with horror so arrest my hand,  
I must amaz'd retire me to the land.

100

The land where pleasure lodg'd, where rest did rest,  
Which did abound in fruits, in fowles and beasts,  
Of which (all good) none could discerne the best,  
In number more (though many) then mens tastes,  
Which should refresh fraile nature when distress'd,  
Though them fond man superfluously wastes:  
Till that the earth doth to a Chaos turne,  
Which since his teares not wash, his finnes shall burne.

101

Where are the flowry fields, the filhy streames,  
The pasturing mountaines, and the fertile plaines,  
With shadowes oft, oft clad with *Titans* beames,  
As of heavens pleasures types, and of hels paines?  
(Thus in our brest, some thoughts each moment claimes,  
To curbe rash joy with contemplations raines:)  
Where are all those delights in league with sense,  
Which make a heaven when here, a hell when hence?

Thou



102

Thou who thy thoughts from no fond courle reclaimes,  
 But do'st thy eyes with pleasant objects cloy,  
 And let'st thy heart have all at which it aymes,  
 Bent of the sonnes of men to want no joy;  
 Those to thy sleeping soule are all but dreames,  
 Which waking findes this treasure but a toy:  
 Thinke, thinke, when all confounded thus remaines,  
 If temporall joy be worth eternall paines.

103

Those stately townes, whose towres did brave heavens rounds,  
 Their kingdomes quintessence for wealth and skill,  
 A states abridgement drawn in little bounds,  
 Which are (whil'st them guests of all lands doe fill)  
 Mappes of the world, deduc'd from divers grounds,  
 Where all lifes parts are act'd, both good and ill,  
 Which barbarous customes founded to remove,  
 Most civill first, most subtile last did prove.

104

Those which great Monarchs strongly striv'd to owe,  
 (As which oft times a kingdomes keyes doe prove)  
 By Mynes like earth-quakes shaken from below,  
 By sulphurous thunder battered from above,  
 Yet (as o're-thrown) them hopelesse to o're-throw,  
 With scorned squadrons did disdain'd remove:  
 Those which at powers of armed Emperours spurn'd,  
 Are at an instant then, charg'd, sack'd, and burn'd.

105

Brave Citizens which have resisted long,  
 Till their dismantled towne all naked stands,  
 And are by weakenesse left unto the strong,  
 All taken, kill'd, or sold (like beasts) in bands,  
 As bound of right to suffer all the wrong,  
 Of railing tongues, or of outrageous hands:  
 They of this last assault, no type can see,  
 Even worse then was, or can imagin'd be.

106

Ah! if one house when onely fir'd by chance,  
 Doth straight confound a City all with feare,  
 What minde can think, though thoughts the same entrance,  
 How those inhabitants themselves shall beare,  
 Whose townes (like lightning) vanish with a glance,  
 Whil'st them a moment doth in pieces teare?  
 This with amazement may benumme the minde,  
 But will seeme small, a greater then divin'd.



107

Base miser, thou who by all meanes hast us'd,  
To bruise the poore, and on their spoiles to feed,  
In measure, weight, and quality abus'd,  
Whil'st of all evils, dearth is the least they dread,  
That wealth by thee even to thy selfe refus'd,  
Which might of thousands have releev'd the need :  
Shall all in flames upbraid thee with hels fire,  
Whose use then at thy hands God will require.

108

Thou who to riches, was preferr'd from nought,  
Though once but poore, contemn'd, of base degree,  
For whom at length all realmes by Shippes were sought,  
So that no winde could blow but serving thee,  
Yet would not comfort those who starv'd in ought,  
Not mindefull what thou wast, nor what to be :  
As naked borne, thou naked shalt returne,  
Else kept to see thy wealth, thy selfe next burne.

109

Those stately Statues which great townes doe grace,  
And monuments (as rare) which mindes amaze,  
The worlds seven wonders, wondred at a space,  
Whil'st strangers long did on their reliques gaze,  
If that ere then time doe them not deface,  
A little flash shall even their ruines raze,  
Which onely serve to witnesse to each sight,  
Their idle builders vanity and might.

110

Those Palaces amongst rare things enrold,  
Which Architects, numbrous art bewray,  
With enterlaced roofes, emboss'd with gold,  
On marbled walles which costly workes array,  
Though rich without, yet worthy but to hold,  
A richer riches, which within doth stay,  
Past emulation, admirations marke;  
All their great pompe doth perish with a sparke.

111

Those second *Edens*, Gardens of delight,  
Where times bright patron justly parts the houres,  
Where men to gaze, all objects doe invite,  
In alwaies lying walkes, and growing bowres,  
In smelling beds with pleasure ravish'd quite,  
Whil'st wandering in a labyrinth of flowers,  
Where Art with nature still for praise contends,  
A strife though oft times judg'd, which never ends.

VWhere



## 112

Where *Flora's* treasures with *Pomona's* strive,  
 Low shining groves with shadow'd lights above,  
 Whil'ſt Art (by engines rais'd,) doth water drive,  
 Borne through the ayre an uncouth way to prove,  
 And by all ſounds which creatures can contrive,  
 To melt in mirth, would melancholy move:  
 Thoſe pleaſant parts ſhall ſtraight abhorr'd remaine,  
 As where ſalt ſowne, or ſhowres of brimſtone raine.

## 113

Thoſe walking worms which (with worms ſpoiles array'd,)  
 Would purchaſe homage from each credulous eye,  
 And yet (as Affes) worth an Aſſe not weigh'd,  
 Whil'ſt having nought of worth, but what they buy,  
 They ſhall ſee that which ſo their fancies ſway'd,  
 The *Tyrian* purple, and th' *Aſſyrian* dye:  
 Of pride the badges, and the baits of luſt,  
 Though kept with toile from duſt, all turn'd to duſt.

## 114

Thoſe glorious roomes of darkeneſſe, robbing night,  
 Where even the wals rich garments doe inveſt,  
 Where ivory beds, with gold all glancing bright,  
 Are made for ſhew, as others are for reſt,  
 And objects need to entertaine the ſight,  
 Which lodge (ſince great) a ſeldome ſleeping gueſt:  
 Now at this laſt alarme to them who live,  
 They then a cottage no more comfort give.

## 115

Thoſe pretious ſtones which moſt in worth excell,  
 For vertue leaſt, for vanity much ſought,  
 Pearles, Rubies, Diamonds, from rocke, from ſhell,  
 From depths of flouds, from mountains entrails brought,  
 Made Gods with men, whoſe heaven is hatching hell,  
 Prys'd by opinion, but by ſubſtance bought:  
 The ſweet perfumes, and all which is eſteem'd,  
 Waſt (by the owners wiſh) not once redeem'd.

## 116

That dreadfull ſtorme as ſtriving to begin,  
 Mount *Aetna's* flames, which roare while as ſuppreſt,  
 And that which ſwallowing natures ſtudent in,  
 Did him digeſt, who could it not digeſt,  
 And all thoſe hils whence ſtreames of ſulphur run,  
 Shall with their fires, then fortifie the reſt:  
 Whoſe generall floud, whil'ſt it the world o're-comes,  
 None knowes where kindled firſt, nor whence it comes.



117

The lucrous coal (though black) a pretious stone,  
Whose force as *Vulcan* will, makes *Mars* to bend,  
Of *Albions* jewels second unto none,  
To Art and Nature both a speciall friend,  
Then when of it the needfull use is gone;  
What it maintain'd, it likewise helps to end.  
And thus the earth (though cold) with fire then stor'd,  
To burne it selfe materials doth afford.

118

Those bathing springs which free Physitians prove,  
Yet for all Evils one onely cure can show,  
The which may seeme whil'st boyling up above,  
A part of *Phlegeton* o're-flow'd below:  
But for mans health nought can from thence remove,  
Where he doth dwell who would the world o'rethrow.  
Then every one of them to hell repaires,  
Or else a greater heat doth drinke up theirs.

119

Great Monarchs whom ambitious hopes do drive,  
To raise their owne by razing others Thrones,  
Who spare no wayes that there they may arrive,  
Through Orphans teares, mans bloud, and womans grones,  
And all those earthly mindes which for th'earth strive,  
By passing bounds, and altering setled stones;  
All such that day not Lords of their owne grave,  
Shall have no earth, nor them no earth shall have.

120

The earth as glorying in her changed state,  
With face all bright with flames, seemes lightning smiles;  
Whil'st free from wounds and toils, indur'd of late,  
Oft burn'd, oft freezd, which every day defiles,  
Though forc'd she must conceive (a fertile mate)  
Her husbands hopes who often times beguiles.  
And as she would revenge all troubles past,  
She yeelds up man whom she had hid at last.

121

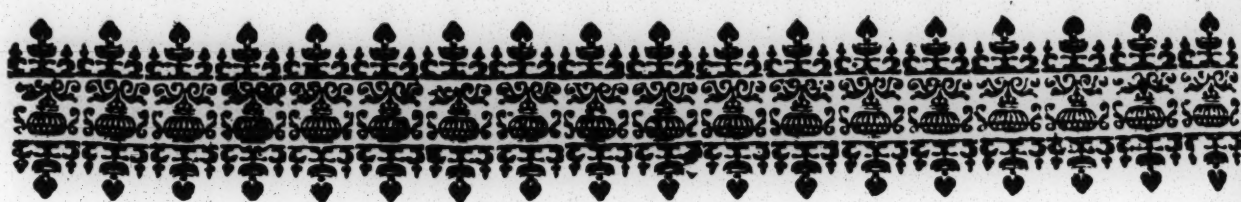
That Element which onely needing aid,  
May be made more, and doth on others feed,  
Whose piercing powers can in no bounds be staid;  
Such bodies small that thickned rarenesse breed,  
The onely essence which can not be weigh'd,  
And void of weight, doth alwayes upward speed.  
That soone may seize on all when once set free,  
Which infinitely multipli'd may be.

But



But lest my furie be too farre declin'd,  
 That with the flames to flie have striv'd in vaine,  
 I must a space within my selfe confin'd,  
 Fresh succours seek to charge of new againe;  
 So great amazement hath o're-whelm'd my minde,  
 That now I in an agony remaine.

But he who did in fierie tongues descend,  
 As through the fire, will leade me to the end.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The fourth H O U R E.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*A hideous Trumpet horriblie doth sound;  
 Who sleep in Graves a mighty voyce doth wake;  
 By Angels (Messengers) charg'd from each ground,  
 All flesh comes forth that ever soule did take;  
 Seas give account of all whom they have drown'd;  
 The Earth her guests long hid in haste gives backe:  
 Those who then live are at an instant chang'd,  
 Though not from life, yet still from death estrang'd.*

I



O great a power my sacred guide imparts,  
 That still my Muse doth raise her vent'rous flight,  
 Though with confusion compass'd on all parts,  
 My troubled thoughts dare on no object light;  
 The world by flames (a charmer) justly smarts,  
 Whose ashes now seeme to upbraid my sight;  
 Though feares would quench those fires my  
 breast that burne,  
 Yet I must sing, that thousands else may mourne,

To



2

To plague proud man who look'd of late aloft,  
The earth still pure, till made by him unclean,  
By whome, as fierce for blood, or by lust soft,  
She (forc'd to beare) in both abus'd had beene,  
Straight (as a strumpet prostituted oft).  
Now by her lovers naked shall be seene;  
An odious masse (even in her owners eyes)  
(As bruif'd by Thunder) whilst she with' red lyes.

3

Now of all States the fatall period comes,  
Which shoves how Time was short, worlds greatnesse small;  
Fierce *Vulcans* fury *Neptunes* so orecomes,  
That not one drop remains to weepe his fall;  
Loe, all the world one Continent becomes,  
Whereas save man no Creature lives at all;  
The Sea to earth, the earth all turnes to fire,  
A monstrous Comet threatning coming ire.

4

O! what a vault I see of Angels wings,  
Whose greater brightnesse makes the fires decline!  
A glorious guard fit for the King of Kings,  
Whilst they (like rayes) about that Sunne doe shine.  
But, O! his presence (past expressing) brings,  
A reall glory all in all divine;  
All as from darkenesse looke upon this light,  
Whilst flames (as mysts) doe flie before his sight.

5

Those blessed Bands in state of grace which stood,  
(As Ministers admitted unto God,)  
To mortalls sometime which tould tidings good,  
And oft did strike with indignations rod;  
They, who till com'd, this time not understood,  
With Christ arise all ready at his nod;  
> And free from envy which did marre their mates,  
Doe seeke with joy the partners of their states.

6

The dregs of *Adams* race shall soone disclose,  
What Gods decree involv'd in Clouds doth keepe,  
That time, that time, which must confound all those,  
Whose thoughts are plung'd in pleasures groundlesse deepe,  
Even then perchance (that nature may repose)  
When all the Senses buried are in sleepe;  
Ah! how those eyes unclos'd amaz'd remaine,  
Which from that time should never close againe.

H



## 7

O ten times curst! whom Christ that time shall finde,  
 Still hatching evill, defrauding Natures due,  
 VVhilst darkenesse makes the eyes (though open) blinde,  
 And makes the minde what it affects to view,  
 VVhich (wing'd with thoughts) fare swifter then the winde,  
 Though (still confin'd) doth all, over all, pursue;  
 VVhat doubtfull projects fote within his brest,  
 VVho dreames yet sleepest not, lyes, but doth not rest.

## 8

When that Crown'd bird which *Peters* braggs did scorne  
 (As still a friend to light) seemes to cite light,  
 Some more conceive then ever could be borne,  
 Whilst big with monsters of imagin'd might,  
 And aery names with shadowes to adorne,  
 Doe build high hopes which fall, ere at the height;  
 Such bosomes serpents nurse whose stings they try,  
 Pride, Æmulation, envy, Ielousie.

## 9

As prick'd with Thorne some in their beds doe roule,  
 Whilst charg'd with thoughts, which but their cares abuse,  
 And make that mettall Idols of their soule;  
 Which in a Calfe the Iewes great Iudge did bruise;  
 Their greedy course whilst nothing can controule,  
 Though having more then they themselves can use;  
 Like them who drinke more then they can digest,  
 Who keepe the appetite, but not the taste.

## 10

The devill in darkenesse held most powerfull still,  
 Some when retir'd imagine mischief strange,  
 And to shed blood doe dedicate their will,  
 Whilst tortur'd with a fury of revenge;  
 More guilty he who in his heart doth kill,  
 Although his course (if disappointed) change;  
 Then he who doth by chance ones death procure,  
 "No member guilty, if the minde be pure.

## 11

Though beds should be as private graves for rest,  
 While as deaths image doth seize living dust,  
 Yet some (runne mad) as raging in a pest,  
 Voluptuousslie their fancies surfet must,  
 A filthie fury poysoning the brest,  
 VVith strange delights of a prodigious lust;  
 The which whilst walking so corrupts their will,  
 That when they sleepe, it doth delude them still.

Not



12

Not onely shall this sudden charge surprife;  
Such in their finnes as do from God rebell,  
But even all those who evils by night devise,  
As loving darknesse, shall in darknesse dwell:  
Who with a conscience calme all feares despise,  
Not having hope of heaven, nor feare of hell:  
Such to an Owle make God inferiour be,  
As if by night, nights maker nought could see.

13

Wing'd messengers may then even some arrest,  
Who rioting till quite exhausted all,  
(Whil'st in their vomits wallowing they rest)  
From men to beasts, from beasts to nought do fall:  
Those dead (though living) who can but detaste,  
As Natures monsters mankind to appall:  
In them who have their reason drown'd in wine,  
No sparke of Gods, nor Natures light doth shine.

14

Some rating pleasure at too high a price,  
Who with the light do lay all shame aside,  
Do prostitute their souls to every vice;  
If not then free (by beastlinesse) from pride;  
Then their whole states oft venture on the dice,  
As who in nought but fortune do confide;  
By many odious oath such mock Gods might,  
True works of darknesse worthy of the night.

15

Fond worldlings there involv'd in vaine delight,  
Who to the senses fraile indulgent are,  
And (as soft sounds the courage do invite)  
With measur'd madnesse march upon the aire;  
Whil'st from themselves by pleasure ravish'd quite,  
What it provokes no kinde of sport they spare;  
Their eares attending Musicks soule to have,  
Of this dread blast the first assault receive.

16

By stratagems a Captaine boldly wise,  
His enemies campe (not look'd for) oft confounds;  
But when he first doth Sentinels surprife,  
That all about the neighbouring bounds rebounds,  
In breasts unarm'd what terror strange doth rise,  
Whil'st Drummes yeeld deadly, Trumpets lively sounds:  
Whil'st shouts make deafe, amazement dumbe, dust blinde,  
Ere swords the bodie, feare doth kill the minde.

H 2

So



17

So shall it be with all those broken bands,  
 (As for the godly they watch still prepar'd)  
 Then when lifes Lord doth come to judge all hands;  
 Like fishes angled, or like beasts ensnar'd,  
 Those whom hels badge for endlesse darknesse brands,  
 Not having power to wish, are straight despair'd;  
 And soone do see what now they not attend,  
 Ere thought by them begun, all at an end.

18

What hideous charge all to compeer compels,  
 Whose sound may show what breath the blast doth feed:  
 No cannons, thunders, tempests, trumpets, bells,  
 Nor yet all joyn'd, so huge a noise could breed;  
 Since heard in heaven, on earth, and in the hels,  
 Till dreadfull silence doth over all succeed:  
 The hearkening world seemes all become one eare,  
 The grave gives place, the dead his voice do heare.

19

All you who on, or in the dust, do lodge,  
 A great great Court I cite you to attend,  
 Even at Christs instance where himselfe is Iudge,  
 To heare that sentence which none can suspend,  
 Of boundlesse joyes, or else of anguish huge,  
 Which he doth give (as you deserv'd) in th'end.  
 What from his servants mouth none would conceive,  
 Heare from himselfe, even what doth damne, or save.

20

Passé, passé, swift Angels ov'r each region range,  
 Force all to rise who ever downe did lye;  
 What in their essence th'elements did change,  
 Bid them restore, that Christ all flesh may spie;  
 You are the gathrers, this that vintage strange,  
 Which in all souls what stuffe hath beene, must try;  
 Twixt heaven and hell this is a judgement great,  
 To judge each one their owne, contentions date.

21

The word them gives by which they thus are sought,  
 Power to obey, else were the charge but vaine,  
 That word which first did make them all of nought,  
 May now of something make them soone againe;  
 Past numbring, numbers are together brought,  
 That some may thinke what bounds can them containe:  
 Who makes the dead to rise at his decree,  
 May make a roome where they may marshall'd be.

The



22

The heavenly soules which with fraile bodies bound;  
Did act together on this earthly stage,  
Though subtile they oft divers deeps did found,  
In which grosse organs could not then engage:  
Yet in all actions equall partners found,  
By reason led, or head-long borne by rage.  
Though once divorc'd, they marry must againe,  
To joyne in joy, or in eternall paine.

23

Those heavenly sparks which are flowne up above,  
To shine in glory, and in zeale to burne;  
And shall of pleasure the perfection prove,  
With mortall vails which mask'd of late did mourne:  
They from their place a moment must remove,  
With Christ in triumph glorious to returne.  
Their twice-borne bodies when put on they have,  
First from the belly, last now from the grave.

24

Those gather up their garments from the dust,  
Which prison'd are in *Pluto's* ugly cels,  
Though loath to part thence, where returne they must,  
As then their conscience inwardly them tels,  
They know their Iudge as terrible, as just,  
Will but confirme their holding of the hels,  
Yet all their processe must deduced be,  
That Saints Gods justice, and their faults may see:

25

Foure Elements with foure complexions make,  
This mortall masse soone rais'd, and soone o're-throwne,  
And when that it turns to corruption backe,  
With what accrest each doth crave back the owne,  
The waters all the liquid substance take,  
Th'ayre breath, fire active heat, th'earth earth well knowne.  
Which all though thus in their first fountains drown'd,  
Not take nor leave, but are the same still found.

26

The Lord doth not (which some would fondly doubt)  
As once in *Eden* a creation use,  
As if the first consum'd were all worne out,  
That he not knows their substance where to chuse,  
No these same bodies which we beare about,  
The Lord will raise, and cleare, or else accuse:  
When done by God, then wonders are not strange,  
The quality, and nothing else doth change.

H 3

of



27

Of our fraile spoils each part (where made a prey)  
 He who doth watch our dust will straight require;  
 That which the waters washed have away,  
 What was in flames exhausted by the fire,  
 That which (windes scorn) toss'd through the aire did stray,  
 And what to earth all rotten did retire:  
 All at an instant shall together go,  
 To recontinue, not beginning so.

28

The husbands hopes which *Ceres* first renown'd,  
 Must buried rot, made lesse, to be made more;  
 Yet wrestle up (though in the earth still bound)  
 In forme more pleasant, multipli'd in store:  
 So shall our dust (though swallow'd in the ground)  
 Spring from corruption brighter then before  
 In bodies new, whose state none can surmise,  
 Laid mortall downe, but must immortall rise.

29

Those creeping creatures which with silks conceive,  
 Bred first of seed their food with toils acquite,  
 Then what they gaine must all to others leave,  
 And lye (stretch't out) wrapt up in funerall white:  
 Yet straight reviv'd, where buried, burst the grave,  
 And mount aloft with wings all altered quite.  
 In wormes (mens types) those who do mark this change,  
 How can they thinke the resurrection strange?

30

As man like milk was at the first pour'd out,  
 Then straight like cheese turn'd all to cruds at once,  
 Till clad with skinne (his sex made free from doubt)  
 With sinews joyn'd, and fortifi'd with bones.  
 When as the Moone hath chang'd thrice, thrice about,  
 He doth burst forth, neglecting Mothers grones,  
 And (though from him at first as weake teares flow)  
 Doth straight of God a talking image grow.

31

So sowne by death where rests fraile mortals seed,  
 The earth conceiv'd, shall straight (big-bellyed) shake,  
 And though at first a moving masse doth breed,  
 Not travell shall till time her birth ripe make,  
 Whil'ft vitall moysture ashes dry doth feed,  
 That marrow bones, bones flesh, flesh skinne doth take.  
 Till all at last unto perfection worne,  
 Graves are delivered, mankind is new borne.

The



32

The spirituall powers shall soone have repossess'd  
 Their ancient roomes restor'd to them by grace,  
 Which were (they thence by Natures rigour press'd)  
 To death by sinne morgag'd but for a space;  
 But now (they free who had beene thus distress'd)  
 All members move, power pour'd in every place.  
 What could corrupt all worne unto an end,  
 They spirituall bodies, bodied sprits ascend.

33

Then shall not weaknesse (passing each degree)  
 A progresse have perfection to attaine,  
 But from infirmity made freely free,  
 They shape, proportion, strength and knowledge gaine;  
 All qualities at once accomplish'd be,  
 That to augment there nothing doth remaine:  
 The first and second birth do differ farre,  
 First men were made, now rais'd, then grew, now are.

34

Some Gentiles fond who from the truth did stray,  
 (When by th' Apostles told) did scorne this once,  
 Yet trusted grounds which vaine inventions lay,  
 By fabulous doctrine learn'd; and fools at once,  
 That by *Prometheus* men were made of clay,  
 And by *Deucalion* quickned out of stones.  
 Thus had their souls to see the truth no eyes,  
 "Who loath the light, God gives them over to lyes.

35

Great armies oft as if one body move,  
 Whose souls it seemes the Trumpets sound doth sway,  
 So when this charge is thundred from above,  
 One moment makes who were, or are, obey.  
 O strange alarme! what must this meeting prove,  
 Where ruine onely hath prepar'd the way?  
 All knowne when mustred (though not numbred) there;  
 A dreadfull cenfor no mans spot will spare.

36

Those which the deeps digested did containe,  
 As bent to drink those who them oft did drink,  
 To heaven exhal'd, though still through fruits by raine,  
 That dainty tastes more delicate them think  
 Their trunks drawn down when once throwne up againe,  
 Though dead, and buried, move, not swimme, nor sink:  
 A death which drunkards do deserve to have,  
 To lye with liquor in a liquid grave.

Wich



37

Of them whom *Thetis* kiss'd till kil'd of late,  
 Whilst their three mates they in her bosome leave;  
 Some winds, and waves, against each rock do beat,  
 Till them for food the scalie troup receave;  
 That fishes men, men may those fishes eat,  
 Chang'd quality, and forme, whose flesh may have.  
 Mans substance it may transubstantiate oft,  
 But shall the same that first, mount last aloft.

38

Muse do not strive above thy strength to mount,  
 As mortals braines those hosts could comprehend,  
 Which not seas sands, nor yet heavens starres can count,  
 Whilst swarming forth their judgement to attend,  
 They Arithmeticks rules do farre surmount;  
 When, rais'd from dust, more thick then dust, in th'end,  
 But yet a part most knowne by fame design'd,  
 May leave a more impression in the minde.

39

The first great troupe inunding from the deep,  
 Which long have wandred with the watrie brood,  
 Which glutted *Neptune* in his caves did keep,  
 When all his guests were surfeited of food,  
 Are those amid'st the roaring waves who sleep,  
 Since first they fell drown'd by the generall flood.  
 Those who of God the threatnings still did scorne,  
 Till death at once one fleece ov'r all had shorne.

40

What deluge strange doth from that deluge flow,  
 Of monstrous people terrible to see?  
 Whose stature shows what time they had to grow:  
 The Dwarfes with them, with us would Giants be,  
 Ere bended was the many colour'd Bow,  
 All that had false rise from corruption free.  
 Where raging deeps had justly lodg'd their dust,  
 Still drown'd when dead, who burn'd alive with lust.

41

Thence comes the Tyrant who did sway the state,  
 Where fertile *Nilus* mollifies the minde;  
 Whom (to confirme his owne with wonders great)  
 God did obdure, and made by brightnesse blinde,  
 With gilded slaves which flattering his conceit,  
 The Lord to him would needs inferiour finde.  
 Those all like him by his example made,  
 As oft to sinne he shall to judgement leade.

Mad



42

Mad men to whom by wond'rous blows abroad,  
The arme of God had justly terror brought;  
Foole that had seene the proöfe of *Arons* rod,  
What danger was thou might' st in time have thought,  
Whil' st vaine Magicians emulating God,  
The same in show, but not in substance wrought:  
Vaine Sophists (to be mock'd) but mock the eyes,  
'Truth, (naked) truth, lyes are (though painted) lyes.

43

What made thee doubt, that he whom thou didst spie  
Turne streames to bloud, might mixe them with thy bloud,  
That he who made thy lands first borne to dye,  
Would save the lives of (his friend) *Abrahams* brood,  
Where his might march he who the deeps did dry,  
That he would make them drowne who him with-stood?  
" But those whom God will lose he makes them blinde,  
" Those head-long runne who are for wrack design'd.

44

They who with haste the *Hebrew* host pursu'd,  
Whose glancing armes each eye, shouts fill'd each eare,  
Who lack'd no stately show, which might, when view'd,  
In them breed courage, and in others feare,  
Their foes contemn'd (as if they were subdu'd)  
Who did themselves as if in triumph beare:  
And (spuing blasphemy from prides low height)  
Even challenge durst the Lord of hoasts to fight.

45

Loe, from the mudde they now creepe poorely out,  
As from a prison which upbraids their blame,  
And spoil'd of all which compass'd them about,  
Rise naked up, yet kept by feare from shame;  
The Trumpet makes them tremble (though earst stout)  
As thinking it their sentence will proclaime;  
And even great *Pharo*, vile amidst his owne,  
Can by no signe more then the rest be knowne.

46

What fools then rise who never could be pleas'd,  
Though settled owners of a fertile ground?  
Where under them even thousands were well eas'd,  
And, then their masters, more contentment found,  
Whose trait'rous hopes still on new conquests seal'd,  
Till death did show how little might them bound:  
That as all Lands could but strict limits give,  
Last for the Seas (vaste like their mindes) did strive.

Oh



47

Ah, for mans madnesse who enough can mourne,  
 From whom still pure that there may rest no place,  
 Who makes his rage even in the deeps to burne,  
 And (standing) runnes in walking woods his race;  
 Makes *Neptunes* azure all to crimson turne,  
 And fills with bloud the wrinckles of his face?  
 What thirst of mischiefe thus torments man still,  
 That it no Sea can quench, nor Land can fill?

48

The *Grecian* Seas shall give those bodies back,  
 (When floting *Athens* camp'd in wooden walls)  
 Which mountains plains, and floods dry fields would make,  
 Scourg'd all the windes, rank'd nature with their thralls,  
 Which all conspir'd seem'd to procure their wrack,  
 Both Sea and Land made famous by their falls,  
 As if that King who could not count his host,  
 Had sought all means by which they might be lost.

49

All *Salamina's* straits disgorge againe,  
 Those whom they swallow'd, and digested had;  
 But broken squadrons are restor'd in vaine,  
 Since with no armes, no, with no garment clad,  
 Whil'st both the parts then joyn'd in one remaine,  
 Great is the number, but the cause is bad:  
 Who striv'd for state, both as most abject bow:  
*Greeks* and *Barbarians* no way differ now.

50

By this last blast those do assemble all,  
 At divers times who in the deeps fell dead,  
 By him almost preventing *Persias* fall,  
 Who the *Greeke* Empire had abortive made,  
 Who charg'd with chains lay for his father thrall,  
 An act more great then all his hosts to leade:  
 "From vertues height this generous course did come,  
 "A man most vitious armies might o're-come.

51

The last great act which *Athens* did intend,  
 Defrauded thousands of their funerall right,  
 Which did presage their greatnesse neere an end,  
 Whose state then chang'd, as having past the height:  
 Those to pursue that then did armies send,  
 From that time forth, did for their confines fight:  
 "A mighty Towne whose growing nought could stay,  
 "When com'd to faile, doth vanish soone away.

Their



52

Their greatest Captaine fondly then remov'd,  
The other cold, procur'd what he divin'd,  
Who happy first, last, most unhappy prov'd,  
Whilst superstition vilifi'd his minde;  
But *Siracusa* yet to stand behov'd,  
Whose conquest was for greater foes design'd;  
And those by Sea to get more land who striv'd,  
Drown'd in the Sea, were of all land depriv'd.

53

Faire *Sicile* long still by great states was fought,  
As fertile fields, weake owners, did entise,  
The fatall lists where *Rome* and *Carthage* fought,  
When all the world was made the victors prise,  
Thy bounds (oft bath'd with blood) was dearely bought,  
Which strangers still, else Tyrants did surprise;  
Thy Sea the stage where death oft act'd with wounds,  
Must muster many when the Trumpet sounds.

54

Earst *Athens*, *Pyrrhus*, *Carthage*, *Rome* in ire;  
(Their hungry hopes whilst *Ceres* fill'd with dreames)  
To daunt that people proudly did aspire,  
Not fearing *Scilla*, nor *Charibdis* streames,  
Nor thund'ring *Aetna* vomiting forth fire,  
Nor *Vulcans* forge, nor monstrous Giants names;  
No, *Plutoes* selfe who wedded in those fields,  
His conquer'd hells to greedy men he yeelds.

55

Those whose great valour did so honour wrong,  
That each eternall pen it yet renownes,  
Who rivals liv'd in love of glory long,  
And though but Cities did dispose of Crownes,  
Those two by Sea did strive who was most strong,  
As all the Earth could not containe two Townes;  
"Each state the world lesse then it selfe contrives,  
"A just proportion ruine onely gives.

56

That haughty race which kings in triumph led,  
(All not well pleas'd with parting of the spoiles)  
That fishes might aswell as beasts be fed,  
(The land else glutted by their guilty broiles)  
Did on the Sea a sea of blood once shed,  
Which (wash'd by waves away) might foile their foiles,  
That them to plague no furie place could finde;  
All objects raz'd which might upbraid the minde.

A



57

A spacious field the waters did afford,  
 Where floating armies might their forces try,  
 When free men fighting who should be their lord,  
 With too much valour did their bondage buy,  
 Whilst *Eolus* did rage, and *Neptune* roar'd,  
 More cruell Creatures then themselves to spy;  
 "Men of all else which this large Circuite fill,  
 "Most subtile are, and violent in ill.

58

From liquid fields where Carcasses are rife,  
 Now with his troupe *Volteius* passage finds,  
 Who were more bold, then fortunate in strife,  
 And dying did triumph ov'r foes, waves, winds,  
 Of fame too greedie, prodigall of life,  
 As those whose soules were strangers to their minds;  
 "Who lose their owne to gaine from others breath,  
 "Life by opinion seeke, for certaine death.

59

When as two brothers that were bound in law,  
 Did pledge their lives who onely should be free,  
 Pale *Neptune* once at *Actium* wondring saw,  
 His CrySTALL walkes all as congeal'd in Tree,  
 Which from their kingdomes diverse kings did draw,  
 To know whose Slaves they were ordain'd to be;  
 As both (till clear'd) from what they crav'd would stand;  
 Two on the Sea did fight for all the land.

60

To save themselves, or others to confound,  
 When loftie Legions did a purpose take,  
 Of winds, waves, armes, oares, shouts, blows groanes, the sound,  
 Gave bold men courage, made the Cowards quake,  
 Whilst floating forests mutually did wound,  
 Which *Neptune*, *Mars*, and *Eolus* made shake;  
 The bellies (big with men) abortive burst,  
 By thundring engines violated first.

61

When this encounter had made many smart,  
 A stately meeting, terrible to thinke,  
 Ships without kindnesse kiss'd, yet loth to part,  
 Stood struggling long which should the other sinke,  
 Till some oft pierc'd, and past all hope of Art,  
 For poyson last (as desp'rat) fouds did drinke;  
 And that none might their conquer'd ensignes claime,  
 Slipt under Seas, as if to hide their shame.

But



62

But haughtie *Romans* storm'd to be with-stood,  
And us'd to conquer, marvel'd to be match'd;  
From floods in vaine some drinking back their blood,  
Halfe kill'd, halfe drown'd, death by two darts dispatch'd;  
There where they fought whil'st bodies pay'd the flood,  
Till emptie first, no wooden cave was catch'd:  
"O how that life seemes foule which blots fames books,  
"In glories glasse whil'st generous courage looks!

63

Whil'st *Mars* as yet a doubtfull Iudge did prove,  
The barbarous Queene fled with *Pelusian* slaves,  
And who lov'd her, did straight with her remove,  
Not fearing, no, as who in feavers raves:  
He fled not foes, but follow'd on his love,  
For whom the hope of all the world he leaves:  
VVho vanquish'd armies oft, a woman foil'd,  
VVho all of all, him of himselfe she spoil'd.

64

The seas surrender at that dreadfull blast,  
Troups of all Lands which in their deeps did fall,  
In discord then, but rise in league at last,  
The cause growne common which doth joyne them all;  
Not onely Ancients famous in times past,  
But *Turks* and *Christians* thence a voice doth call:  
VVhom even when raging, raging floods suppress,  
That waves might toss them still who would not rest.

65

VVhat Turband band abandons *Thetis* Bowres,  
By their misfortune fortunate to fame,  
VVho by a 10yall pens eternall powers,  
Rest back from death, life, whil'st men breath do claime:  
How those (still *Turks*) were baptiz'd in few houres,  
VVhere Azure fields foam'd forth a hoarie streame:  
This my great *Phæbus* tun'd to Trumpets sounds,  
VVhose stately accents each strange tongue rebounds.

66

Not onely thus by barbarous bands o're-throwne,  
Some whom Christ bought a floting Tombe confines,  
But by themselves (like *Pagans* spoil'd) though knowne,  
In liquid plains a number breath resignes,  
VVhil'st those who toile to make the world their owne,  
Do with devotion paint most damn'd designs;  
That they when all things else have fail'd for baits,  
May superstition use to angle states.

I

VVhen



67

When haughtie *Philip* with this Isle in love,  
 Whose rage to raigne no reason could appease;  
 As oft by fraud, it last by force would prove,  
 To barren *Spaine* whose fertile fields did please;  
 He sent huge Hulks which did like Mountains move,  
 As Townes for traffique, palaces for ease;  
 And of all sorts did furnish forth a Band,  
 As if to people, not to winne a Land.

68

To brave the heavens whil'st Giants would assay,  
 The Lord their power would wonderfully bound;  
 One little Barke their Navy did dismay,  
 A woman did the mighty man confound;  
 All Elements did arme their course to stay,  
 That wicked men might not pollute our ground:  
 For pride disdain'd, for cruelty abhorr'd,  
*Spaine* beg'd (a slave) where looking to be Lord.

69

O happie those for whom the heavens will fight,  
 Of Angels armies campe about them still,  
 Whil'st haile and thunder from heavens store-house light,  
 Arm'd winters are pour'd out, sterne Tempests kill;  
 The stormy winds conjur'd in time charge right,  
 As train'd in warre to spend their power with skill.  
 "Still to the Author mischiefe doth return,  
 "And in the fires they make the wicked burn.

70

The Tumid region numbers doth afford,  
 Who onely there could quench ambitions fire;  
 And avarice hath it with many stor'd,  
 Who onely there could bound their vaste desire;  
 Though each of them had of much wealth beene Lord,  
 Who by no meanes contentment could acquire,  
 Till (like themselves) still taking, fill'd with nought,  
 The sea and hell them to abundance brought.

71

What heavy thoughts their quaking hearts do move,  
 When with each wave a wound death seemes to give?  
 Which rais'd up high like battering engines prove,  
 That so to charge do for advantage strive,  
 (Save sudden lightnings flash out from above)  
 Clouds masking heaven, over all do darknesse drive.  
 That whil'st they nothing see, and too much heare,  
 Falne on the deeps hels shaddow doth appeare.

Some



72

Some scap'd such stormes, whil'st they secure remaine,  
Surpris'd by Pirats suddenly despaire,  
Whose cruell avarice to render vaine,  
They yeeld (as faint) till they to them repaire,  
Then powder kindled by a lingring traine,  
Straight all at once are thundred through the ayre :  
In water burn'd, weake thralls kill victors strong,  
And suffring, act, revenge preventing wrong.

73

Thus by the Sea a number is bewray'd,  
Whose dying eyes, a friend did never close,  
Not in their fathers, no, in no tombe layd,  
Which had when dead no part where to repose,  
But are by waves to every rocke betray'd,  
Till this last day doe of all flesh dispose,  
Which as would seeme most ready those may finde,  
Whom th'earth not burdens, winding-sheets not binde.

74

The face of th'earth like those a number yeelds,  
Who for last lodgings could not get a grave,  
Yet where they fell, as having wonne the fields,  
Them (dead a time) from all who liv'd did reave,  
Throwne in the dust, drawne from their bloody shields,  
Whil'st naked there, they what they clad did save :  
Till beasts with some did runne, with some fowles flye:  
As bodies first, bones bare at last did lye.

75

The bloud of some did staine that golden age,  
To strike with iron ere malice did invent;  
On ruines Altar offering up to rage,  
"Wrath wants not weapons when for mischief bent ;  
Then indignation mortals did assuage,  
With stones, sharpe stings, and what by force was rent,  
From gored bellies, bowels did gush out,  
And heads with braines were compassed about.

76

But when man spy'd, whil'st venging wrong by chance,  
That life was lodg'd in such a fortresse fraile,  
To court vaine-glory which to fooles did glance,  
Some (as for sport) their neighbours did assaile;  
Then last, their state of purpose to advance,  
Strayd valour would by violence prevaile :  
All armies first were by ambition led,  
Till avarice a greater fury bred.

I 2

Who



77

Who first from death by deeds redeem'd their names,  
 And eminent magnanimously grew,  
 (Their fancies frying in ambitions flames)  
 They onely praise, not profit did pursue;  
 And as for glory, who contend at games,  
 Sought others to excell, not to subdue:  
 Such *Scythia* one, another *Egypt* gave,  
 From conquer'd lands who did but honour crave.

78

Those weapons first were found, which pierc'd, or bruis'd,  
 Ere dreadfull *Cyclops* made their hammers reele;  
 Of *Mars* chiefe minions, sword and launce were us'd,  
 Ere men did march (as Statues) all of Steele;  
 What fury in proud mindes this rage infus'd,  
 That they would suffer to make others feeble,  
 And strive to further, ere to hinder ill,  
 Then save themselves, more bent their mates to kill:

79

What mountaines were of murd' red bodies made,  
 Which will falne dust, the dust did not receive,  
 Of *Asshur*, *Persia*, Greekes and Romans dead,  
 Who whil'st that they more earth, them earth would have,  
 Whil'st of the world each striving to be head,  
 Those members maim'd which it to rule did crave:  
 Then though all lands one onely did adore,  
 As pent in too strict bounds, yet one sought more.

80

Of bones unburied, what huge heaps were rear'd,  
 By *Tentons*, *Cimbers*, *Gaules*, great by doing harmes,  
 By *Vandals*, *Allans*, *Hunnes*, and *Gothes* long fear'd,  
*Danes*, *Longobards*, and *Sarazens* in swarmes:  
 For which long time those fields could not be ear'd,  
 Where they to death had offred up their armes:  
 Whil'st where to live, to winne more lands then set,  
 Where they might dye, who onely land could get.

81

Then Nature strong, as in her perfect age,  
 As Bees their swarmes, lands Colonies sent forth,  
 Which forc'd by wants, or mov'd by generous rage,  
 In tempests huge inunded from the North;  
 Else that high hopes dream'd riches might assuage,  
 They sought the South as held of greatest worth:  
 To what it pleas'd, whil'st power a right did claime,  
 Oft with their dwellers, countries chang'd the name.

That



82

That heathnish host by *Iuda* so abhor'd,  
Whose Captaines railings vengeance to contrive,  
A godly King did spread before the Lord,  
Whose wrong his soule did most of peace deprive,  
Till that an Angell with just fury stor'd,  
Did kill of thousands thrice threescore and five :  
Those who blaspheming God by him were slaine,  
Must rise with feare to looke on God againe.

83

Thence thousands rise with strangers, or their owne,  
Where still to broyles, the Grecians were inclin'd,  
Where all the world at fortunes dice was throwne,  
'Twixt fire and sonne in law, not love combin'd;  
By vertues clients fall, which fields were knowne,  
Of all, who onely the States good design'd :  
"None vertue should adore, all reverence must,  
"Men should delight in it, not in it trust.

84

Thence (never buried) many bodie springs,  
Where of all lands oft armies did contend,  
Kill'd by the Senate, Emperours, or Kings,  
But most by him who did to *Carthage* send,  
(Rest from *Romes* Nobles) bushels full of Rings,  
And by barbarians Lords of all in th'end :  
Thus *Italy* all nations did obey,  
And to all Nations was expos'd a prey.

85

That field yeelds thousands, where wrong squaring right,  
(For famous Captaines twise a fatall stage)  
Great *Pompey* did with *Mithridates* fight,  
And *Tamberlaine* the terrour of that age,  
On lightning *Baiazet* did thund'ring light,  
'Tam'd for a foot-stoole in an iron Cage :  
Thus that great Monarch was made worse then thrall,  
"Pride hated stands, and doth unpittied fall.

86

All then must march at this last Trumpets sound,  
Who fields entomb'd, damn'd fouds, and ditches fill'd,  
Whil'st *Ottoman* to make his Crescent round,  
Bloud (as but water) prodigally spill'd;  
His *Bassaes* now rise groning from the ground,  
Which oft by him, or else for him were kil'd :  
And as for bondage borne (free but from graves)  
Did live to him, and dyed to Satan slaves.



87

By violence, death divers did surprise,  
 Still since the world first peopled did remaine,  
 But men in mischief fondly growne more wise,  
 By bolts unseene, some now of late are slaine,  
 Since some new *Sulmons*, no, diuels did devise,  
 Those sulphurous engines bragging God againe :  
 Which men, yea towres, and townes, in pieces teare,  
 Then thunder now, men more the Canon feare.

88

Those soone start up which fell, whil'ft as lesse strong,  
 By *Vulcan* forc'd succumbing *Thetis* ror'd,  
 And thundring forth the horror of her wrong,  
 The burden urg'd, straight in disdain restore'd,  
 The ayery region raging all along,  
 Which death to them did suddenly afford :  
 And by a blow most strange, no scarre then found,  
 The bones all broken, and the flesh still sound.

89

Thole whom of th'earth the superfiice as forc'd,  
 Did beare, not bury, suffer, not receive,  
 By men even dead (as oft alive) extorc'd,  
 To avarice, else cruelty, still slave,  
 Those shall from dust no sooner be divorc'd,  
 Then they who sought the centre for a grave :  
 Whose bodies with their soules did seeme to strive,  
 Which first at hell should with most haste arrive.

90

The mutinous *Hebrewes*, who gainst him repinde,  
 Whose face (as glories rayes reflecting still)  
 Com'd from the Thunderer like cleare lightning shin'd,  
 Gods Secretary who first penn'd his will;  
 As soone as they whose dust no weight confin'd,  
 They rise whom th' earth did bury first, then kill :  
 To offer bent (pride burning in their breasts)  
 As like himselfe, whom *Pluto* tooke for Priests.

91

That scorn'd diviner is with them expos'd,  
 (Foolles who fore-know, not for their fate provide)  
 Who by his wife, when lurking was disclos'd,  
 And whom at last th' earth did as strangely hide,  
 And that the Cave which burn'd might so be clos'd,  
 He as *Romes* best who under ground did ride :  
 There greedy to doe good, or fame to give,  
 That where his body dyed, his name might live.

Some



92

Some feaver strange, when surfets seeme to move,  
Those of the earth, who in the entrails dwell,  
Whil'st it (though trembling) raging, seemes to prove,  
If it may drinke the world, and spue forth hell,  
They from the dust as quickly shall remove,  
As those by powder, who in powder fell:  
By tyrants fierce whil'st pin'd, no, freed from paine,  
Who false on th'earth, or toss'd through th'ayre remain.

93

Now *Orpheus* shall not need (as Poets faine)  
To charme the furies with harmonious sounds,  
Nor *Hercules* by violence, in vaine,  
To force the dungeons of the shadowy bounds,  
The guests below shall once turne backe againe,  
To see (what they have lost) superiour rounds:  
The Prince of darknesse will be pleas'd with this,  
Since sure to have them judg'd for ever his.

94

The earth her entrails quickly shall discharge,  
That God at once all who had soules may see,  
All prisoners at last, death must enlarge,  
At that great Iubily, as once set free,  
Who were so long in passing *Charons* barge,  
Soone from oblivions floud, brought backe shall be:  
Ere *Cerberus* can barke, all shall be gone,  
And ere they can be mis'd, turn'd every one.

95

Those whom soft *Egypt*, alwaies slave to lust,  
By spices, oyntments, balmes and odours rare,  
To scorne corruption, and to mocke the dust,  
Did keep (when lost) with a ridiculous care,  
And us'd as pledges oft to purchase trust,  
Their bones worth nought when clad, worth lesse when bare,  
Their vailes renu'd, no sooner they resume,  
Then whom at first corruption did consume.

96

Those Piramides whose points seem'd (threatning heaven,)  
Not solitary tombes, but courted Thrones;  
The huge *Mausoleum*, one of wonders seaven;  
That *Obeliske*, which grac'd *Augustus* bones;  
Late monuments those æmulous to eaven,  
Of Marble, Porphyry, Iaspe, and pretious stones:  
None hides his guest from this great Iudges sight,  
Nor yet him sends more gorgeous to the light.

Of



97

Of place the distance, distant time not breeds,  
 Some who a field impurple by their fall,  
 Whose entrails straight another mansion needs,  
 Lest else corruption might encroach on all,  
 Their bodies, friends (as oft for pompe succeeds)  
 Not seeme (farre borne) to burie, but enstall :  
 But though each part a severall kingdom takes,  
 A sudden union now one moment makes.

98

That dreame-diviner by two Tribes call'd Syre,  
 (Though by them lost,) who did his brothers save,  
 His dust from *Goshen* quickly shall retire,  
 And with the rest, a second *Hymen* have,  
 Where though long dead, as faith did first inspire,  
 His bones for his, possession did receive :  
 Or since by him so benefited once,  
 That land ingrate to frustrate of his bones.

99

The third time then some live, from Tombes rais'd twice,  
 (Their resurrection represented else)  
 Whom death (it seem'd) did but a while disguise,  
 For acting wonders which amazement tels;  
 When wak'd by force, as who did drouerise,  
 They drawne from *Lethe*, or oblivions cels :  
 Straight with the place all priviledge did leave,  
 Made as who dream'd, or in high feavers rave.

100

Till soar'd from hence, where they so long have striv'd,  
 Still charg'd with flesh, all soules infirme remaine;  
 And with their burdens those who were reviv'd,  
 Their former frailties did resume againe;  
 So that unknowing where a space they liv'd,  
 Maym'd memory was bounded by the braine:  
 Through earthly organs spectacles impure,  
 Soules reach but objects, such as they procure.

101

Some fondly curious, would have then enquir'd,  
 What lodgings last those both-world-guests did leave,  
 Which (if remembred) reverenc'd, and admir'd,  
 They would not wrong by words what none conceive;  
 Great *Paul* (whose selfe could not tell how) retir'd,  
 Whom the third heaven (when ravish'd) did receive :  
 He what he saw return'd, could not relate,  
 Past mortals senses, to immortals great.

Such



102

Such foules when last to their first tents turn'd backe,  
 Their toiles thereby, and others glory grew,  
 Whil'st to the world that way, God cleare would make,  
 That faith (when firme) might death it selfe subdue;  
 But then they flesh as when first left did take,  
 Which now at last the Lord will all tenue,  
 Their resurrection when no time confines,  
 Whil'st rais'd, ripe fruits, of what they first were signes.

103

Thus the great *Tisbit* strangely did restore,  
 (That none might trouble have who gave him rest)  
 Her sonne whose victuals did when waste, grow more;  
 Like to the like, when in like state distrest,  
 That Prophet did, who crav'd his sprit in store,  
 Not to be press'd by such a second guest,  
 Whose grave wak'd one, that there he might not sleep,  
 Where he (when dead) a quickning power did keep.

104

The blest *Bethanian*, highly shall rejoyce,  
 When next he cal's who shew'd such tender love,  
 As even to weep for him, as a chiefe choice,  
 Till he was brought (free from white bands) above,  
 The first who in the grave did heare that voice,  
 Which from all graves must make their guests remove:  
 And greater power when glorifi'd may show,  
 Then from fraile flesh, when but breath'd forth below.

105

Those soone start up, who quickly come to light,  
 As to applaud what was accomplish't knowne,  
 Christs acting suffrings (when most low) at height,  
 That the last part on this worlds stage was showne;  
 Else to upbraid as a prodigious sight,  
 Them who did haste what bent to have o'rethrowne:  
 And others all thus rais'd, more glad doe rise,  
 Of foules birth once, then of their bodies thrice.

106

There come those two, from whence no flesh can know,  
 Yet not more soone then whom fraile eyes saw dead,  
 Of which as types one to each world did show,  
 That mortals might be straight immortall made,  
 Grosse bodies mount, and some death not o'rthrow,  
 A labyrinth whence Nature none can leade:  
 In most evill times most good, to be mark'd so,  
 Those did from hence mans common way not goe.

That



107

That godly man, by God judg'd just to be,  
 Translated was, that he might not see death,  
 Since it kill'd him, his Lord despis'd to see,  
 Whil'st poyson'd with vile mens blasphemous breath;  
 Or else at last from pangs and horrors free,  
 He priviledg'd from all the signes of wrath,  
 Did part, not dye, from sinne, not life estrang'd;  
 "Soules must remove, else have their lodging chang'd.

108

Whil'st him save God who ought disdain'd to feare,  
 Vile *Baals* scourge, of Kings who scorn'd the ire,  
 With flaming Steeds a burning Coach did beare,  
 The winde made Wagoner, an Angell Squire,  
 'Twixt this grosse globe, and the celestiall sphere,  
 Zeale triumph did, even as it fought, with fire:  
 That heaven and earth both might his glory know,  
 As earst his toiles, when but contemn'd below.

109

As where he lives or lyes, to turne, or stay,  
 To dispute easie is, hard to conclude;  
 The Lord perchance committed him to clay,  
 As one with whom he on Mount *Tabar* stood:  
 Else not dissolv'd, but chang'd when borne away,  
 And (some thinke) kept a part yet to doe good:  
 For without all, no Saints perfected be,  
 The Maid-borne body so heavens onely see.

110

A loud alarme, still doubling from above,  
 (The word eternall may make breath abound)  
 All this vast circuit doth a trumpet prove,  
 Whose concave wastes not, but maintaines the sound;  
 At the first blast, nought else save it did move,  
 As driry silence had prepar'd the ground;  
 But till all eares be fill'd, it, higher swels,  
 A horrid Eccho roaring from the hels.

111

Thole guilty soules what further comfort shields,  
 From sleepe whose conscience with the body starts,  
 Even when they see (as grasse) ov'r all the fields,  
 Men grow about them? O what frozen hearts!  
 Earth labour'd long, a monstrous harvest yeelds,  
 Which straight heavens husband, loe, grinds, sifts, and parts:  
 Who can but thinke how such endure this sight?  
 And yet what they attend, makes it seeme light.

He



112

He who them hates when God the iust doth grace,  
Both griepe and envy torture him at once,  
Of two who rest companions in one place,  
Th'one pleas'd, is glad; the other desp'rate, mones;  
Th'one parts as pointed for eternall peace,  
The other sign'd for paine, stayes, howls, and grones.  
Thus of the godlies good the first degree,  
Is, from the wicked that they parted be.

113

Those creatures who by death did never fall,  
That fatall summons do no sooner heare,  
Then those whom it forth from the dust doth call,  
Where they had slept even many a hundred yeare,  
Soules lodgings thus which had beene ruin'd all,  
Straight builded then, first perfect do appeare.  
The iust they first, the reprobate last move,  
Which sink below, whil'st th'others flie above.

114

Those Temples then which not dissolv'd still stay,  
(A mystery difficult to conceive)  
All debt of death (not dying) shall defray,  
The other life straight com'd, ere this them leave,  
The bodies then (all frailty burn'd away)  
Well quintessenc'd, new qualities receive,  
Which though still quicke, yet in their sinnes quite dead,  
Ere mortall prov'd, shall be immortall made.

115

If oft to gaze a multitude remaines,  
To hold his Court whil'st it some Prince attends;  
When being met with many stately traines,  
He makes a musters of imagin'd friends:  
(As by small Brooks a floud swolne when it raines)  
Till that on him it seemes the world depends.  
That pompe to all a reverent awe imparts,  
And strikes with terror malefactors hearts.

116

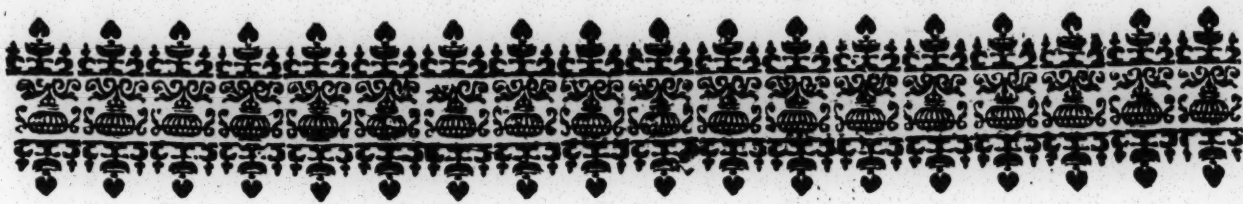
Thinke with what glory Christ his course doth runne,  
Whil'st thundring terror, and yet lightning grace,  
He might come clad with starres, crown'd with the Sunne;  
But to his brightnesse such (as base) give place:  
His Court at first of heavenly hosts begun,  
From hence enlarg'd is in a little space.  
O what strange noise doth all the world rebound,  
Whil'st Angels sing, Saints shout, and Trumpets sound.

My



117

My ravish'd soule (transcending reasons reach)  
 So earnest is to surfet on this sight,  
 That it disdaines what may high thoughts impeach,  
 Whil'st mounting up to contemplations height;  
 Which flight so farre doth passe the power of speech,  
 That onely silence can pursue it right.  
 And that my sprit may be refresh'd that way,  
 It must a space amid'st dumbe pleasures stray.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The fifth H O U R E.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*A great Assemblie doth with state begin,  
 And of some soules the processe is surweigh'd,  
 So more to tax the Iews, and Christians sinne,  
 Here in the ballance is before them layd,  
 Each Ethnicks part to be compar'd, brought in  
 In iudgement now, their errors to upbraid:  
 Yet all excuses, which such can revolve,  
 Do damne but others, not themselves absolve.*

I



What strange fight ! what monstrous meeting  
 now ?  
 One moment musters all the ages gone;  
 Borne, flown, driv'n, or drawn up, I wot not how,  
 Large is that Crowne which compasses the  
 Throne;  
 All for each time whom Nature did allow,  
 What numbers must they make when joyn'd in one?  
 Whil'st I do looke about, below, on high,  
 Still clouds of people do confine mine eye.

Oft



2

Oft thousands were in populous squadrons set,  
Whil'st haughty Monarchs others Empires fought,  
But nor men now, more nations last are met,  
Who once in all, but differ then in nought,  
No severall customes, usuall censures get,  
As when some Civile, some are barbarous thought,  
No garments mark'd, nor signe of hand, nor head:  
All naked judg'd, as they at first were made.

3

What store of tongues oft hungry eares have fed?  
Since men from one, did more at *Babel* take,  
And these (licentious) many bastards bred,  
Which (mixt like Mules) did strange conjunctions make;  
But now at last all by one language led,  
(Confusions curse remov'd) as first turne backe,  
At least the judge none to interpret needs,  
No heart from him hides thoughts, the tongue lesse deeds.

4

The spacious world at first could scarce containe,  
Them whom one age by common course brought forth,  
Though both by sea and land more ground to gaine,  
With Colonies disper'd, East, West, South, North,  
Who all their wits for wayes to live did strayne,  
Yet, dreaming glory, vaunted shewes of worth:  
Th'earth whil'st her entrails every one did teare,  
Was forc'd to bury whom she could not beare.

5

Death walkes so slowly with his sleepey pace,  
(Though last not look'd for oft times he arrive)  
That even to haste mans never resting race,  
Both warre and sicknesse violently strive;  
What natures selfe would bound in little space,  
Art to precipitate doth meanes contrive:  
Else th'earth surcharg'd would starve her nurslings soon,  
Too populous mankinde by it selfe undone.

6

But loe all these who had beene guests below,  
Since first an Angell *Eden* came to guard,  
This huge assembly joyn'd in one, doth show,  
From whence none can escape, nor can be spar'd,  
Yet now no ground, no, not no grave they owe,  
No strife for marches, lands alike are shar'd:  
None for old claimes then doth another cite,  
But even of them all memory would quite.

K

No



7

No kinsman, friend, nor old acquaintance here,  
 Though long disjoyn'd, and soone perchance to part,  
 Doe meet as men by mutuall duties deare,  
 With pleasant count'nance, and affecting heart;  
 That fatall doome to be pronounc'd so neere,  
 (Which joy or grieve for ever must impart)  
 With racking cares doth so distract the minde,  
 That then no other thought a place can finde.

8

No tyrant here (attended by his thralls,)  
 Doth terror give, no, but doth it receive,  
 And now imperiously no master calls,  
 A humble servant, nor a fawning slave,  
 That height of minde a present feare appalles,  
 And breakes that swelling which made many rave:  
 Though now great difference be of mortals made,  
 'All shall meet equals, but must first be dead.

9

Though some whose greatnesse thousands had o'rethrowne  
 So that their fame (trac'd by amazement) flies,  
 Are here scarce mark'd, till for confusion shown,  
 When all their deeds the heavens great Cenfor tryes;  
 Yet others are then earst made better known,  
 Who whil'st alive deluded credulous eyes,  
 And seem'd in show, as Angels once of light,  
 But are the children of eternall night.

10

Worst at that time, these trembling troupes endure,  
 Who know, yet not performe their masters will,  
 Though judgements threaten, promises allure,  
 To follow what is good, and flye from ill,  
 Whose senses false against their soules conjure,  
 That spirituall power which God inspires to kill:  
 Who doe neglect, I, and despise that grace,  
 Which even with Angels purchase might a place.

11

With high disdain of soules the Sovereigne mov'd,  
 A kindled count'nance, flames forth terror then,  
 At them who seem'd religion to have lov'd,  
 Vile hypocrites, curst excrements of men,  
 And their vast hearts (the cosening maske remov'd)  
 Shew each thing that they thought, both where, and when:  
 Till much to wonder, godly men are brought,  
 Who mark them monsters, whom they Saints had thought.

That



12

That troupe on Sathans coat Gods badge which beares,  
Who hatching mischief, holinesse pretend,  
With whoorish sighs, and with adulterous teares,  
Their actions all to court opinion tend;  
Weigh'd words, school'd looks, squar'd steps, fain'd griefes, and fears,  
As others earst betray themselves in end:

“ All judgements then from errours maze redeem'd,  
“ Do see things as they were, not as they seem'd.

13

Can any minde conceive their great distresse,  
Who (whil'ft ambition at vaine ends doth ayme)  
As wit rul'd all, or that all went by guesse,  
So for their course a faction strong to frame,  
Have no Religion, any do professe,  
A lump of wax, a show, an idle name;  
They then shall finde though once not trusting it,  
Slight craft but folly, simple goodnesse wit.

14

Some (too secure) do ballance justice light,  
And some with dreames (whil'ft desp'rate) mercies range,  
But such dissemblers mounting mischiefs height,  
Then both these two bred blasphemie more strange:  
They mock Gods wisdom, providence, and might,  
As who not knows, not cares, or may not venge:  
Christ of the worst the worst sort to define,  
Their portion did with hypocrites assigne.

15

As colours (when compar'd) best knowne appeare,  
The truth of all exactly to disclose,  
So some may make (when they are matched here)  
On more sure grounds the judgement to repose:  
We see God doth (that things may be made cleare)  
To persons persons, sinne to sinne oppose,  
That crimes found monstrous though of lesse degree,  
May make the more abominable be.

16

That Queene whose name heavens register still beares,  
What king they had the *Hebrews* so to teach,  
Who came from farre (neglecting vulgar feares)  
A mortals fight, and temporall ends to reach,  
And as most happy envy did their eares,  
Who might enjoy the treasures of his speech,  
She (whil'ft wits wonders did her minde amaze)  
Damn'd libe rall fame as niggard of his praise.

K 2

She



17

She may that day be parallell'd with some,  
 When humaniz'd our Saviour did remaine,  
 Who one (more great then *Solomon*) at home,  
 Not sought, not heard, but did when found disdain:  
 What monstrous madnesse did their minds o're-come,  
 Who had, like swine, such pearles expos'd in vaine?  
 An *Ethnicke* thus may damne the *Hebrews* then,  
 A stranger natives, and a woman men.

18

Wo to *Bethsaida*, and *Corazin* burst,  
 Whom *Tyrus* straight, and *Sidon* may appall;  
 They (had they scene thy sights no more accurst)  
 In dust with sackcloth had lamented all;  
 And *Capernaum*, who mock mercy durst,  
 Though high as heaven, low downe to hell shall fall:  
 That which thou saw'st had filthy *Sodom* scene,  
 It long a City crown'd with Bayes had beene.

19

That stately Towne whence fame at first did sound,  
 Whose greatnesse once all Nations did admire,  
 When her the Lord had threatned to confound,  
 Straight prostrated to pacifie his ire,  
 All (wrapt in sackcloth) grovelings on the ground,  
 Who humbled soone a pardon did acquire.  
 She may condemne a number of this age,  
 Who, when rebuk'd for sinne, not grieve but rage.

20

Those who of old without the Law did live,  
 And (to themselves a law) lov'd good, loath'd ill;  
 May for more blisse, at least lesse torment strive,  
 With those who had it, yet contemn'd it still:  
 For them fraile glory, or plaine good, did drive,  
 Where these a hop'd reward, paine fear'd, knowne will:  
 Then muse some of the *Gentiles* deeds burst forth,  
 Till Christians blush who come behinde in worth.

21

Though God, nor what he crav'd was then not knowne,  
 Yet of Religion a degener'd seed,  
 Industrious Nature in each heart had sown,  
 Which fruits (though wilde) did in abundance breed,  
 And their great zeale which was to Idols shown,  
 Shall damne their coldnesse who the Scriptures reade:  
 They left did stray, who call'd were truth neglect,  
 These foolish are, they wicked in effect.

Learn'd



22

Learn'd *Athens* glory, wisedome-lovers light,  
Did utter things which Angels tongues might deck,  
Though sure to scape Gods scourge, each creatures sight,  
Yet, he would vice (loath'd for it selfe) reject,  
And as his *Demon* did direct him right;  
Last, when accus'd, a Martyr in effect,  
Lifes race well runne, glad innocent to dye,  
Did (Idols damn'd) all Gods (save one) deny.

23

His Scholar next for vertues treasure lov'd,  
By all the world divine was justly call'd:  
Whil'st nought by faith, by nature too much mov'd,  
The Third (his Master who all *Asia* thrall'd)  
Who thought of God, much said, but little prov'd,  
For all his knowledge, said as quite appall'd,  
With paine he ranne, with doubt did end his race,  
Then did the Thing of Things entreat for grace.

24

By speculation of a pregnant minde;  
With Nature wrestling, though by her o're-throwne,  
Those did of force by dumbe perswasions finde  
A power supream, by speaking works oft showne;  
Whom they (though thus in time and state borne blinde)  
Did seek not call'd, did reverence though not knowne:  
Not seeking heaven, the way to it they trac'd,  
And (faithlesse trusting) what not reach'd, embrac'd.

25

May not such men damne many thousands now,  
Who fall confounded in so great a light?  
Though learn'd in all which reason doth allow,  
They have Gods will, heavens way, directed right,  
Yet worse then these that to base Idols bow,  
What grip't not feele, not see what is in sight,  
But *Atheists* vile abominable die,  
Whose hearts, whose deeds the Deity do deny.

26

These excrements of th'earth, the heavens refuse,  
Of mankinde Monsters, Natures utter staine,  
Who do Religion as a garment use,  
And think both heaven and hell names which some faine,  
O when they finde (who now of this doth muse?)  
A Court, a Iudge, a devill, a place of paine;  
Since neither faith, nor arguments could move,  
The demonstration terrible shall prove.

K 3

The



27

The foules of such impiety more spoils,  
 Then following Idols *Laban* who did stray;  
 Then fugitives who (fled from sundry foils)  
 Their Gods as goods did beare with them away;  
 Then that sackt Towne whose foe (to mock their foils)  
 Said, Let their angry Gods with them still stay:  
 Such superstitions, *Atheists* are prophane,  
 They grant no God, and these too many faine.

28

The Idols Prelats who long earnest stood,  
 Bath'd th'earth with teares, did th'aire with sighs condense;  
 And call'd on *Baal* all deform'd with blood,  
 As like their Idols having lost all sense:  
 They may upbraid a troupe of *Levies* brood,  
 Who (wanting zeale) with ought but paines dispense:  
 Then whil'st (though vow'd to heaven) they earth embrace,  
 But for meere forme do coldly use their place.

29

You who of God the will reveal'd neglect,  
 And do his Law not labour to fulfill,  
 Mark how the *Ethnicks* Idols did affect,  
 In dangerous times depending on their will,  
 And did of them the answers much respect,  
 Though ænigmatick, and ambiguous still.  
 In th'end whose fraud, or ignorance appear'd,  
 Which save th'events no commentary clear'd.

30

What trust from men had that horn'd devill procur'd,  
 Whose oracle (renown'd through many Lands)  
 By labour huge, paine, heat, and thirst endur'd,  
 Made many haunt his solitary sands,  
 And ere his harme by him could be procur'd,  
 Did quite confound *Cambyses* and his bands;  
 Whom he ador'd who that kings kingdome rest,  
 Whom *Cato* scorn'd, and unconsulted left.

31

Who hath not heard by fame strange tales oft told,  
 Of him to whom at *Delphos* troupes did throng,  
 Who finely could æquivocate of old,  
 Abomination of all Nations long,  
 Whom to accuse the *Lydian* King was bold  
 As false, ingrate, and having done him wrong?  
 Though he them all deceiv'd who him ador'd,  
 Yet was his Temple with rich treasures stor'd.



32

To smoothe those mindes which were of light depriv'd,  
Them through all parts who (still triumphing) went,  
(Whil' it hels black hosts to guard their Altars striv'd)  
Storms, thunders, earth-quakes, swallow'd, bruif'd and rent,  
And them (as theirs) to *Stygian* darknesse driv'd,  
Who good design'd, but of an ill intent:

“ Thus sacriledge is plagu'd as worst of evils,

“ Let none rob Churches, though they be the devils.

33

Not onely these two celebrated be,  
To whom strange shapes, and names, as soils, they gave,  
But from a number what heaven did decree,  
The simple people credulous did crave:

Who did not trust the *Dodonean* tree,  
And how that *Apis* food did take, or leave?

Though *Plutoes* name no oracle would chuse,

Till at Christs birth all fail'd, he all did use.

34

The famous *Sibylys* (admirable thought)  
By times and places which distinguish'd were,  
Of which ones books twice scorn'd, thrice valu'd, bought,  
*Rome* strictly kept with a religious care,  
From which her fates she long with reverence sought,  
As all charactred mystically there.

The great regard which to their books was borne,  
May justly damne them who the Scriptures scorne:

35

These sonnes of *Rechab* who did wine contemne,  
So to obey their earthly father still,  
If that obedience (eminent in them)  
Check'd who despis'd their spirituall parents will;  
May not they once the stubbornnesse condemne,  
Of carelesse Christians prone to nought save ill?

Who not like them fraile pleasures do forbear,  
But even Christs easie yoke do irke to beare?

36

They who did trust all that which was divin'd,  
By raving augures drunk with sacred Boules,  
Each circumstance commenting to their minde,  
Of eatings, intrails, cries, and flights of fowls:  
Ecclipses, thundrings, meteors of each kinde,  
As sure presages thought, poore simple soules,  
Their testimony may a number grieve,  
Who what great Prophets told would not believe.

Some



37

Some *Gentiles* once whose knowledge was not cleare,  
 Who to Religion blindly did aspire,  
 By treasures, toils, and what they thought most deare,  
 Of Idols sought to pacifie the ire:  
 And lesse then naturall, heavenly to appeare,  
 Did offer up their children in the fire:  
 Thus as we should (though in the ground they err'd)  
 What they thought God to all things they preferr'd.

38

For *Phrigian* warre the *Grecian* generall bent,  
 By windes adverse whil' st stay'd on *Anlis* coast,  
 (As his advice the rigorous Augur lent)  
 To expiate his crime, and free the host,  
 He (in a sacrifice) before he went,  
 To get a whore his virgin-daughter lost,  
 And did (in show) as much to scape a storme,  
 As *Abraham* aym'd or *Ipthee* did performe.

39

No man can think, and not for horror start,  
 What sacrifice some barbarous *Indians* us'd,  
 Whil' st oft of men bow'd back on stones by art,  
 (A meanes to bend the breast, and belly chus'd)  
 The smoaking entrails, and the panting heart,  
 They in their zeale most barbarously abus'd.  
 Whose ugly Priest his Lord resembled right,  
 In colour, forme, and minde, a monstrous sight.

40

Religions reverence when in soules infus'd,  
 (Though with false grounds) doth absolutely sway,  
*Romes* second King for this a *Nymphes* name us'd,  
 And *Africks* victor oft alone did stay;  
 Long with his hind *Sertorius* troupes abus'd,  
 And *Mahomet* his *Dove* did trust betray:  
 Where shows prepost'rous did prevaile so much,  
 What would the truth reveal'd have done with such?

41

That for his glory which God did direct,  
 Who do deny, abstract, or who impaires,  
 And his adopted day (prophane) neglect,  
 Who made all dayes, wrought six, and numbers theirs,  
 Then unto them he justly may object,  
 How *Gentiles* long with superstitious cares  
 Their Idols feasts solemnly did observe,  
 And though in forme, not in intent did swerve.

What



42

What thoulands did to *Ioves* Olympicks throng,  
 VWhich (kept precisely) times great count did found;  
 The *Pythian* sports their patron prais'd as strong,  
 VWho the great Serpent, did a lesse confound:  
 Old *Saturn* (Sathan) he was honour'd long,  
 VWhere slaves like Lords, both did like beasts abound;  
 His feast was grac'd by mutuall gifts and gaines,  
 VWho had two faces, and so many names.

43

The *Isthmian* playes which *Theseus* first began,  
 To honour *Neptune* numbers did afford;  
 In naked troups the *Lupercalians* ranne  
 VWith leathern thongs for beating others stor'd;  
 VWith mysteries which commons could not scanne,  
 (For *Dis* a Dowry) *Ceres* was ador'd,  
 And *Romes* good Goddesse, author of much ill,  
 Though *Clodius* was disclos'd, did cloake such still.

44

VWith old *Silenus* staggering in a trance,  
 For *Thebes* great drunkard feasts they did decree,  
 VWhil'st first a victor, then a God by chance,  
 His fierie breeding never quench'd could be;  
 Troups of all sorts transported in a dance,  
 At his strange orgies howling went to see.  
 VWith *Ivie* darts of women madding still,  
 One her own sonne, a band did *Clio's* kill.

45

You who with slack desires not hot, nor cold,  
 Each sacred thought when scarce conceiv'd do kill,  
 Mark them who were to their owne fancies sold,  
 How that their zeale (though blinde) was fervent still:  
 VWhose Altars, feasts, and oracles of old,  
 They reverenc'd more then you the great Gods will.  
 Their Augurs they observ'd with much respect,  
 You Prophets and Evangelists neglect.

46

VWith works of worth (good in a high degree)  
 Some Infidels did such perfections show,  
 That by our best they hardly match'd can be,  
 VWhil'st we admire their strength, our weaknesse know,  
 And if my Makers will not govern'd me  
 To aske no reason where I reverence ow.  
 Oft would I grieve, and even strange thoughts embrace,  
 That such good Natures should have had no grace.

*These*



47

These *Persian* Kings whom Prophets pennes renowne,  
 What *Ashur* took did to Gods flock restore,  
 And Edicts made to build their Church, and Towne,  
 Both rendring theirs, and aiding them with more,  
 Of them two Brothers (striving for the Crowne)  
 With mutuall gifts kept kindnesse as before,  
 Yea, he who raign'd, the other grac't, and rais'd;  
 A rare example, never match'd, oft prais'd.

48

Straight when one nam'd a message from the Lord,  
 The wicked *Eglon* rose (all pride suppress)  
 And (as he dream'd) with sacred robes decor'd,  
 When *Greeks* great Monarch saw the *Jews* great Priest,  
 Their God (ere knowne) with reverence he ador'd,  
 And (as they crav'd) did leave their Realme in rest:  
 Such Kings who God and his did thus respect,  
 May damne who God do know, yet him neglect.

49

VWho parents honour more then *Gentiles* sought:  
 All *Sparta's* youth to reverence th' Ancients us'd;  
 That so his Syre from bondage might be brought,  
 The gallant *Cimon* fetters not refus'd;  
 These two by *Solon* who were happy thought,  
 Did draw their mothers Coach as horses chus'd:  
 Though (as was promis'd) not long life to try,  
 They in the Temple (well employ'd) did dye.

50

More of their children *Romans* did exact,  
 Then God commands, or Nature doth admit;  
 He from himselfe whom freedome did distract,  
 Did (his two sonnes accus'd) in judgement sit;  
 (Vnhappy he who ever prais'd the fact)  
 And them to death austerely did commit:  
 This, as their crime, *Romes* state, his credit urg'd,  
 By some of force, best by himselfe was purg'd.

51

That valorous youth who strict command receiv'd,  
 (His Father absent) for no fight to presse,  
 By courage flatter'd, and by th' enemies brav'd,  
 That for a battell did himselfe addresse;  
 His Syre return'd, would no way have him sav'd,  
 But since his will, warres right, he durst transgresse:  
 Both as a victor, and a rebell made,  
 Cauf'd first to crowne, and then strike off his head.

Thus



52

Thus (whil'ft admir'd) *Romes* liberties first lampe,  
And her sterne Captaine, daunting nature farre,  
Th'one in the towne, the other in the campe,  
Left rare examples both for peace and warre,  
Which eminent in every minde did stampe  
The reverence due to them that rulers are;  
" Too fond on fame, or in their course sincere,  
" Good Citizens, but Fathers too severe.

53

Though this strict course which parents thus did take,  
To grace their charge, did but from rigour flow,  
All (though they may not spoile, what God doth make)  
May boldly use what they so much doe owe;  
Some Ethnickes children, if we doe looke backe,  
By piety did admirable grow :  
" And onely then when just affections shine,  
" By being naturall, men doe prove divine.

54

Rude *Coriolanus*, (high disdaine conceiv'd)  
Wrong'd by a part of *Rome*, reveng'd on all,  
When left by friends, by foes with joy receiv'd,  
He made them quake who did the world appall;  
And when no hope was how they might be sav'd,  
" (Loe, nought save kindenesse can make courage thrall)  
His mothers teares to melt his rigour serv'd,  
Who lost himselfe that his might be preserv'd.

55

The weaker sexe, to piety more prone,  
By rare examples, oft have beene renown'd,  
When many murthers were bewail'd by none,  
An isles whole men in blood by women drown'd,  
The aged *Thoas* (stolne out from his throne)  
His daughter sav'd, though next him to be crown'd;  
Whose Lord (though milde) one cruell did acquire,  
Who kill'd her children, where she sav'd her fire.

56

Where all were ill, that Lady onely good,  
Who though she had (of worth what wonders rise?)  
Incestuous parents, brothers stain'd with blood,  
Time, state, sexe, race, oppos'd, with all at strife,  
Blinde father led, griev'd mothers comfort stood,  
Her brothers funerals urg'd with ventred life :  
In *Thebes* she Altars more deserv'd to have,  
Then one to wine, to lust another slave.

The



57

The heavens great Monarch with such favour fram'd  
 His law to nature, nature to his law,  
 That even in parts where he was never nam'd,  
 At least his precepts where they never saw,  
 To bragge of good, of evill to be asham'd,  
 A borne instinct, depth in each brest did draw :  
 As some from vice strict statutes did restraine,  
 Some freely vertuous, did great glory gaine.

58

Thosetwo brave Princes first for worth and place,  
 The glory of the Greeke and Persian states,  
 And of *Romes* brood, the best for warre, or peace,  
 Who (*Carthage* conquering) stablish'd floting fates,  
 Those three (at fortunes height, whom youth did grace,)  
 Had Captives noble, gallant, fayre, great baits :  
 Yet them not wrong'd, though won, and from their foes,  
 But sav'd their honour, and asswag'd their woes.

59

That hunter stout, the forc'd Amazons sonne,  
 Though tempted oft by most unlawfull lust,  
 He not by threatnings, nor allurements wonne,  
 Liv'd godlesse, godly, where no law was, just,  
 Yet one (*Buls* sister right) enraged runne,  
 To worke his death, abus'd his fathers trust :  
 Till him fierce horses, rent, not tainted still,  
 A Martyrs image for not doing ill.

60

He who was sav'd when lost, and lost when sav'd,  
 Who did his father kill, and mother wed,  
 Was still (thoughts pure) not guilty, but deceiv'd,  
 For, when he knew where error had him led,  
 (His eyes pull'd out, no comfort more receiv'd,)  
 A greater grieve repentance never bred :  
 As Kings from law, free (as unknowne) from shame,  
 Yet (his owne Iudge) he no excuse would frame.

61

That powerfull speaker, who did *Lais* leave,  
 And scorn'd to buy remorse at such a rate,  
 Last may to plead against those Christians crave,  
 Sold to their owne, and others lusts of late,  
 In sinnes exchange, who filthy traffique have,  
 (Save what she gave, they sell) vile *Sodomes* mate :  
 But those are worse, by an imposed price,  
 Who farme Gods statutes, and doe value vice.

As



62

As onely Iewell which doth it array,  
Shames crimson Ensignes, beauties credit save;  
The vestall Virgins who from fame did stray,  
(Straight buried quicke) to thousands terrour gave;  
These who still pure, in their first state did stay,  
Were carried, crown'd, in triumph to the grave:  
Then valour, shamefastnesse more praise deserves,  
That doth force others, this it selfe preserves.

63

That second sexe, if as the first, as free,  
To burst out all which bashfull thoughts restraine,  
For continency in a high degree,  
The Gentiles scroules a number would containe;  
But women all in this unhappy be,  
None knowes, save one, what praise they sometime gaine,  
Who, with his vice, their vertue keepes unknowne,  
And onely they get fame when quite o'rethrowne.

64

If scaping *Tarquin*, *Lucrece* quite obscure,  
Would have conceal'd the foule attempt for shame,  
And, loth more harme or scandall to procure,  
Had had (if chaste) for chastity no fame,  
But when deflowr'd to prove her selfe still pure.  
So to prevent an ignominious name:  
Steele onely help'd, shame gave the wound indeed,  
The modest Matron did but blush, not bleed.

65

What women have their mates more dearely lov'd,  
Then she whose death redeem'd *Admetus* life?  
Then she whose part the burning embers prov'd;  
Then pale *Paulina*, in a generous strife?  
Then she (high courage by affection mov'd)  
Who said (when having try'd the fatall knife)?  
Have have, deare *Patius* this gives me no paine,  
But when thou wound'st thy selfe, then am I slaine.

66

What course for chastnesse can more glory claime,  
Then thrall'd Virginia's, Virgin still to stand,  
On honours Altar, offred up to fame,  
Forc'd for affection, by the fathers hand,  
Who chus'd no childe to have, ere one with shame,  
As courage, rage, and vertue did command:  
Syre, lover, luster, childe, whose part was chiefe,  
For kindenesse, madnesse, high disdain, and grieve?

L

The



67

The Gentiles mindes with lofty fancies great,  
 Though violent, and subject oft to change,  
 They did encroach by strength on every State,  
 Whil'st bent for conquest, glory, or revenge,  
 Yet loath'd they gaines, which grew by base deceit,  
 With *Spartans* onely stealing was not strange :  
 But, though too sharpe their youth o're-look'd a space,  
 All when surpris'd, were punish'd with disgrace.

68

Of sinnes discharg'd, though theft the least would seeme,  
 Not against God, but men, scarce that indeed,  
 Not life, nor honour, what they may redeeme,  
 Perchance superfluous, and anothers need,  
 Yet then to kill, scorne Parents, lust, blaspheme,  
 This both more danger, and disgrace doth breed :  
 Ah earthly drosse, the greatest care imparts !  
 Theeves, but mens goods, their goods doe steale their hearts.

69

Some Ethnickes were so farre from robbing ought,  
 Or coveting what was anothers right,  
 That what they had by birth, by gift, or bought,  
 They spar'd to spend for pleasure as they might.  
 But (whil'st their lives were vertues mirrours thought)  
 They by rare temperance reach'd perfections height :  
 Whil'st bodies needs, mindes treasures they pursu'd,  
 They first themselves, and then the world subdu'd.

70

That famous *Thales*, one of seven, thought wise,  
 The golden badge who each to other gave,  
 When some him scorn'd, who riches did despise,  
 As what himselfe not able was to have,  
 His pregnant sprite new traffique did devise,  
 Which (when enrich'd) he straight, as loath'd, did leave :  
 To shew good wits, might such things quickly gaine,  
 But should their strength for greater treasures straine.

71

That City sack't, whereas his wealth was thought,  
 Then *Cræsus*, or then *Crassus* richer he,  
 Who said, when ask'd if he were rob'd of ought,  
 By one who purpos'd it restor'd should be,  
 Of fortunes some, of minde, he could rob nought,  
 My treasure where I goe is still with me :  
 Such goods indeed divine should wit bewitch,  
 Which (th'owners not more poore) make others rich.

T!



72

The worlds great Conquerour, conquer'd did remaine,  
By him who was within his Tub retir'd,  
Since holding nought of him, as in disdaine,  
To let the Sunne shine free, who him requir'd;  
Whil'st those about scarce could their wrath restraine,  
The King cry'd out, as who his course admir'd :  
If *Alexander* not, this so moves me,  
That I, no doubt, *Diogenes* would be.

73

This shew'd the greatnesse of that Monarchs minde;  
They must be all Philosophers or Kings,  
Who would the world to serve their humour binde,  
So to contemne, or to command all things;  
As few the one, all may the other finde,  
And what first had the most contentment brings :  
Great conquests trouble, where contempt may please,  
The one yeelds glory, and the other ease.

74

Who *Greece* did grace, the best man whom she bred,  
To worke his friends content, his enemies harmes,  
Who made the *Thebans* of their neighbours dread,  
By active studies, philosophicke armes,  
Who left for children, conquests where he led,  
And dy'd victorious, compast with alarmes :  
He was though still in charge, and honoured most,  
(As poore) when dead entomb'd at common cost.

75

O Natures glory, Fortunes Phoenix, stay!  
I must admire that which I seldome see,  
Though (when once rais'd) thy vertue might make way,  
How could'st thou, poore, grow great, great, not rich be ?  
Heaven to the world this wonder would bewray,  
That poverty and greatnesse might agree :  
But though thy worth, the time, the state conspir'd,  
So poore a Magistrate might be admir'd.

76

In trust with money, *Cato's* care was such,  
That he himsele, not onely did no wrong,  
But in his shadow would let no man touch,  
What any way did to the State belong;  
This mans integrity renown'd so much,  
Then *Cesar* (as more just) esteem'd more strong :  
It many thousands may one day accuse,  
Who (*Questors*) did their charge corruptly use.

L 2

*Romes*



77

*Romes* ancient Consuls from the plough retir'd,  
 To fight great Kings, and conquer forraine States,  
 In food and garments meane, for minde admir'd,  
 Did scorne gold offred, loath corruptions baits,  
 Where some (though knowing God) to wealth aspir'd,  
 By treason, usury, and all deceits :  
 If the first *Cato* doth in hell remaine,  
 He may be Cenfor to appoint their paine.

78

Bloud was so odious in each *Ethnickes* fight,  
 That who did kill (as inhumane) none lov'd,  
 Save when just warre, or law, whil'st ballanc'd right,  
 Did kindle courage, or the judgement mov'd;  
 The wise *Pericles*, though long great, he might  
 As foe, or judge, have fierce, or rigorous prov'd,  
 He bragg'd when dying, that in *Athens* towne,  
 None, by his meanes, had worne a mourning gowne.

79

Farre from tast-pleasing charmes which harme us must,  
 (So as more simple, I doe thinke lesse bad)  
 They who of soules did transmigrations trust,  
 All cruelty in such a horror had,  
 That they would neither kill for sport, nor lust,  
 What moov'd, or felt, for ought which suffred, sad :  
 These who abhorr'd by death, to nurse their life,  
 With Jewes who grudg'd for flesh, may stand in strife.

80

Milde lenity in *Siciles* tyrant shin'd,  
 When one (though damn'd to dye) enlarg'd a space,  
 If not returning at the time assign'd,  
 Did binde a friend, his danger to embrace,  
 And when come backe, with a most generous minde,  
 He did redeeme his pledge, and urg'd his place :  
 That man (though mercilesse,) a pardon gave,  
 And with such two, to be a third did crave.

81

As if that each mans grieve had beene his owne,  
 Ones death to signe, scarce *Titus* could endure;  
 The like by *Nero* (but in shewe) was showne,  
 A fatall warrant when one did procure,  
 Who wish'd that letters he had never knowne,  
 That, as his heart, his hand might have beene pure :  
 Of meekenesse thus that monster did esteeme,  
 " No nature is so bad, but good would seeme.

They



82

They who inrag'd did tyrannize in *Rome*,  
And all who from their mindes did pittie barre,  
With that black band in judgement once may come,  
Who call'd Inquisitors Tormentors are,  
And may in justice plead a milder doome,  
Nor these in cruelty who passe them farre;  
Since then strange tortures which they frame of late,  
None us'd on th'earth, nor fain'd in Hell more great.

83

Of Christians scandall, infamie of Men,  
You sheepe in shew, but ravenous Wolves indeede,  
Whilst vow'd religious,irreligious then,  
Who fayne devotion whilst you mischief breede,  
And doe detest the persecutions Ten,  
Yet by one endlesse doe them all exceede;  
Who make religion as an art of evils,  
A priviledge for men to turne quite devills.

84

You who (breath weigh'd as winde, and blood as dust)  
Ambiguously æquivocating rave,  
Who vent out faith to trafficke so for trust,  
Glose on an oath, with warrant doe deceave,  
Then you, earst Gentiles, Barbars now more just;  
It lesse Religion, yet more faith they have;  
Marke what of theirs may once upbraid your shame,  
Who have no sence of sinne, nor care of fame.

85

To those of *Athens* once a course propos'd,  
Which (as he told who onely heard it nam'd)  
Great profit might afford, but if disclos'd,  
As monstrous was as any could be dream'd,  
They (though a multitude) all well dispos'd,  
Ere further known, that purpose quite disclaim'd;  
What thing so worthie as would be defrai'd,  
By honours losse to bitter tongues betraid?

86

That stout *Athenian* whom great *Xerxes* sought,  
Who (twise deluded) had his death design'd,  
And long the same would with great summes have bought,  
(His memory did so torment his mind,)  
Yet came to him though warranted by nought  
Save that he thought a generous foe to find;  
Not like to them who from faith given have swerv'd,  
Who trusted him (though hated) he preserv'd.

L 3

Those



87

Those two whose rigour first did *Rome* displease,  
 Who long great Captaines, last great Tyrants grew,  
 Whilst bent what way to murder with most ease,  
 By papers one, by signes another flew;  
 Of those one once, on whom foes sought to seaze,  
 Fled to his rivall danger did eschew;  
 And he though cruell, false, and his chiefe foe,  
 Yet would when trusted, not take vengeance foe.

88

*Fabricius* did his Enemy advise,  
 That his Phisitian poyson did intend,  
 And with great scorne his judgement did despise,  
 Who had foes just, a Traytour to his friend;  
 And this to doe nought else did him entise,  
 But that no Crime might his reproach pretend;  
 This man all Treason did abhorre foe much,  
 That even Suspition could his fame not touch.

89

*Romes* second founder, who *Gaules* rage did stay,  
 When by assault, a Citty bent to take,  
 A schoole-master his students did betray,  
 Their parents foe all Supplicants to make;  
 He who did loath to vanquish such a way,  
 Him naked straight, them stor'd with rods, sent back,  
 That they his stripes with interest might restore,  
 All beating him, who did beate them before.

90

When *Zamaes* field had chang'd *Italian* fates,  
 Whilst there conferr'd (not fear'd to be deceav'd)  
 The two great leaders of the rivall States,  
 Of warres chiefe chiefes the *Carthaginian* crav'd,  
 He plac't himselfe next two of former dates,  
 Whilst though not nam'd, his foe more praise receav'd,  
 To whom he told if not o're-com'd by thee,  
 Then I had thought my selfe first of the three.

91

A law too popular bent to have crost,  
 Whilst all the Senate was conjur'd in one,  
 When *Marius* fail'd, in whom they trusted most,  
 That all with him from their first course were gone,  
 Then brave *Metellus* not his courage lost,  
 But us'd those words, not yeelding when alone,  
 "A Pilots part in calmes can not be spi'd,  
 "In dangerous times true worth is onely tri'd.

To



92

To part the world those who did first agree,  
When in his Shippe for nought save feasting stor'd,  
One offer'd was by seising upon three;  
Of all their Empires to bee onely lord;  
But weighing duty in a high degree,  
To stray from faith that infidell abhor'd;  
And (though thus tempted) from his faith not fell;  
In this, this *Pompey*, *Cesar* did excell.

93

A number such as I have marked here,  
Of vertue zealous, jealous of their fame,  
Who held both faith, and mutuall duties deere,  
Did treason loath, and all what fraude did frame,  
At last in judgment boldly may compeere,  
Those who more knowledge had the more to blame,  
What men did con'nant, what God did command,  
Both human, divine, who brake every band.

94

He who chang'd natures course, did nations daunt,  
Who made great hostes to flie, the Sunne to stay,  
He even to those whom purpos'd to supplant,  
Like to provoke who did him first betray,  
Did firmly keepe what he did rashly graunt:  
"None can his owne, by others faults defray:  
"To violate an oath all should forbear,  
"And thinke (though not to whom) by whom they sweare.

95

O what great losse did Christians once receave!  
By *Ladislaus*, urg'd to be perjur'd,  
Whilst Turkes from Christ for vengeance due did crave,  
Since he (by him prophan'd) had beene injur'd:  
Was he not false who freed one to deceave?  
But though his pardon, Gods was not procur'd;  
"Those who with strangers upright not remaine,  
"Do both themselves and their religion staine.

96

Then shall the maske from Monsters be remoov'd,  
Who keepe whilst cruell piety in show,  
And false to friends, to Princes Traitors prov'd,  
The bonds of Nature (vipers vile) o'rethrow,  
With fire in darknesse ominously lov'd,  
VWho (*Nero's* wish) would kill all with one blow;  
Like Rebels bent to cloake rebellion still,  
VWho faining God to serve, his servants kill.

That



## 97

That which can reach to heaven, and God embrace,  
 The soules chiefe treasure whilst kept free from staine,  
 On earth a vertue, and in heaven a grace,  
 Which flow'd from God, we fixe on him againe,  
 Religions oracle, the ground of peace,  
 Which onely serves all trust to entertaine;  
 "If wanting faith, of good exhausted then,  
 "None can converse with God, nor yet with men.

## 98

That pretious pledge, that voluntary band,  
 Both heavenly, earthly, necessarily us'd,  
 Which can the key of hearts, of heavens command,  
 A beautilous virgin, vile when once abus'd,  
 Who prostituted now in every land,  
 For feare of fraud, when offered, is refus'd,  
 Since she corrupted serv'd to snare the just;  
 Wrong'd confidence more harmes, then cold distrust.

## 99

Base avarice, matcht with ambition blind,  
 (Faith forfeiting) have so ennobled Art,  
 That in this age the differing two might find,  
 Fit cause for each of them to act his part,  
 He who stil laugh'd, yet nothing did allow,  
 He who still weeping at each thing repin'd;  
 If th'one scorn'd folly, th'other evils would waile,  
 For both of them fitt objects would not faile.

## 100

Ah save those two what can the world afford!  
 One would still sway, the other sinke the mind,  
 Yet who mockes all with most delight is stor'd,  
 No moments pleasure can the other find;  
 Who laughs, he lives, as if of all things lord;  
 Who weepes, himsele a Slave to all doth bind;  
 "But follies all to miseries doe turne,  
 "And he shall hence have joy, who heere doth mourne.

## 101

These Gentiles thus who great examples gave,  
 And though not godly, given to vertue liv'd,  
 Though aym'd at oft, could not the Centre have,  
 Hoys'd all their Sailes, but at no port arriv'd,  
 Their deeds damne others, but themselves not save,  
 For their owne glory, not for Gods, who striv'd;  
 And (as they hop'd) the world did give them fame,  
 But since not sought, they can no further claime.

They



102

They who on earth did with great pleasure passe,  
That time and course which fates (they thought) decreed;  
And when death did dissolve this mortall masse,  
Would guesse, or else dispute, what should succeed;  
Whil'st (as first shining) breaking last like glasse,  
It soules immortall were, they doubts did breed:  
Yet by their fancies freed themselves from paines;  
To walke with joy along'st th'Elysian Plaines.

103

What cold amazement then their mindes confounds,  
Whil'st from his Tombe each one astonish'd starts,  
And heares strange trumpets (thundring forth dread sounds)  
Cite naked bodies, yea with naked hearts,  
The flying Serjeants circling flaming rounds,  
So to assemble people from all parts;  
At that Tribunall which with terrour shines,  
To give account of all their soules designs.

104

Yet when they heare who liv'd in light accus'd,  
Of crimes more odious then they did commit,  
And that their deeds, as arguments are us'd  
To damne them more, who worse did use their wit,  
In hope their ignorance should be excus'd,  
By that great Iudge (who lightning flames) doth sit:  
It seemes (whil'st this some comfort first implyes)  
A little courage from despaire doth rise.

105

They by all shifts doe seeke themselves to cleare,  
Whom nought from error offred to reclaime,  
Had we (say they) O Lord but chanc'd to heare,  
As *Ninive* a Prophet in thy name,  
No doubt (disdaining what we hold most deare)  
Thy word had serv'd rules for our deeds to frame:  
As they with sack-cloth, humbled in the dust,  
We griev'd for sinne, had fix'd in thee our trust.

106

Of thee what people could more knowledge have,  
Then by thy selfe had at the first been showne?  
Who could give backe more then they did receive?  
Or honour thee whom they had never known?  
Ah how could we the light of nature leave,  
Or whil'st thy will was hid, but use our owne?  
Shall we be judg'd by lawes, not given to us,  
What not commanded, violating thus?

That



107

That looke which can cure some, wound others too,  
 As *Peters* comfort, doth breed their despaires;  
 They finde that what their rebell Syre did doe,  
 Had forfeited himselfe, and all his heires,  
 A Prince when wrong'd should not vile traitours woe,  
 But when entreated (hearkning to their cares)  
 Is (if he grant of grace, that they may live)  
 Milde if he doe forgive, just not to give.

108

Of our first father, of grosse earth the sonne,  
 (Fruits of forbidden fruits which all concerne)  
 As did the crime, the costly knowledge wonne,  
 Went to his race, which without bookes all learne,  
 So that thenceforth bright wisedome was begunne,  
 Which of all things with judgement might discern,  
 And (rotten branches of a poison'd root)  
 Each soule doth hatch some seeds of that blacke fruit.

109

The fatall heires of knowing ill and good,  
 Ere Statutes grav'd in stone were set in sight,  
 How God was pleas'd, or griev'd, they understood,  
 As the first errour did direct them right,  
 So that all those who were before the floud,  
 Were damn'd, or sav'd, judg'd by innated light:  
 That science rob'd, which Natures law did prove,  
 Of ignorance all colour did remove.

110

O! how the Ethnickes then with grievous moanes,  
 For desp'rate anguish roaring horrore howle  
 A heavy murmur with rebounding groanes,  
 Doth breath abroad the burthen of each soule;  
 Some who of late had been enstall'd in Thrones,  
 Are then abhorr'd, as Stygian Monsters foule:  
 O what strange change is at an instant wrought!  
 Most wretched they, who had been happy thought.

Doomel-



DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The sixth H O U R E.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Some who themselves prophanely did defile,  
And gave to creatures what to God was due;  
Some whom with bloud, ambition did beguile,  
Who honour sought where horror did ensue,  
Doe here with Witches meet, and strangely vile,  
Some Parricides and traitours in a crue,  
Who wanting all that unto grace belong'd,  
Most vainely God, man violently wrong'd.*

I



Some who below with pomp their progresse past,  
Of what they once claim'd all, no part possesse;  
Who (scarce confin'd by all this compasse vast)  
As straited, struggling for more roome did presse,  
They now not strive for state, all would be last,  
By ruine leuell'd, equall in distresse:  
Who usher'd oft with guards, did gorgeous stand,  
Are (naked now) throng'd in a vulgar band.

2

Two troupes great terrour cannot be conceiv'd,  
Which (as in sinne) in iudgement joyn'd remaine;  
In image this, in essence that God brav'd,  
His honour given away, his servants flaine;  
Th'one (furious) rag'd, and th'other (foolish) rav'd,  
Prophanely cruell, cruelly prophane:  
None thought in all so many to have scene,  
As murth'ers and idolaters have beene.

3

Of monstrous bands, I know not whom to name,  
For labours past, who then receive their wage,  
As stain'd with bloud, or wrapt in guilty shame,  
Whil'st loos'd in lust, or bended up by rage,  
Not knowne to me by sight, no, not by fame,  
There numbers come, drawne out of every age:  
Yet some most eminent may be exprest,  
To make the world conjecture of the rest.



4

I see that Churle (a godly stockes first staine)  
 Whose avarice no limits had allow'd,  
 His daughters bawd, both prostitute for gaine,  
 To cooſned *Iacob* ſold, but not endow'd;  
 He, though with him Gods Prophet did remaine,  
 Who to dumb blockes abhominably bow'd:  
 Shall then behold his Throne with ſtate erect'd,  
 Whom all his race had ſerv'd, and he neglect'd.

5

Thoſe with long lives in contemplation ſtill,  
 Who firſt did ſtudy ſtarres, and meaſure heaven,  
 As of ſome learning, Authors of much ill,  
 On natures courſe to dote, too fondly given,  
 From whom he fled (as was his fathers will)  
 Whoſe faith (a patterne) th'earth could never eaven:  
 Not that he fear'd by them, infect'd to be,  
 No, no, he loath'd what God diſlik't to ſee.

6

Theſe curious braines that ſearch'd heavens hidden ſtore,  
 (Superiour powers for ſtrange effects admir'd)  
 For the Creator, creatures did adore,  
 And in all formes, as fancies fits inspir'd;  
 A trembling troupe they now howle-howling roare,  
 All that abhorr'd to which they once aspir'd:  
 And Idols which for them no voice could uſe,  
 Though powerleſſe then, have power now to accuſe.

7

That land voluptuous, which had beene ſo long,  
 By different Soveraignes abſolutely ſway'd,  
 Yeelds dolorous troupes which durſt to God doe wrong,  
 And more then him their follies dreames obey'd,  
 In true worth faint, in ſuperſtition ſtrong,  
 Who bow'd to baſeneſſe, and to weakenefſe pray'd:  
 Who to vile creatures, deities did allow,  
 A Crocodile ador'd, an Oxe, a Cow.

8

Theſe who by habite, Hebrew-haters grew,  
 And with his Arke durſt God in triumph leade,  
 Who them when Victors captive did ſubdue,  
 In *Gath*, and *Aſhdod*, thouſands falling dead,  
 Their abject Idole damnes that heathniſh crue,  
 Who ſalne before Gods Tent, low homage made:  
 Where, then that blocke, more blockiſh they remain'd,  
 The place ador'd, which his cruſh'd carcaſſe ſtain'd.

There



9

There are *Bells* Priests who for themselves to shift,  
Would needs their God a monstrous glutton prove,  
Till *Daniel* did disclose their fraudfull drift,  
And (as his bargaine was) did them remove,  
Then, these for God who did a Dragon lift,  
Which without force he forc'd, such to disprove;  
And many thousands bursting forth deepe groanes,  
Who prostituted Soules to Stockes and stones.

10

VVhat millions, loe, pale, quaking, cry despair'd,  
VVhich always sinn'd, yet never mercy claim'd,  
And whilst that they for heavens great God not car'd,  
Did dote on that which they themselves had fram'd,  
By *Dagon*, *Baal*, and *Ashtaroth* snar'd,  
By *Milcom*, *Molech*, *Nisroch* deities dream'd;  
VVhich could not raise themselves when once they fell,  
Yet could who them ador'd cast down to hell.

11

There stand two Soveraignes of the worlds first State;  
The first is he who so prophanely rail'd,  
Whose host an Angell plagu'd with slaughter great,  
Till forc'd to flie, his high designs all fail'd,  
Loath'd as a monster, safe in no retreat,  
Not Altars right, nor fathers name avail'd;  
But by his Sonnes, before his God, kill'd there,  
Idolatry and blood both venged were.

12

The next is he who that huge Statue fram'd,  
To be ador'd at every Trompets sound,  
To whom the Prophet twise told what he dream'd;  
First of great Empires, last what would confound,  
Who with a haughty heart (fond foole) proclam'd,  
Is not this *Babel*, which my hands did found?  
Then did abash'd with beastes a beaste abide,  
Type of Gods judgements, Spectacle of Pride.

13

What mighty Monarchs follow after those,  
With whom lights Throne so great regard had wonne;  
That of their Empire purpos'd to dispose,  
All met before daies progresse was begunne,  
Then vow'd their judgements should on him repose,  
Whose Coursers ney did first salute the Sunne;  
A gallant Coosnage, one the Crowne did gaine,  
Whose horse, or foote-groome, had more right to raigne.

M

The



14

The Greekes, though subtle, raving in this sort,  
 With Idoles earst defil'd, were last o'rethrowne;  
 From their high wittes bright nature did extort,  
 That some great God rul'd all things as his own;  
 Yea, some farre gone (though of the end still short)  
 Rais'd Altars up unto a God unknown;  
 Yet by the multitude their State was borne,  
 Though those dumbe deities some durst clearly scorne.

15

One, who not fear'd that they themselves could venge,  
 Once with such taunts, as none but blockes could beare,  
 With *Ioves* of gold, his Cloake of Cloth did change,  
 For winter warme, for Summer light to weare,  
 Then since his Sire had none, as in him strange,  
 From *Æsculapius* his long beard did teare;  
 Thus he himselfe with spoiles of Gods did fraught,  
 They impotent, he impudent, both naught.

16

What thinke those Senatours when Christ they see,  
 Who whilst inform'd what fame of him was runne;  
 Of mortall ends that from Suspition free,  
 He by great wonders confidence had wonne;  
 Since they to him no Temples would decree,  
 Whose God-head without them had beene begunne;  
 O how they quake that he their course must try,  
 Whose deity they did trust, yet durst deny!

17

*Rome* coin'd (heavens rivall) deities as thought best,  
 And Temples did, (as judge of Gods) allow,  
 To fortune one, by fortune all the rest,  
 For flattery, bravery, or a doubtfull vow;  
 What thing esteem'd had not some Altar dress'd,  
 Save fatall money which made all to bow?  
 But (still diffemblers) they the truth abhorr'd,  
 It (though no God profess'd) was most ador'd.

18

March forth you Gallants greedy of respect,  
 Who did not rightly wooe, but ravish fame,  
 (Though seeming vertuous) vitious in effect,  
 To Court fraile Echoes of a dying name,  
 And ere the world such errors could detect,  
 Though thrown in hell, did heavenly honours clame,  
 Marke what vaine pompes and deities do availe,  
 Which first your selves, then thousands made to faile.

You



19

You, who of old did *Candies* King adore,  
As who might all the hosts of heaven command,  
VVhere millions now upbraiding him do roare,  
Loe, how the naked wretch doth quivering stand,  
(Then all the rest condemn'd for mischiefe more)  
VVhil'ft thought heavens God, hels guide in every land,  
He fathers state, and sisters shame did reave,  
A parricide, incestuous, lusts vile slave.

20

Loe, his adultrous brood, *Amphitrio's* scorne,  
Right fathers heire, ador'd for doing ill,  
VVhose fame, by fabulous deeds, aloft was borne,  
Yet but great Robber, did lesse Robbers kill,  
Till by a poyson'd shirt, last justly torne,  
As whil'ft alive by lusts vile harpies still:  
Now he who once was fain'd to force the hell,  
There damn'd to darknesse may for ever dwell.

21

He trembleth now who spurning still at peace,  
VVith brags, the ayre, with blows did beat the ground;  
And she with whom whil'ft bent to sport a space,  
He who brav'd others did lye basely bound;  
Then that lame dolt who prov'd his owne disgrace,  
VVith him (their like) by whom the fraud was found.  
VVhat godly gods? what worth with titles even,  
Thus seeking hell, to stumble upon heaven.

22

These do not scape who first for vertue knowne,  
Rais'd from *Ioves* thigh, or head, drest wines, and oyles,  
Nor she by whom for food first corne was sown,  
To furnish fields with Autumns pretious spoils,  
Nor none of them by whom prais'd Arts were shown,  
To barre vice-breeding sloth by needfull toils:  
Since they usurp'd what did to God belong,  
And were, whil'ft doing right, intending wrong.

23

Not onely *Gentiles* who prophanely rav'd,  
Do now curse those by whom they were beguil'd,  
And *Indes* new world, ere borne, in sinne conceiv'd,  
From whom the light of God was farre exil'd,  
But even these *Jews* whose soules the truth perceiv'd,  
(VVith spirituall whoredome publicly defil'd)  
They who ingrate, great benefits abus'd,  
Loe, quite confounded, can not be excus'd.

M 2



24

O wretched Troupe which did so grossly stray,  
 When God with you(as friends) did freely treat,  
 Who even whilst *Moses* in ambassage lay,  
 In place of him a senselesse Calfe did seat;  
 This, what you parting robb'd, did thus repay,  
 When turn'd to such an use, as *Aegypts* fate;  
 Were his great works forgot who did you leade,  
 And you such fools to trust in what you made:

25

Next them stand these when in *Canaan* plac'd,  
 And all perform'd what promis'd was before;  
 Who their appointed way no longer trac'd,  
 Gods law, and wonders, not remembred more,  
 Who barbarous customes where they came embrac'd,  
 And did the Idols of the land adore,  
 Yea, whilst set free, when God had heard them mourne,  
 Who to their vomit did like dogges returne.

26

The *Jews* first King, first mark'd who did begin,  
 By loath'd selfe-slaughter to prevent worlds shame;  
 Though glory glos'd upon a ground of sinne,  
 Whilst *Gentiles* sought to justifie their fame,  
 Feare but prevayl'd where courage came not in;  
 They weaknesse shew, did of true worth but dreame:  
*Sauls* end for soules is the most dangerous crime,  
 Which for repentance doth not leave a time.

27

From seeking Asses he was rais'd to raigne,  
 And when enstall'd soone forfeited his right;  
 Once prophecied amongst the Prophets traine,  
 Then hunted was with Sprits which loath'd the light;  
 Spar'd heathnish *Agag* whom he should have slaine,  
 And kill'd Gods Priests, though precious in his sight;  
 He ever abject was, or did insult,  
 Did first with God, last with the devill consult.

28

He who made *Israel* sinne, forc'd, and entis'd,  
 O what huge anguish in his soule doth sit!  
 Who with Religion policy disguis'd,  
 In heavenly things of too much worldly wit,  
 Whose hand stretch'd forth to strike, even then surpris'd,  
 Vvas hurt, and heal'd, by him whom bent to hit:  
 The Altar rent, as was his heart with feares,  
 The ashes false, as should have done his teares.

Vp



29

Vp hatefull *Achab*, horror of thy race,  
Whose heart, then hands durst do, more mischiefe thought;  
When quaking to behold *Christs* flaming face,  
The cheape vine-garden shall be dearly bought;  
O bitter Grapes, hard to digest, no grace,  
When thy tumultuous minde to light is brought;  
And for his cause, whose life thou thus did'st reave,  
Dogges did thy bloud, devils do thy soule receave.

30

You sisters faire whom God did love so much,  
Both basely humbled did dishonour'd range,  
He (abject rivals) jealous made of such,  
Whose vilenesse did exempt them from revenge:  
Mouth dumbe, eares deafe, eyes blinde, hands could not touch,  
What monstrous madnesse could procure this change?  
Law, wonders, Prophets, promise, nought could move,  
For infinite deserts, a gratefull love.

31

Some Kings of *Iuda* Idols did imbrace,  
As he whose sonne through fire polluted went;  
That hatefull *Ahaz*, *Achabs* steps did trace,  
Next whom one more did sinne, but did repent;  
And one before link'd with the loathsome race,  
With him did perish, whom to follow bent.  
"From them who make bad leagues the Lord removes,  
And often-times the friendship fatall proves.

32

Of *Israels* Monarchs to worke mischiefe sold,  
When nearly mark'd I scarce misse any one,  
Save it be *Iehu* killing (as God would)  
His hated Rivals to attaine a Throne,  
Who (though the course of *Dan* was not controul'd)  
Of foure heires crown'd succeeded was when gone:  
The rest with Idols filthily defil'd,  
Do finde how farre their judgement was beguil'd.

33

With *Ahab* match'd as fit to be his Mate,  
He stands, who both Gods grace, mens love abus'd,  
Who to be worse then worst did prove ingrate,  
More evill then all whom God before refus'd:  
His feare (as fault) not comes in my conceit;  
When justly thus by Gods great Priest accus'd,  
Was this (vile monster) a reward to me?  
And couldst thou kill his Sonne who did save thee?



34

With these now nam'd of Idoll-serving Bands,  
 What number loe (time past) their folly findes?  
 Some dead, some yet alive, whom in all Lands,  
 Opinion clouds, or Ignorance quite blindes;  
 Whil'st humbled to the worke of mortall hands,  
 Some simplie trust, some would comment their mindes:  
 But that command beares no exception now,  
 Which before Images discharg'd to bow.

35

O what dread Troupe doth with strange aspects rise!  
 I think their eyes flame fire, their hands drop blood:  
 Those whose proud hearts did all the world despise,  
 That at their power abus'd astonish'd stood,  
 Did murther, robbery, sacriledge disguise,  
 With shows of valour, which their brags made good:  
 Where is that courage vaunted of so oft?  
 Whil'st crush'd with fears they dare not look aloft.

36

When as Gods sonnes did with mens daughters lye,  
 Of the first world behold a bloody traine;  
 But chiefly two most eminent I spie,  
 A barbarous murtherer, and a bragger vain:  
 He who to God durst with disdainie reply,  
 When for his brother ask'd (whom he had slain)  
 Am I his keeper? and I think he thought  
 Take up his offering, help'd thy favour ought?

37

This moth of minds, base spite, selfe-torturing gall,  
 Made devils to lose what he them once had given,  
 Then bent to be like God made man to fall,  
 Himselfe from *Eden*, and his Sonne from heaven,  
 To which all children still by Nature thrall,  
 (Though for their harme) with others would be even:  
 A childish vice which onely weaknesse beares,  
 "One what he wants, in others hates, or feares.

38

With him who first confusion did conspire,  
 The swaggerers Patron next in ranke is rang'd,  
 If seven-fold vengeance *Cain* did require,  
 Times seventy seven who vow'd to be reveng'd;  
 And told his wives that (insolent in ire)  
 He wounds for words, and death for wounds exchang'd,  
 But who thus rioting did burden eares,  
 (With terror freez'd) is all benumm'd with feares.

That



39

That hairy hunter given to sport with bloud,  
Ere borne contentious, in the wombe prophane,  
Who (as estrang'd from knowing what was good)  
His birth-right sold, some pottage so to gaine:  
Who further likewise gave, allur'd by food,  
That which once scorn'd, was after beg'd in vaine:  
This man still foolish findes his fault too late,  
Whil'st being nam'd with them whom God doth hate.

40

These mighty Monarchs whom rash fame call'd great,  
Who once (worlds Idols) thousands made to bow,  
Whil'st gorgeous Courts with a prodigious state,  
Too superstitiously did pompe allow;  
O how farre chang'd! from what they were of late,  
Them who brav'd hosts, a look makes tremble now;  
Quench'd are these fires which once their breasts did burne,  
And majesty to misery doth turne.

41

There he whom first a Diademe did fraught,  
That famous Hunter founding *Ashurs* Throne,  
Whose sport was glory, when he kingdomes caught,  
The hounds halfe-men whose liberty was gone:  
Worlds first example, who by practise taught,  
That many thousands might be rul'd by one.  
With terrour numbers *Nimrods* name did strike,  
When thundring down all where he went alike.

42

Next comes his heire who first by right did claime,  
That which anothers violence did take,  
Yet then the Father worthy of more blame,  
Who bondage would hereditary make;  
And to great *Niniveh* did give the name,  
Which turn'd Gods threatning by repentance back.  
Lord where no right was, where just Lord a slave,  
Who suffred ruine by the power he gave.

43

With prais'd *Sesostris* whom vaine pride did snare,  
Despis'd *Pelusium* yeelds a bloudy band,  
What *Pharoes*, *Ptolomies* and *Sultanes* there,  
(Though once thought terrible) do trembling stand:  
And well it seemes that valour then was rare,  
When easie conquest grac'd so soft a Land.  
What seem'd their glory then, doth prove their shame,  
Who quench'd with bloud what kindled was for fame.

O!



44

O! what sterne Troups I with *Vexores* see,  
 VVhose courage was not (like their climate) cold,  
 But bent themselves extreame to be free,  
 Oft by their strength encroaching states control'd;  
 Of barbarous squadrons monstrous numbers be,  
 VVho did great acts which fame doth not unfold,  
 O! had they had as happy pennes as swords,  
 How many might have match'd with *Romes* chief Lords?

45

To daunt the *Medes* that Prince who first aspir'd,  
 VVhere wading long, at last was drown'd in bloud;  
 One fondly charg'd, and with disgrace retir'd,  
 VVhere losse did harme, to gaine had done no good;  
 And he who *Attick* figges to have acquir'd,  
 VVould tosse a hill, force winde, drink up a flood;  
 VVith those stand stayn'd with bloud all *Persia's* kings,  
 Save some to follow lust who left all things.

46

VVhat quaking squadrons do together throng,  
 Whom (Arts great nursery) pregnant *Greece*, brought forth,  
 VVhose fame their funerals doth survive so long,  
 First sounded South, still echo'd in the North,  
 VVhom flattering pennes did praise for doing wrong,  
 VVhil'st mindes abus'd did dote on shows of worth:  
 VVho thought grave pride a modest minde disclos'd,  
 And valour vertue, though to ill dispos'd.

47

Learn'd *Athens* founder, fabulously great,  
 (Both Sexes slaughtered) gain'd a glorious name,  
 And by much mischief mounting up a State,  
 Did drinke of death, whil'st thirsting but for fame;  
 Some virgins gain'd by force, some by deceit,  
 The devill scarce scap'd from his adulterous ayme,  
 VVho by vile murther, rapes, and fraud made knowne,  
 Broke first his fathers necke, and then his owne.

48

These of their times who were esteem'd the best,  
 And with strict laws did what they pleas'd allow,  
*Licurgus*, *Minos*, *Solon*, and the rest,  
 Then all their mates, more paine attends them now,  
 VVho heavenly wits to worldly wayes did wrest,  
 And but to Nature, not to God did bow;  
 They (save politick) all Religion scorn'd,  
 And what they fain'd (as com'd from God) adorn'd.

Two



49

Two who agreed to enterchange their raigne;  
With griev'd *Adrastus* mutually do mone,  
Who forty nine alone (one fled) had slaine;  
He dare not now behold the face of one;  
Where is that valour vaunted of in vaine,  
By that great bragger at the *Argive* Throne?  
Whil'ft quite confounded these do quivering stand;  
The cruell *Creon* last comes to their band.

50

What then avails (though prais'd so much of late)  
When neere swolne *Ilion* death threw famous darts;  
Old *Priams* pompe, proud *Agamemnons* state,  
*Achilles* swift foot; *Hectors* hand, and heart,  
*Flysses* shifts, the valour of his mate,  
Old *Nestors* speech, or *Ajax* his mad part:  
All vagabonds, or violently dy'd,  
And what did manhood seeme, is murther try'd.

51

Then yeelds that Towne which laws whil'ft kept did save,  
The crafty *Epher*, and the halting King;  
One Captaine greedy, two that were too brave,  
Whom famous ruines both to death did bring;  
Last him who place to none in courage gave,  
From whom when dead a Serpent forth did spring.  
Who to strict laws love out of time had showne,  
And offered freedome where it was not knowne.

52

From *Pallas* Towne there flows a famous brood,  
Who first foil'd *Persians*, with his gallant sonne;  
He who by stratagems victorious stood,  
And he whose gravenesse great regard had wonne;  
He who both eminent in ill, and good,  
All fortunes wayes had resolutely runne:  
With numbers more whom former glory grieves,  
And then from shame, nor paine, them not relieves.

53

Few *Thebes* gives that were renown'd in armes,  
Two fain'd great Gods, two found great friends I see;  
Then, that *Corinthian* bent for Tyrants harmes,  
Who kill'd his brother, *Syracuse* set free;  
VWho brav'd *Romes* Consul famous for alarmes;  
Last *Grecian* great-man rank'd in this degree:  
VWho for some drudge when farre mistaken said,  
He for deformity a pennance paid.

Neare



54

Neare those great *Greeks* their Neighbour doth arise,  
 First forraine Prince who them to bondage brought,  
 Who did great things, but did farre more devise,  
 And laid the ground where the great builder wrought:  
 Yet was much taxed by that age precise,  
 For faults which moderne times not strange have thought;  
 That mightie father farre more fame had wonne,  
 If not but Vsher to so great a Sonne.

55

He who in one all kingdomes would combine,  
 And more perform'd then others dar'd to vaunt,  
 VVho wish'd more worlds, whom this could not confine,  
 VVhose fulnesse famine, wealth gave sense of want;  
 VVith fortune drunk (not as was thought with wine)  
 VVho all without him, nought within did daunt:  
 VVho, from so many life and state did take,  
 O what large count must that great Monarch make!

56

By *Persias* fall who did his Empire found,  
 Is back'd by them whom he with fame did place,  
 One kill'd in *Ægypt*, and another crown'd,  
 VVhose following heires were compass'd with disgrace,  
 And all the rest for mischief most renown'd,  
 In *Greece* or *Syria* who did raise their race.  
 Whose Lord (made childlesse) prov'd a stocke of Kings,  
 Of whom when dead each feather turn'd to wings.

57

Next *Macedons*, *Epirus* Prince doth come,  
 Whose state so oft at Fortunes dice was throwne,  
 Who but *Levinus*, did not *Rome* o're come,  
 And onely was by victory o're-throwne;  
 How *Alexander* might have match'd with *Rome*,  
 By whom (a sparke false from his power) was shown:  
 To whom he shew whose tongue such wonders wrought,  
 That ease with ease which with such toile he sought.

58

O what huge troupe of *Tibers* brood I see,  
 Whose glory shame, whose conquest proves no gaine;  
 Who were thought happie, then most wretched be,  
 And wish for flight their *Eagles* wings in vaine;  
 A smoking dungeon heavens for all decree,  
 At severall times whom th'earth could not containe;  
 With shadows clad they in strict bounds do dwell,  
 Who spoil'd the world, scorn'd heavens, and conquer'd hell.

There



59

There *Romes* first King his deitie dearely buies,  
Who bred with wolves did leave a ravenous broode;  
And he for peace who coin'd religious lies,  
His forg'd devotion now can doe no good;  
This judgement straight those haughty princes tries,  
Who famishing for fame, were drunk with blood,  
Till bended pride long procreating hate,  
Last, loos'd in lust, did alter all the State.

60

Of *Rome* (when free) whom fame from death redeemes,  
The worldly worth what volume could record?  
Huge *Livies* worke imaginary seemes,  
An Epick poem with perfection stor'd,  
Where numbers are whose parts Time more esteemes,  
Then all whom Poets pennes with dreames decor'd,  
But though quick Nature quint-essenc'd the mind,  
The Soules, in senses wrapt, continued blind.

61

He who alone did brave the *Thuscan* band  
On *Tibers* bridge, and did the Towne maintaine;  
Five kill'd, *Romes* Champion, who did onely stand,  
Till Sisters slaughter did his triumph staine;  
In raging flames, who freely rush'd his hand,  
Which for the chiefe had but a second flaine;  
Where (*Fabians*) force you me? and *Scipio's* brave?  
What famous families remembrance crave?

62

These two when barr'd from hope of lifes delights,  
The Sire, and Sonne, whom no man else would even,  
In fearefull formes, who with prodigious rites,  
Mens horror here (how monstrous then to heaven?)  
Where fatall offerings to th' infernall sprites,  
With Soule and bodie prodigally given:  
Though once much prais'd, all now their folly tell,  
Who hurl'd of purpose headlong unto hell.

63

Now *Pompeies* triumphes more torment his minde,  
Then when *Pharsalia* crush'd him with despaire;  
That amulous old man (*Parthia's* prey) did finde,  
With Avarice Ambition hardly shares;  
First, to fierce warre, last, to soft ease inclin'd,  
*Lucullus* here for both condemn'd repaires;  
That *Triumvir* stands with this troupe annoid,  
Who first the State, and then himselfe destroy'd.

*Acise*



64

*Rome* many had who made her Empire great,  
 Whilst they but praise, and Statues striv'd to gaine,  
 Two *Cato's* onely studied for the State,  
 And with strict lawes would liberty retaine;  
 But when expir'd to prorogate her date,  
 Two *Brutes* more brave her ruines would maintaine;  
 Yet weretheir aimes and ends in th'end not eaven,  
 Whose glory was their God, and *Rome* their heaven.

65

Thou whose high heart boil'd in ambition foe,  
 (As Pride had thee) to have the world surpris'd,  
 Who weigh'd but whither, not what way to goe,  
 (What ow'd to friends, or State, all bands despis'd)  
 Where bound ingrate, not francke but to thy foe,  
 The first of th'emperors, and then all more pris'd;  
 Thou for thy faults not onely charg'd may be,  
 But for all theirs who had their power from thee,

66

His heire (lesse stout, more strong) the way prepar'd,  
 What this man courted, bravely to embrace,  
 Tooke from these two with whom the world was shar'd,  
 By fraud the ones, by force the others place,  
 Yet was (high hope must some way be impair'd)  
 Infortunate in family, and race;  
 How could his state, and wife, in peace be left,  
 Since from just owners both before were rest?

67

Then *Varro's* losse, or *Iulia's* fame forlorne,  
 A greater grieve doth racke his guilty minde;  
 That deep dissembler fomic *Capreas* scorne,  
 (His heart pour'd forth) must now unmask his minde;  
 That cruell prince who in the Camp was borne,  
 A servant good, a Master bad design'd;  
 The Stupid dolt drawn by the heeles to raigne;  
 Their pleasure past all must repay with paine.

68

Though once too fierce, O how that Squadron faints!  
 (Which make heart's quake, and haire for horreur rise)  
 Who durst prophanely persecute Gods Saints,  
 With greater paines then paper can comprise,  
 Who not regarding groanes, nor just complaints,  
 (More hard then flint) all pittie did despise;  
 They now in vaine from Christ compassion claime,  
 Whom in his members they so oft did maim.

Vnnaturall



69

Unnaturall *Nero*, monster more then strange,  
 With-all to rage, who reasons reynes resign'd,  
 And through the world, as wolves for bloud did range;  
 As fakelesse soules by them, they now are pin'd,  
 That brave man scapes not, who did something change,  
 When *Plinies* letters mollified his minde :  
 Those ten whom nought can cleare, no, not excuse,  
 Of Martyrs millions cheerfully accuse.

70

There throng great Emperours, peoples Idols once,  
 All bright with steele, whom Armies did attend,  
 Whil'st ancient Kings fell downe before their thrones,  
 That them as vassals they would but defend;  
 Soules shak'd (brefts earth-quakes) do rebound with groans,  
 Whil'st grieve doth breake what pride so long did bend :  
 VVho judging Kings, gave lawes to every land,  
 Poore, naked, base, in judgement trembling stand.

71

Ere through twelve roomes the Sunne had run his race,  
 Three quickly rais'd, and ruin'd, did remaine,  
 (That to the grave he might not goe in peace)  
 A wretched old man forc'd by fates to raigne;  
 VVho liv'd too soft, did stoutly death embrace,  
 That damnes him most, which greatest praise did gaine :  
 Then he who had no sense, save onely taste,  
 By chance an Emperour, should have beene a beast.

72

He who the State when thus distrels'd, restor'd,  
 VVhom first for Emperour, easterne parts did know,  
 The best and worst that nature could afford,  
 VVhose sonnes (farre differing) at the height did show,  
 And these whose raignes, adoptions course decor'd,  
 VVho all to worth, would fortune nothing owe,  
 Till unto him, whose vertue fame had wonne,  
 A Serpent-wife did beare a Tigrish sonne.

73

When once of State that mystery was knowne,  
 How Emperours might for private mens regards,  
 Be made abroad, the Senates will not shown,  
 By forraine Armies, or Prætorian guards,  
 Then (worth not weigh'd) all order quite o'rethrown,  
 The world was bought with promised rewards :  
 Such bent to please, or (scorn'd) to fury mov'd,  
 They slavish still, or then tyrannicke prov'd.

N

Yet



74

Yet from that height of foule confusions rage,  
 When every Province, Emperours did proclaime,  
 Some raig'n'd, whose acts of State did grace the Stage,  
 By rebels ruines, strangers put to shame,  
 Which might have match'd the best of any age,  
 If they had beene as fortunate to fame :

But barbarous times for great things grossly touch,  
*Aurelian, Claudius, Probus*, and some such.

75

Huge numbers now my wandring thoughts amaze,  
 Of barbarous parts which did for State contest;  
*Romes* greatest rivall, sunne-parch'd peoples praise,  
 The reall rare bird, fables all the rest,  
 Which to fames Zenith did her glory raise,  
 Then fell in ashes, none, when not the best :  
 That haughty towne, whose worth her foe preferres,  
 She *Africks* Phoenix, *Hannibal* was hers.

76

He whom oft victor Roman troupes did see,  
 Whose campe of many sorts still calme did prove,  
 The worlds third Captaine, scarce scap'd first to be,  
 Men, Cities, Alpes, all opposites above,  
 (When *Carthage* rendred, onely living free)  
 To warre for him, who did great Monarchs move :  
 He whil'st alive, though banish'd, poore and old,  
 Still jealous *Rome* in feare of him did hold.

77

That Queene of Nations, absolutely great,  
 When crush'd by those whom she so oft did wound,  
 Though she deserv'd what could be hatch'd by hate,  
 Yet these rude bands which did her pride confound,  
 Like tempests still encroaching on each State,  
 Till *Europes* beauties all in bloud were drown'd :  
 As Actors first shall suffer once in ire,  
 Like unregarded rods thrown in the fire.

78

*Romes* emulous sister, Easterne Empires height,  
 Who did by parting dissipate her power,  
 (Though Christians call'd) Barbarians brings to light,  
 Whose lust to raigne did all things else devoure,  
 Who others oft (all dayes to them turn'd night)  
 When eyelesse made, entomb'd within a Tower :  
 Bloud, friendship, duty wrong'd, with shamefull wounds,  
 Who plagu'd with darknesse, darknesse them confounds.

That



## The sixth Houre.

79

That stately towne selected to command,  
To Scepters happy, great against her will,  
Who (though the Emperour fell) did Empresse stand,  
Divorc'd, not widow'd, match'd with Monarchs still,  
She renders, joyn'd, a sometime differing band,  
Of Ethnicks, Christians, Turkes, all damn'd for ill :  
Huge is the troupe which doth from that part, part,  
No Turban hides the head, nor Art the heart.

80

A savage troupe, the divels in order range,  
Which lavish of mens lives their ends to gaine,  
As Natures bastards, quite from kinde to change,  
Had (for first act of State) their brethren slaine,  
That after it no murther might seeme strange;  
An ominous entry to a bloody raigne :  
And well it may be said, he much commands,  
Who, when he likes, mens lives, and still their lands.

81

That Turke who boldly past the bordering flood,  
In *Adrians* towne a barbarous Throne to raise,  
He brings a band of *Ottomans* sterne brood,  
Yet yeelds to one, who did the world amaze,  
Whil' st in *Bizantium* he victorious stood,  
And Roman power did absolutely raze :  
For soules, and bodies, mischiefes worst to frame,  
Curs'd Mahomet, damn'd be that fatall name.

82

Proud *Selimus*, who with a monstrous spleene,  
Thy fathers ruine labour'd st long to worke,  
And gladly would' st a Parricide have beene,  
A tyrant, I, what can be worse? a Turke,  
Though once ostentive, curious to be seene,  
Thou in some corner now would' st wish to lurke :  
The Soldan slayne, and Mamalukes o' rethrowne,  
Who then fought' st all, thou now art not thine own.

83

*Rhodes* conquer'd quite, all *Hungarie* o' re-runne,  
He, who caus'd place upon *Vienna's* height  
His gaping Moone, not fill'd with kingdoms wonne,  
Though but a badge of change, portending night,  
Lest Europes Empire had a hazard runne,  
When two great armies were afraid to fight :  
Great *Soliman*, sole-man by Turkes thought still,  
Whom could he spare, who his own sonne did kill ?

N 2

Twixt



84

'Twixt Turkes and Christians now no Trumpets sound,  
 (Their warres of late transferr'd to other lands;)  
 The Persian doth the Turkish conquest bound,  
 Of too much weight, and borne with borrow'd hands,  
 Which their supporters threaten to confound:  
 As Mamalukes, and the Prætorian bands,  
 Did *Egypt's* Prince, and *Romes*, chuse in times past,  
 The Ianifaries may make Turkes at last.

85

Of cold Mulcovians, and of scorched Mores,  
 From differing tropickes, now the troupes are great;  
 That stout Numidian (*Scipio's* friend) deplores  
 That long he liv'd, and yet had learn'd too late;  
 Fierce *Saladine* whose fame each story stores,  
 Whose fatall badge upbraids each mortals state,  
 That Sultane, loe, doth lead a tawny trayne,  
 Who *Juda* spoil'd, bragg'd *France*, and conquer'd *Spaine*.

86

With men whose fame was registred with bloud,  
 Who from true worth to reach vaine dreames enclin'd,  
 Some women come who had (made milde, grown rude)  
 A female face, too masculine a minde,  
 Who though first fram'd to propagate mens brood,  
 (From Nature stray'd) toyl'd to destroy their kinde:  
 By differing meanes both sexes grace their state,  
 I scorne mens coynesse, womens stoutnesse hate.

87

There *Ashturs* Empresse, who disguis'd did raigne,  
 Till (as by her his Syre) slaine by her sonne;  
 The Scythian Queene who scoff'd with high disdain,  
 At *Cyrus* head, when toss'd within a tunne:  
 She who by Emperours spoiles did glory gaine,  
*Zenobia* chaste, who did no danger shunne:  
 That which they bragg'd of once, they now be none,  
 The Amazons all tremble at this Throne.

88

There quaking Squadrons (press'd with feares) conveene,  
 Who monsters of their sexe, to Nature strange,  
 In warre not onely violent were scene,  
 Whil'st spurr'd by hate, ambition, or revenge,  
 But Brigants fierce, and homicides have beene,  
 Even where most bound to love, when bent to change:  
 Such when once stray'd in mischiefes depth they dive,  
 What thing so bad which they dare not contrive?

VVith



89

With aspects fierce, O what a cruell crew !  
Milde natures horror, worse then can be deem'd,  
Who barbarous, yea; abominable grew;  
And wrought their wreake whom they should have redeem'd,  
Who with kinde bloud, did unkinde hands imbrue,  
For vile revenges, monsters mad esteem'd :  
Whose rage did reach to such a heighth of evils;  
That humane malice did exceed the divels.

90

There *Media's* Monarch, ruine of the State,  
Whose nephewes savor when for death forth borne,  
Had for reward from him, his sonne for meat,  
And (that his soule might be in pieces torne)  
The head was brought while he the rest did eate,  
A high disdaine, dissolv'd in bitter scorne :  
Who can but thinke what grieve he did conceive,  
Sonnes murtherer, mourner, bearer, beere, and grave.

91

Then he whose part oft *Athens* stage did tell,  
Who by his brother drest like food did finde,  
Whil'st boyling rage (pent up) last high did swell;  
And bursted out in a most barbarous kinde;  
Though both (not jealous) may inhabite hell,  
Yet vengeance still doth so possesse his minde :  
That, if of ease he any thought attaines,  
It onely is to see his brothers paines.

92

Those two so neare (yet farre estrang'd) in bloud,  
Though Greeks, yet barbarous, quite from nature stray'd;  
To make his brother swallow his owne brood,  
(So farre that fury of revenge him sway'd)  
Of which, the one did dresse (prodigious food)  
A childe, his nephew, innocent, betray'd :  
Now in one dungeon, they together dwell;  
No jealousie nor envy stings in hell.

93

'Twixt *Pandion's* daughters, wretched *Terens* stands,  
Of which the one (by double wrong abus'd)  
With tongue restor'd, the vengeance due demands,  
For brutish lust, and barbarous rigour us'd,  
As having stain'd his stomacke, and her hands,  
By him the other is as much accus'd :  
A sister kinde, or with all love at strife,  
A monstrous mother, an outrageous wife.



94

She grieues, whom long distract'd, strange thoughts did move,  
 To venge her brother, or her sonne to slay,  
 A sister, mother, doubtfull which to prove,  
 Till tender kindenesse to strong rage gave way,  
 Proud of mens praise, and of a Ladies love,  
 Whil'st his, the Boare, he, *Atalanta's* prey :

Thus even whil'st fortune fawn'd, fates did destroy,  
 " O what small bounds abide 'twixt grieve and joy !

95

Of Queenes accurst, whose names may horror breed,  
 There *Iuda, Israel*, each of them gives one,  
 The Tigris who destroy'd the royall seed,  
 And even too dearely purchased a Throne,  
 Yet one preserv'd, did to the State succeed,  
 And, justly guerdon'd was her rigour gone :

As from Gods favour, from his Temple driv'd,  
 That murtherers ruine quickly was contriv'd.

96

That hatefull Hebrew Queene of *Sidons* race,  
 Who durst attempt a warre against the Lord,  
 And Prophets kill'd, or them farre off did chase,  
 Yet *Baals* Temples with abundance stor'd,  
 That prostituted trunkes, and painted face  
 Were head-longs hurl'd, by dogges to be devour'd :  
 Yet did that judgement but to her remaine,  
 An earnest penny of eternall paine.

97

That great Enchauntresse, magickes power o'rethrowne,  
 Who, then the Bull she tam'd, more mad did prove,  
 Whil'st she (his babes all torne in pieces sowne)  
 From following her, her father did remove;  
 What cruell wonder hath like this beene knowne ?  
 One of the sexe most milde, fierce when in love :  
 No doubt the divell did rule both heart and hands,  
 For witchcraft, murther, his by double bands.

98

From dungeons darke, blacke squadrons part a space,  
 (That they for ever sentenc'd may returne)  
 By covenant the divels peculiar race,  
 Who hyr'd by him, against the heavens did spurne,  
 And, when detected, dying with disgrace,  
 (As Martyrs) did for their profession burne :  
 This ominous end presaging more distresse,  
 They here began their portion to possesse.

She



99

She, who at *Endor*, by her King secur'd,  
Long murmuring charmes, a monstrous masse did stand,  
Then did attest, protest, curs'd, and conjur'd,  
Till she (hels slave) her master did command,  
And (if not *Samuel*) one like him procur'd,  
To rise and tell all that they did demand,  
That Witch the honour hath with many such,  
To live with him whom she did love so much.

100

Some who (all Magickes mysteries well known)  
For temporall toyes, eternity have lost,  
And did but mocke the eyes (false wonders shown)  
Like him who would have bought the holy Ghost;  
Their Lord at last with rigour urg'd his owne,  
And all that cosening skill too dearly cost,  
Their mangled members dash against the stones,  
Whil'st he to search their soules, crush'd all their bones.

101

Some subtle Sorcerers, whom the world commends,  
This horrid Art to such perfection bring,  
That slaves can sell their Lords for severall ends,  
By magickes meanes imprison'd in a Ring,  
Whose owners with their Lord (as his deare friends)  
May by this pledge, advise of every thing:  
So that such sprites were entertain'd for spies,  
Which told some truth, to purchase trust for lyes.

102

There some who first (not stray'd from natures ground)  
Were bent to know what fates in clouds obscur'd,  
Whom (when march'd neare) no limits more could bound,  
But they would have all what could be procur'd;  
And by wrong spies, Gods secrets sought to sound,  
As (Magickes band) astrologie assur'd:  
When in heavens Garden once allow'd to be,  
Who tempted were to the forbidden tree.

103

Of that base fort a multitude doth swarme,  
Which (though not curious) simple, or in want,  
Did (when themselves abus'd) abuse, and charme,  
Then sprites impure, to practise ill did hant;  
Could doe themselves no good, did others harme,  
Rais'd divels, and tempests, but could nothing dant:  
When damn'd at last, they this advantage gaine,  
That with their masters, they are mates in paine.

So



104

So many sorts of wicked men design'd,  
 Worse then the worst, what troupe doe I perceive?  
 Muse, though thou loath that I should presse my minde  
 With passive thoughts, such monsters to conceive,  
 Yet let the end for such vile soules assign'd,  
 In every heart a burd'nous horroure leave:  
 Which is so farre estrang'd from my conceit,  
 I feare to lessen what I would dilate.

105

What barbarous Traitours, execrable Bands,  
 From breasts depth earth-quakes cast up swelling groanes?  
 Vile *Assasines*, who durst with impious hands,  
 Rise up against the Lords annointed ones,  
 And all neglect, that heaven, or th' earth commands,  
 The sword not fear'd, no reverence unto thrones:  
 Whom so to mischiefe, Satan head-long roules,  
 That for anothers life they give their soules.

106

O! how they quake with a dejected face,  
 Who sought (heavens horroure) for their Soveraignes end,  
 Some (as next kinsmen ayming at his place)  
 Swift Natures course impatient to attend,  
 Some having purchas'd power, by warre or peace,  
 (All right contemn'd) who would by force ascend:  
 As troupes who knew not God, this Squadron fill,  
 There want not others who did know his will.

107

There *Absolom* so absolutely faire,  
 VWho would embosom'd be by proud base Arts;  
 Yet sell himselfe his father bent to snare,  
 And lost his whole in stealing others hearts;  
 He farre puff'd up, dy'd wavering in the ayre,  
 The shamefull forme upbraiding vaunted parts:  
 A growing gallows, grasping tumide hope,  
 The winde was hang-man, and his haire the rope.

108

Ah! must I staine the purenesse of my rymes,  
 With such as we from mindes should quite seclude?  
 Damn'd be their memory, unknowne their crymes;  
 Of acts so ill examples are not good,  
 And yet have we not seene even in our times,  
 How th'earth abus'd, beares a prodigious brood:  
 Who fayning godlinesse, from God rebell,  
And will seeke heaven even in the depths of hell.



109

Up hypocrite ingrate, who wast entic'd  
To kill that King, who did your sect advance,  
By strangers lov'd, at home by all despis'd,  
From whom when stolne from *Pole*, one neere stole *France*,  
Had he not falne even there where they devis'd  
The monstrous massacre! great God what chance?  
Else was he urg'd, all dignity put downe,  
To quite his kingdome for a naked Crowne.

110

That villaine vile whom all the world abhorr'd,  
To kill that King who durst lend death a dart,  
Who oft had scap'd the Cannon and the sword,  
And banish'd had the Authors of base Art,  
Since not his tooth, why was their State restor'd?  
Who tooke but it, in earnest of the heart:  
Blinde zeale, foules frenzy, now makes many rave;  
Can mischief merit, or can murther save?

111

Yet those vile crimes(though with amazement nam'd)  
Seeme common slaughters when I them compare,  
With that strange treason through the world proclaim'd,  
Which bragg'd to blow all *Britaine* in the ayre;  
Of this damn'd plot, the divell may be asham'd,  
Which had no patterne, and can have no heire:  
Both Prince and Peeres, it threatning straight t' o'rethrow,  
(Like *Neroes* wish) had kill'd all at one blow.

112

When Stygian States in dungeons darke conspir'd,  
All *Albions* o'rethrow, *Britaines* utter end,  
To be dispatch'd, as paper spent when fir'd,  
Which mysticke bragge, when none could comprehend,  
Our *Salomon* (no doubt by God inspir'd)  
Did straight conjecture what it did intend:  
Great Prince, great Poet, all divine, what three?  
With whom on earth was God, if not with thee?

113

Hels Emissaries with confusion stor'd,  
Whose damn'd devices, none enough can hate,  
Though they should be by all the world abhorr'd,  
As Natures scandall, Vipers of a State,  
Yet are they prais'd of some, yea, and ador'd,  
Since by religion justifi'd of late:  
Some miracles were fain'd, one true is wrought,  
That monsters martyrs, murtherers Saints are thought.

VWho



114

Who can but burst those moderne times to touch,  
 Whil'st bloody hearts, and hands, can smoothe their breath?  
 When some (though Christians) are commended much  
 For suffering, no, even for inflicting death?  
 It may indeed be justly said of such,  
 They burne in zeale, worke wonders out of faith,  
 Who fire whole kingdomes for religious love,  
 And to seeme holy, homicides will prove.

115

Next those great men whose fame so glorious flies,  
 Who rag'd with fury, or for folly rav'd,  
 And bended up with pride, or slack't with lyes,  
 Idolatry, or murther, still conceiv'd,  
 A dastard troupe stands with dejected eyes,  
 Whose tainted life, worlds shame, heavens judgment crav'd:  
 Heard of such hearts, hels hounds, with horreur chase,  
 Who basely wicked, wickedly were base.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The seventh HOURS.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*To vice abandon'd, those who basely liv'd,  
 And sold their soules to be the slaves of lust;  
 Blasphemers, drunkards, gluttons, all who striv'd  
 To pamper flesh, and did to frailty trust,  
 False Iudges, witnesses, who fraud contriv'd,  
 Or were in that which they profess'd, unjust:  
 All learned men who have their gifts abus'd,  
 But chiefly Church-men are at last accus'd.*

I



Loe, some whom fortune like her selfe made blinde,  
 Who sacred greatnesse did most grossly staine,  
 Involv'd in vices, and of such a kinde,  
 That them to taxe, even Gentiles did attaine,  
 Though not thought sin, nor by no law declin'd,  
 Whose facts (as filthy) Nature did disdain:  
 Who (following sense) from reason did rebell,  
 Long loath'd on th'earth still tortur'd in the hell.

Af



2

*Affyria's* King (no King before depriv'd)  
(Though others barbarous) first who beastly prov'd;  
VWho (faint for lust) effeminately liv'd,  
Till by despaire to seeme couragious mov'd,  
He; (when he knew his ruine was contriv'd)  
Did with himselfe burne all things which he lov'd:  
This act was bad, yet praised for his best,  
O who can thinke how hatefull were the rest!

3

*Romes* ugly Lord (power hatefull for his sake)  
VWhose vile desires could never be asswag'd,  
VWho (Natures horror) man to wife did take;  
All whole to lust and gluttony engag'd,  
VWho did profusely feasts prodigious make,  
A death disastrous (as his due) presag'd:  
He it (though ill) all meanes prepar'd to grace,  
Yet (alwaies foule) dy'd in a filthy place.

4

There stand worlds great ones, who vaine joy enjoy'd,  
VWhile boundlesse lust still strange desires did breed,  
Though gelded keepers jealousy convoy'd  
A female troupe, for fancy, not for need,  
Vast appetite, weake power, much wish'd, soone cloy'd,  
A longing first, straight loathing did succeed:  
That sinne so sweet, which Nature most desires,  
Doth here breed temporall, hence eternall fires.

5

The infant world great freedome did allow,  
To those delights which people did the ground,  
At least strict lawes did punish none as now,  
For any fault that did not wedlocke wound,  
And chastnesse then had beene a foolish vow,  
When Parents praise a populous offspring crown'd.  
Men then were forc'd with all degrees to wed,  
Till some discents more lawfull limits bred.

6

That which God first in *Eden* did ordaine,  
And with a wonder Christ confirmed too,  
By which both sexes fortified remaine,  
Two doubled ones, and a contracted two,  
That sacred league who ever vow in vaine,  
Although they thinke all secret what they doe:  
It is a sinne which God so highly hates,  
He markes it still with ruines of estates.

Amongst



7

Amongst the Iewes where God most clearely wrought,  
 All women deem'd their husbands to deceive,  
 Straight by the Priest to publicke tryall brought,  
 If guilty dyed, not guilty, did conceive;  
 Love and faith wrong'd, this crime so foule was thought,  
 That when for sinne God would his people leave,  
 The Prophets all adultery did name,  
 (Iust bands dissolv'd) which did divorce with shame.

8

What raving madnesse doth enflame the minde  
 With curiosnesse, anothers course to know?  
 When one the like by lawfull meanes may finde,  
 Why should he seeke to steale what others owe?  
 Which is (when reach'd) not such as was design'd  
 By fond conceits imaginary show:  
 What (had with care) feare keeps, shame checks, woe ends,  
 Man wrong'd, God griev'd, damnation last attends.

9

Though by like law both sexes bounded be,  
 Yet to the stronger, lesse restraint was showne,  
 Who (others wives not touch'd) did else seeme free,  
 Where for each scape, a woman was o'rethrowne;  
 And forward fame (too partiall) as we see,  
 More damnes them, if suspect, then men when knowne:  
 He, this way stray'd, to some more gallant seemes,  
 Where her (once stayn'd) the world no more esteemes.

10

From wives so farre their fellows to preferre,  
 The generall judgement diverse reasons move;  
 If from their honour any way they erre,  
 Some may them use, though never truly love;  
 As him her fault, the husbands shames not her,  
 Whose treacherous part may more pernicious prove:  
 He but affords, and she receives disgrace,  
 He but augments, she falsifies the race.

11

A womans worth, which Nature deckes, not Art,  
 Opinion values, favour doth procure,  
 Whose glory is the conquest of a heart,  
 Which vertue doth, not vanity allure,  
 Where beauty, wit, and each respected part,  
 Are sham'd by her, but honour not a whore:  
 When false, or faint, men are disgrac'd two wayes,  
 A woman onely when from fame she strays.

They



12

They who (all burning with voluptuous fires)  
Did dandle lust as a delightfull guest,  
And (making beauty bawd to base desires)  
Did buy their colour so to sell the rest,  
Loe, painted, false, or stolne, face, minde, attires,  
All is belid, and badnesse is their best;  
Deare proves the pleasute, bitter is the gaine,  
Which black disgrace upbraides with endlesse paine.

13

There, beauties goddesse with these dainty Greekes,  
Who did endeere the treasure of a face,  
And (fond of that which Idle fancy leekes)  
Would kisse like doves, like Ivie did embrace,  
Red lippes, white hands, black eyes, curl'd haire, smooth cheekes,  
Which flattering smiles, and flaming looks did grace;  
That once forc'd favour, but now hatred moves:  
Then for *Adonis* greater grieve she proves.

14

With daughters two *loves* *Leda* weepes in vaine;  
(One by base sport transported for a space,)   
Who kill'd her husband, by Her sonne was slaine:  
Next, that great beauty which the Greekes would grace,  
But by more lustre doe betray a stain,  
Troys fatall plague, the fable of each place,  
Much courted once, she now detasted stands,  
(As kill'd for her) accus'd by murmuring bands.

15

Lascivious *Lais* much in Corinth knowne,  
Who sold deare pleasure, pretious but by price;  
That dame of goods ill gain'd for franknesse showne,  
Whom *Rome* made goddesse that way never nice,  
Brave chiefes for whores who thousands have o rethrowne,  
Though striking hearts with horror of that vice;  
Lust breeds a plague of late which all doe loath,  
As which still shame, death sometime, oft yeelds both.

16

That Pompous Queene admir'd so much for state,  
When daunting them whose fame did hostes appall,  
(Worlds Conquerours conquer'd) who (then both more great)  
Made Cesar flie, and Antony to fall,  
Rare courage! rais'd with a declining fate,  
Who did triumphing, when design'd a thrall;  
But for these faults which numbers did confound,  
Then *Aspicks* gave, shee fees a deeper wound.

O

*Reomes*

They



17

*Romes* wanton dame doth thrust amid' st this throng,  
 (Soe sparkling lust empoison'd had her heart)  
 Who from the Stewes when exercised long,  
 Made weary oft, nor satisfi'd did part;  
 Yet match'd with *Silins* (made the vulgar song)  
 She forc'd grosse *Claudins* drowsily to start;  
 Who though that hee had cause to take her life,  
 Yet (strangely stupid) asked for his wife.

18

You who below have forfeited your fame,  
 And from their God so many doe divorce,  
 Who scarce can blush, though but a badge of shame,  
 Loe, what is all that you so much enforce!  
 A little flash, an extasie, a dreame,  
 Which loath'd when done, doth quickly leave remorse:  
 What fooles are these who for a fact so foule,  
 Lose fame, and goods, the body and the soule?

19

To force them further who were else their owne,  
 (Things faire when neare, fall foule when once they touch)  
 More love nor reason, but no favour showne,  
 Some loos'd just int'rest urging it too much;  
*Lots* daughters this, and *Tamars* rape hath showne,  
*Iocasta*, *Myrrha*, *Canace*, and such;  
 Incestuous matches make a monstrous brood,  
 Loath'd are they now who tainted thus their blood.

20

O fatall ill, which man-kinde may bemone!  
 Must things unlawfull most affected be?  
 All Edens fruits were freely given save one,  
 Yet Evah long'd for the forbidden tree,  
 Man o're all Creatures plac'd (as in a Throne)  
 Hath thrall'd himselfe, and in a base degree;  
 Vaine appetites, and an enormous lust,  
 Have brought him back more low then to the dust.

21

The Stygian Tyrant nothing can assuage,  
 When ravishers upbraid th'intended wrong;  
 There *Tereus*, *Nessus*, all shall have their wage;  
 These guests ingrate, who for the bride did throng:  
 Then *Shechem*, *Amnon*, *Tarquin*, by lusts rage,  
 Who were to force unfortunately strong;  
 Blood quenching lust, death venging honours wound,  
 Euen in this world wrath did all those confound.

Such



22

Such faults though great, match'd with more great, seeme lesse,  
Those whom to pleasure weaknesse did betray,  
They but the Law, not Nature did transgresse,  
The sexe observ'd, in sort did onely stray:  
Where some more vile then any can expresse,  
Both God and Nature in such horreur have;  
That if their sinne were not in Scripture scene,  
I should not thinke that it had ever beene.

23

That Towne which was consum'd with showers of fire,  
Where men first men, then Angels striv'd to staine,  
O fearfull type of memorable ire!  
Whose bounds still ugly like their sinne remaine,  
Of which the worlds great Iudge shall now enquire,  
And for the same appoint some speciall paine:  
That fault too foule not fit to be but nam'd,  
Let good men thinke that it cannot be dream'd.

24

Woe now to them who from all bounds did swerve,  
And (still intemp'rate) liv'd like abject Beasts,  
As wholly given their appetites to serve,  
Whose pleasure did depend upon their tastes,  
And whil'st the poore (for famine faint) did sterue,  
With food superfluous rioted in feasts:  
With *Dives* now tormented they remaine,  
And envy beggars whom they did disdain.

25

That proud *Chaldean* banquetting in state,  
As bragging of Gods spoils, puff'd up in heart,  
Who drunke in minde, and surfeiting of meat,  
To serve his use Church-vessels did convert;  
Till this was seene his courage to abate,  
Lo, thou art weigh'd, found light, thy kingdomes part:  
Who with his hand whil'st writing thus, did wound,  
Must with his whole in judgement quite confound.

26

He with brave troupes who bragg'd *Bethulian* walls,  
Whose breast for bloud, or wine, still raging boil'd,  
Drinke forcing his, his sword a numbers falls,  
Who men of lives, of honour women spoil'd;  
He, then when threatning all the world as thralls,  
Whil'st most secure, eternally was foil'd;  
By sleep, by drink, by death, thrice senselesse made,  
No wonder though a woman stole his head.

O 2

This

Such



27

This filthy vice enfeebling Natures force,  
 Though other faults (foule in an high degree)  
 Make men like beasts, it onely makes them worse,  
 Since to be drunk beasts not so base can be;  
 From reason onely madnesse doth divorce  
 It both from sense, and reason, as we see:  
 A murtherer but procures the bodies fall,  
 Where drunkenness with it, soules, fames, and all.

28

When finnes so much were croot, this budded first,  
 And who stood safe on Seas, by Land made sinke,  
 The father scorn'd, the sonne became accurst,  
 Deaths frighted remnant did for horror shrink;  
 He who was never mov'd with *Sodomes* worst,  
 When scap't from flames was all inflam'd with drinke,  
 And of those two so singular for grace,  
 Th'one lost a part, the other all his race.

29

That in this sort which made such men to fall,  
 Of piety though speciall patterns nam'd,  
 No doubt it cannot but confound them all,  
 Who in this kinde have such contentment dream'd,  
 That (to the same vow'd voluntary thrall)  
 They brag when fresh, where they should be asham'd;  
 Such onely when growne worst, least please the devill,  
 Since then as dead, not able to do evill.

30

Though to be drunke one did no sinne commit,  
 Yet it is grosse, and ugly every way,  
 As that which spoils the grace, the strength, the wit,  
 The feet made stumble, and the tongue to stray;  
 And where a vertue is, quite smothering it,  
 Each weaknesse that one hath doth straight betray;  
 What vice like this, which all ills else includes,  
 Since sinfull, shamefull, hurting health and goods.

31

That race of Satan like himsele in lyes,  
 Must then tell truth to him who all things knows,  
 Of circling fraud who soone the centre tryes,  
 And doth perceive all their deceiving shows,  
 Whose promises (like Spiders webs for flies)  
 A subtle snare the better sort o're-throws.  
 Who vainly vaunt amid'st their flying joyes,  
 That men with oaths, and babes are trap'd with toyes.



32

O now they spie how ill they play'd their parts,  
When they revive abandoning the dust!  
Plaine, and transparant are their hollow hearts,  
VVhich did delude the world, betraying trust;  
Though subtle thought, then simple prove these Arts;  
VVhich onely serve to circumvent the just:  
Such (ventring soules) base trifles bent to gaine,  
VVere first to shame, and last expos'd to paine.

33

As many meane men muster in this band,  
By avarice made false, or forc'd by want,  
There others are who kingdomes did command,  
And save themselves striv'd every thing to daunt;  
To rise ambitious, jealous how to stand,  
By policy who thousands did supplant,  
And all the world imbrac'd within their minde,  
Till at the last by some few foots confin'd.

34

Kings joyn'd with Subjects to be judg'd come in;  
No Deputies, in person all compeere;  
No greatnesse guilds their guilt, no guards guard sinne;  
No majestie save one breeds reverence here;  
For treacherous treaties they in vaine begin,  
By blam'd Ambassadors themselves to cleare:  
Power serves not now to count'raunce crimes with might,  
Nor policy to cloke their course with slight.

35

That gorgeous King who kill'd *Cassanders* sonne,  
By him prevented onely by one day,  
With mutuall feasts, and curtesies begun,  
Both faining love, when purpos'd to betray:  
These finde withall who have such courses runne,  
That generous plainnesse proves the better way;  
No men more wretched then some greatest Kings,  
Both for omitting, and committing things.

36

They at this time not onely are accus'd,  
For all which they directly did affect,  
But even for others cannot be excus'd,  
Whom they did raise, approve, or not correct;  
Save greater torment when not rightly us'd,  
Now soveraigne power doth purchase no respect:  
"Of high employments great accounts are crav'd,  
"And they must render most, who most receiv'd.



37

Faith (if once broke) doth so displease each minde,  
 That it not kept (even to an *Ethnicke* King)  
 The last in *Iuda's* Throne (his Crowne resign'd)  
 All charg'd with chaines to bondage bale did bring;  
 Who saw his sonnes first kill'd, then was made blinde,  
 What more mishap a heart with grieve could sting?  
 He wretched was, not that his eyes were reft,  
 But to see ill that they too long were left.

38

Pale stand they now, who took Gods name in vaine,  
 And have their souls for trifling ends forsworne;  
 Who hearts still straight, as simple did disdain;  
 Whose wit could close on vice, and vertue scorne,  
 Who thund'ring oaths the very ayre did staine;  
 O how they curse the houre that they were borne!  
 Such oft the devill have call'd, and god refus'd,  
 With imprecations, execrations us'd.

39

Of all these false ones which this time doth try,  
 With greatest wrath the Lord doth them pursue,  
 Who (forcing faith) were bold to sell a lye,  
 Affirming freely what they never knew:  
 With these vile hirelings which made *Nabal* dye,  
 A number more damn'd for this fault I view,  
 Which witnesses to try, no witnesse needs,  
 Their guilty conscience large confession breeds.

40

Troups which for spite durst urge a false complaint,  
 That Tyrants might the Saints of God commit,  
 With palenesse now their faces feare doth paint,  
 To witnesse wrong who did extend their wit:  
 Whilst they behold those whom they striv'd to taint,  
 With Angels rank'd (in judging them) to fit:  
 The great accuser doth against them plead,  
 Whom once he pleas'd, that he them thence may leade.

41

Loe, as their bodies, naked are their minds,  
 (That maske remov'd which did them long disguise)  
 Whose vows, and oaths, but breath, went with the winds,  
 Not to secure, given onely to entice,  
 These nets of fraud, weav'd in so many kinds,  
 Whence poy's'nous snakes did (hid with flowers) surprise,  
 All at an instant now is brought to light,  
 Which deep dissemblers had wrapt up in night.



42

The chiefe of such whom here abhorr'd I view,  
Is he whose words as oracles were thought;  
Who by two councells did his king pursue,  
Whose shame the one; whose life the other sought,  
Not wise, though wittie, false whil'st speaking true;  
When all his plots were to confusion brought:  
Who witness, partie, judge and hangman too,  
Damn'd by himselfe, left now the lesse to doe.

43

That great Arch-patron of such cunning parts,  
Is back'd by many drawne from Southerne climes,  
Who first to tongues driv'd honestie from hearts,  
And bent to prosper car'd not by what crimes,  
The *Florentine* made famous by these Arts,  
Hath tainted numbers even of moderne times:  
Till subtilty is to such credit rais'd,  
That falshood (when call'd policy) is prais'd.

44

Ah! this of zeale the sacred ardour cools,  
And doth of *Atheists* great abundance make,  
Philosophers, Physitians, lights of Schools,  
First causes hunting, do the second take,  
By learning ignorant, by wit made fools,  
O how their knowledge makes them now to quake!  
Who wrong'd Gods glory, and provok'd his wrath,  
By forcing reason, and neglecting faith.

45

Who (natures slaves no grounds save hers would touch)  
Still studying th'earth, not what did heaven concerne,  
They wish they had knowne more, else not so much,  
Had had no light, else judgement to discern,  
*Diagoras, Democritus*, and such  
Voluptuous Epicures, and Stoicks sterne:  
This narrow search which all their soules must sift,  
No subtle wit by Sophistry can shift.

46

Though to all those whom sinne hath made to sinke,  
(If pale repentance not by teares do purge)  
This Court yeelds feares, even more then men can thinke,  
Of all his laws when God a count doth urge,  
Yet chiefly they whose doomes made others shrink,  
If once accus'd, they cannot scape a scourge;  
Of such below who should his place supplie,  
The Lord (as jealous) all the wayes doth try.

The

They



47

They who were judges judgement must attend,  
 Whose hearts with conscience have no longer truce,  
 Whom bribes, hate, love, or other partiall end,  
 Did buy, wrest, bow, or any way seduce;  
 No Law, nor practick can them now defend;  
 There is no hope this proceffe to reduce:  
 His sentences whose words are all of weight,  
 (Whence scarce pronounc'd) are executed straight.

48

He who to death did damne the Lord of life,  
 Vnhappy man how hatefull is his part?  
 When griev'd in minde, and warned by his wife,  
 He wash'd his hands, but would not purge his heart;  
 Yet for lesse paine with some he stands at strife,  
 Who give wrong doomes, yet not so much as smart:  
 But men to please since he the Lord contemn'd,  
 He must be judg'd by him whom he condemn'd.

49

Ones monstrous crimes with torments how to match,  
 The devils do all concur for vengeance great,  
 Who (when at sacred food) did mischief hatch,  
 A traitor, theefe, apostate, and ingrate,  
 Who made (when he his Lord to trap did watch)  
 A kisse (though loves chiefe signe) the badge of hate;  
 He fought his wreake who came the world to save,  
 What greater crime could all hells hosts conceive?

50

They who of late did at poore suiters grudge,  
 Yet for more rich men reasons could contrive,  
 (Though there were hope that gifts could calme this judge)  
 They naked are, and nothing have to give,  
 O what strange furies in their bosomes lodge!  
 Who wish to dye, and yet of force must live:  
 These who from others plaints had barr'd their eares,  
 Smoke sighs in vaine, and raine downe fouds of teares!

51

Ye Iudges, ye, who with a little breath,  
 Can ruine fortunes, and disgrace inflict,  
 Yea, sit, securely (whilst denouncing death)  
 In lives (though pretious) as but toyes, not strict;  
 Ye must be judg'd, and in a time of wrath,  
 When Christ himselfe to justice doth addict:  
 To rigour fierce then give not rashly place,  
 For if you scape, it onely is by grace.



52

All those whom power doth arme, and glory decke,  
Not onely are for their owne faults disprov'd,  
But for all theirs whom they were bound to checke,  
Yet where they ow'd just hate, not loath'd, but lov'd:  
His sonnes both kill'd, old *Eli* broke his necke,  
Whom he (though tax'd) not mended, nor remov'd.  
"Who punish may, and yet comport with sinne,  
"They lose themselves where they should others winne:

53

Some who would mocke the world, appearing pure,  
So with fraile colours frailty to disguise,  
Whil'st privately some person they procure  
To execute the ill that they devise,  
Though (shadow'd thus) they dreame themselves secure,  
Whil'st gaine to them, to others hate doth rise:  
Who indirectly thus a fault commit,  
Are found more guilty by dissembling it.

54

That *Edomite* in hels black depths involv'd,  
Whil'st he revenge, else guerdon did attend,  
Who even in Church, the Priests o're-throw resolv'd,  
And at devotion mischiefe did intend:  
(VVith heaven and earth at once all bands dissolv'd)  
Vile *Doeg*, dogge, both false to God, and friend:  
Though true his words, the sense was wrong annex'd,  
And now he finds what glose betrai'd the Text.

55

Those base informers who (by envy led)  
Three *Hebrews* ruine did with fraud conspire,  
Then was the furnace when with flames made red,  
More fierce they finde the rage of sparkling ire,  
And (neare that forme by which their eyes were fed)  
They enter must, not be consum'd with fire:  
Yet differ thus, these scap't, not touch'd againe,  
Where they must alwayes burne with endlesse paine.

56

These lecherous Iudges, infamie of age,  
Who (for *Susanna* in an ambush plac'd)  
Did runne (enflam'd with a voluptuous rage)  
And living snows (all freez'd with feare) embrac'd,  
Which treason did 'twixt two great straits engage,  
To sinne in secret, or to dye disgrac'd;  
They curse their course which so impetuous prov'd,  
Twixt passions toss'd whil'st hating whom they lov'd:

That



57

That froth of envy, bubble of base pride,  
 VVho for ones cause a Nation would o're-throw,  
 His whole in hazard, or he would abide  
 The triviall want of an externall show;  
 Yet had what he for others did provide,  
 A rare example of vaine height brought low;  
 VVho of the man whom he did most disdaine,  
 The bridle led, most abject of the traine.

58

VVhen sometime match'd by emulating strife,  
 Black calumnie (swolne hate, and envies childe)  
 Damnes him with others (false records are rife)  
 By whom *Apelles* was from men exil'd,  
 VVho (animating colours) colour'd life,  
 Till (by their eyes) men joy'd to be beguil'd:  
 VVhil'st drawn by him an admirable peece,  
 It (as a Treasure) was engross'd in *Greece*.

59

No vice below fraughts *Pluto* with more spoils  
 Than Avarice, which nothing can controule;  
 (The heart with cares, the body tyr'd with toils)  
 Whil'st it (a tyrant) doth oppresse the soule,  
 And all the buds of rising vertue foils,  
 Too grossly base, and miserably foule;  
 Then it can never scape a generall hate,  
 Which one to found would ruine every state.

60

Not onely wretches all the world would wrong,  
 But even themselves defraud of what is due;  
 From all their treasures travell'd for so long,  
 Which they but owe, not use, not owe, but view,  
 Them fortune oft, death still to part is strong,  
 Who of all sinners have most cause to rue:  
 They lose themselves that doubtfull heires may gaine  
 The pleasures want of sinne, have but the paine.

61

By misery to finde his folly mov'd,  
 When Fortunes dreames were vanish'd all away,  
 That *Lydian* King who *Solon's* speech approv'd,  
 Did clearly tell how greatnesse did betray,  
 And highly loath'd what he too much had lov'd;  
 Thoughts which for treasures, no, for trifles stray:  
 What even when pleasant he did then disdaine,  
 O how he hates it now when cause of paine!

That



62

That Roman who but such did rich esteeme,  
As furnish might an hoast, yet want not feare,  
When his Sonnes head (whose hopes so great did seeme)  
With horroure crown'd a bragging *Parthians* speare,  
Then all his wealth could not himselfe redeeme,  
Kill'd oft ere dead, Barbarians scoffes to beare;  
Thus he who long below so rich did dwell,  
Rob'd fortune, fame, and life, went poore to hell.

63

She whose base mind they whom it pleas'd did scorne,  
(Vile avarice so poison'd had her heart)  
Whilst charg'd with all which foes left armes had borne,  
Did nothing get, yet they too much impart,  
The words were kept, but not the sence was sworne,  
The which, (though their deceit) was her defart;  
But though that monstrous weight bruis'd all her bones,  
A greater now doth crush her all at once.

64

Of him whose touch made gold, when rich at will,  
That ancient tale each misers state hath showne,  
Who steale from others, rob themselves, poore still,  
As borne to envy wealth, though even their owne;  
Gold did his Chests, but not his stomach fill,  
Starv'd by abundance, by his wish o'rethrowne;  
He but in eares, such always asses be,  
Since still in toile from burdens never free.

65

Then avarice that painefull guide to paine,  
With greater Troupes no sinne triumphes in hell,  
What fettered captives charg'd with guilty gaine;  
Prey of their prey, their wreake by winning tell:  
That glue of Soules must them from heaven restraine,  
Who ti'd to it, on th'earth would always dwell:  
Such jealous fooles, they not enjoy, though match,  
But build a nest where others are to hatch.

66

Of all those hearts which this curst hag doth stitch,  
Though by the world they are detasted most,  
Who are like him whom stealing did bewitch,  
With gold, and garments, tainting *Iosuas* host,  
Yet many are by farre worse meanes made rich,  
Who more doe sinne, yet of their sinne dare boast;  
Theeves oft (like him with Christ) get life by death,  
Where such are onely kept for endlesse wrath.

They

That



67

They by their place who should all faults redresse,  
 And guard the weake against encroaching wrong,  
 If of their greatnesse they the ground transgresse,  
 (As for inflicting harme made only strong,)  
 Though they a space by power the poore oppresse,  
 O! they shall find with griefe ere it be long,  
 How much it had imported to their state,  
 That they had striv'd to be more good then great.

68

Thou who rais'd high, should'st helpe the humble sort,  
 Yet, whilst thy pride all law, and reason foiles,  
 The entrailes, yea, their marrow dost extort,  
 Bath'd by their sweat, annointed with their toiles,  
 Dost urge more then they owe, or can support,  
 Deare is thy state when purchas'd by such spoiles;  
 Though theft be much detasted at this time,  
 Oppression then shall prove the greater Crime.

69

He who inferiours thus to ruine brings,  
 Who neither may resist nor dare complaine,  
 Though lawes approve, and custome cloke such things,  
 His course at last doth all unmask'd remaine;  
 Who late were Lords, and kept a Court like kings,  
 Of them whome once they rul'd no vantage gaine;  
 No bragges, nor bribes, no care nor friendship aides,  
 The judge in wrath with frownes their faults upbraides.

70

Though lofty Tyrants first much mischief breed,  
 Their ravenous course whilst nothing can appease,  
 Yet others are who on their fall doe feed,  
 Whom so to humble it the lord doth please,  
 Whose summes for interest principalls exceed,  
 A Cosening favour, ruining with ease;  
 But Christ at last a Iubilee doth sound,  
 His free from bands, who did them bind, are bound.

71

Then Robbers, Theeves, Oppressours, usurers there,  
 One sort at least the Lord farre more doth hate,  
 His temple spoiling, who himselfe not spare,  
 Take what zeale gave, the fat of offerings eate,  
 What was allow'd the Levites for their share,  
 Prophanely us'd to found a private state:  
 They must thinke God lesse then the Devill to be,  
 Who thousands kill'd to keepe his Altars free.

What



72

What leaden weight the foules of them doth lode;  
 (Like those in waters, bubbles but of breath, )  
 With words outrageous, who contest with God,  
 Though oft even here made spectacles of wrath,  
 By ruines axe, not by corrections rod,  
 But are for ever tortur'd after death :  
 What they must suffer cannot be devis'd,  
 When judg'd by him whom they so long despis'd.

73

He thundring vaunts, who did his pride proclaime,  
 And bright with brasse, like *Rhodes* great statue shin'd,  
 With Launce more grosse then any Weavers beame,  
 The masse most monstrous of the Gyants kinde,  
 Whil'st braving God, by seeking *Israels* shame,  
 He first amaz'd, then fill'd with teare each minde :  
 An Oxe in strength, and death, lesse in the last,  
 A small stone fell'd him which a boy did cast.

74

That moving mount of earth with others dread,  
 Who (trusting their owne strength) did God despise;  
 That King of *Bashan* (from his iron bed)  
 Who to oppugne Gods people did arise;  
 Some who like Wolves, with flesh of men were fed,  
 As he whose eye *Vlysses* did surprise :  
 Though huge, they quake, whil'st feare their pride restrain.  
 And with their strength, proportion'd are their paines.

75

With those who rail'd on God with horroure nam'd,  
 Stands *Rabsache*, whose breath the ayre defil'd,  
 And one who answer'd was when he exclaim'd,  
 Tell of the Carpenter what doth the childe,  
 That he for him a fatall coffin fram'd ,  
 Whom death soone seizing from the world exil'd :  
 Such did pursue, where nothing could be wonne,  
 Like foolish dogges that barke against the Sunne.

76

There Christ must make that barbarous King afraid,  
 From whose fierce rage for him, babes were not free,  
 That with just scorne, the great *Augustus* laid,  
 It better was his Sow then sonne to be :  
 One durst Gods praise usurpe, till quite dismaid,  
 His flattering troupes a judgement rare did see,  
 Whil'st him who swolne with pride, so much presum'd,  
 A loathsome death by meanes most vile consum'd.

P

Great

What



77

Great is the wrath which doth all them pursue,  
 That from the Sabbath did prophanely stray,  
 Gave man too much, to God not what was due,  
 Where all was ow'd, who nothing would repay;  
 Whose course ingrate, oft guerdon'd thus we view,  
 Their yeares are curs'd, who scorn'd to keep one day:  
 Nor doth his rage lesse flames against them raise,  
 Who seeke by it their sport, and not his praise.

78

Of those the griefe no soule save theirs conceives,  
 Who Parents scorre, like nothing but their States;  
 By *Chams* eternall curse, who not perceives  
 How much the Lord rebellious children hates?  
 Since all his race (hereditary slaves)  
 Are sold like beasts, and at more easie rates:  
 A monstrous merchandise, unnaturall gaine,  
 But thirst of gold, what do'st thou not constraine?

79

Those soules which once enlightned were with grace,  
 Yet in heavens way abandon'd had their guide,  
 This present world (like *Demas*) to embrace,  
 Yea, worse, did fiercely fall, not weakely slide,  
 What fooles were they who did give over their race,  
 For falsenesse, faintnesse, or preposterous pride?  
 Since like their Lord, they needs would fall from light,  
 With him darke dungeons they deserve of right.

80

The man most mark'd amidst this damned traine,  
 Whose foule defection, numbers did annoy,  
 Is he from Schooles who Christians did restraine,  
 By ignorance the truth bent to destroy;  
 With him (well match'd) his master doth remaine,  
 Who fondly did too deepe a wit imploy:  
 Vile *Porphyry*, how wretched is thy state,  
 Who bought thy learning at too deare a rate.

81

Yet even then these, whose falles were marked most,  
 A number now are farre more guilty found,  
 These but themselves, they many thousands lost;  
 These seene were shunn'd, they seeming friends, did wound,  
 And where made Captaines, did betray the host,  
 Not forward march'd, did but the Trumpet sound:  
 Such teachers false, high indignation move,  
 Who plac'd for lampes, did rockes of ruine prove.

They



82

They (whil'ft their faith for worldly causes faints)  
 Who were made Shepheards, do undoe their Sheep,  
 Religions casks, Church dregges, dissembled Saints,  
 Where trusted watch-men who fall first asleep;  
 O with what palenesse feare their faces paints,  
 For loosing them whom they were bound to keep!  
 Such Pastors now stand for all those dismaid,  
 By their example, or neglect, who strai'd.

83

He (even as spurning at a wall of brasfe)  
 VVho (though Gods Priest) his people would misguid,  
 VVhere bound to bleffe, who there to curse did passe,  
 Seem'd to consult, yet God to tempt but tri'd,  
 VVho forc'd (when left) him to obey his Asse,  
 Then it more grosse which first the Angel spi'd;  
 Deare proves his counsell when their plaints begin,  
 VVhom he by beauty did betray to sinne.

84

With *Balaam* now this age a troupe doth match,  
 Who (flattering *Sirens*) some with pleasure charme,  
 Whil'ft they like Tradesmen do their taske dispatch,  
 Since neither hot, nor cold, spu'd forth luke-warme,  
 Whose scandalous life choaks what their words do hatch;  
 What profit precepts, whil'ft examples harme?  
 "Of tainted fountains all do flie the streames:  
 "As bright the Sunne, most pure are all his beames.

85

What great perfection can *Theologues* reach,  
 VVho learne their Science as an Art to gaine,  
 And, farre from practise, onely strive to preach?  
 Such wanting salt would season soules in vaine,  
 In actions earthly, spirituall but in speech,  
 VVho buy promotions, sell heavens goods againe:  
 Their money curs'd, detasted may they dye,  
 VVho, what none value can, would basely buy.

86

There are some Priests whom foolish pride made rave,  
 (Like *Isis* Asse whose burden was ador'd)  
 Who of their parts too great opinion have,  
 And more affect than reason can afford;  
 VVhere humblenesse her chiefe abode should have,  
 A haughty minde must justly be abhorr'd;  
 Vile avarice, and pride, from heaven accurst,  
 In all are ill, but in a Church-man worst.

P 2

Sinne

They



87

Sinne sinfull still, and vice is vile in all,  
 But most abhorr'd by guides of soules when done,  
 Whose faults seeme ugly, though they be but small,  
 As stains in Crystall, darknesse in the Moone;  
 They when they stumble, make a number fall;  
 Where laws scarce urge, example leads us soone;  
 Woe to those Shepherds who their flocks betray,  
 Whose trusted steps make all their followers stray.

88

Next comes a company then these more bad,  
 Who in some sort made eminent to be,  
 Did poyson draw, where others honey had,  
 Blinde by sinnes beams who could it selfe not see,  
 By curiousnesse grown grosse, by learning mad,  
 Where *Adam* rob'd the fruits, who rent the Tree:  
 Confusions slaves, whose course all union wrongs,  
 They part mens hearts, where *Babel* but the tongues.

89

Those soules impostours, rocks of ruine borne,  
 Who what they fancied did too much esteeme,  
 And of Religion held true grounds in scorne,  
 By strange opinions singular to seeme;  
 They who the Church did teare, their hearts are torne,  
 Whose spirituall errors nothing could redeeme;  
 Then all those *Atheists* who the light deny'd,  
 Strai'd Hereticks are more pernicious try'd.

90

Their vaine divisions have much mischief wrought,  
 Christs coat still torne, for lots (yet question'd) set,  
 The figures literall, letters figures thought,  
 Whil'st forging reasons, they the sense forget,  
 And catching all within their compasse brought,  
 Like poyfnous Spiders fram'd in aiery net;  
 Yet that the world might spie their damned state,  
 Still jarr'd amongst themselves, did others hate.

91

None gives Religion a more dangerous wound,  
 (Of which firme union is a certaine signe)  
 Then *Schismatics* whose dreames would truth confound,  
 And do divide what faith should fast combine;  
 When learned Doctors do dispute the ground,  
 How can weake vulgars but from light decline?  
 Whil'st parts are question'd, all the whole in doubt,  
 First Heresie, then Atheisme doth burst out.

Whil'st



92

Whil'st false conceptions do abuse the braine,  
Oft monstrous broods have all the world appall'd,  
Even when Apostles did themselves explaine,  
Some strangely strai'd, yet scorn'd to be recall'd,  
Whil'st grossly subtle, learnedly prophane,  
To sp'rituall bondage voluntarily thrall'd:  
Instruction loath'd, they shamelesse in offence,  
Of living Authors did pervert the sence.

93

Ere from mens mindes the Gospels purenesse past,  
That vaunting Sect which holy *Iohn* did hate,  
With drunkards sober, liv'd with wantons chaste,  
And bragg'd by strength temptations to abate,  
Till false by standing, them their strength did cast,  
Whil'st stumbling blocks had fram'd for sinne a bait:  
Then faults they fled farre greater did them staine,  
Presumption devillish, weaknesse is humane.

94

From fountains pure what tainted streames did fall,  
By which made drunke huge troupes strange dreames conceiv'd,  
*Nestorians*, *Arrians* to grosse errors thrall,  
The *Montanists* and *Donatists* deceiv'd;  
The *Manicheans*, and *Pelagians* all,  
VVith millions else who admirably rav'd:  
And when they once abandon'd had the light,  
Thought all the world was wrong, they onely right.

95

These viprous broods whose course no reason rain'd,  
Did when first borne their mothers belly teare,  
Bred by contention, and by blood maintain'd,  
VVho rent the Church, pretending it to reare,  
Then, with themselves, all who would trust them stain'd,  
And them to hell led headlong by the care:  
But who for Patrons prais'd such once as Saints,  
They curse them now with multipli'd complaints.

96

Of all the gifts that garnish mortals here,  
Though for perfection learning most imparts,  
And to the Deity draws her followers neare,  
Scarce lesse then Angels, more then men for parts,  
Yet their accounts some Scholars worst can cleare,  
VVho lodg'd their knowledge in corrupted hearts:  
VVhil'st lengthning life by memorable lines,  
In spite of death extending bad designs.



97

Ah, of that troupe who can the torments dreame,  
 Of all hels hosts which with most horrou howls,  
 The scorne of knowledge, and the Muses shame,  
 Who with vaine pleasures do empoyson soules,  
 And (reaching ruine) whil'st they toile for fame,  
 Do vomit volumes of contagious scrouls,  
 Which bent for glory (though vaine thoughts they take)  
 Do but their sinnes, not them immortall make:

98

When dead to sinne, to ruine from the grave,  
 Though hid in th' earth infecting still the ayre!  
 What greater mischief could the devill conceive,  
 Then like himselfe make men? what authors rare?  
 That they with life can wickednesse not leave,  
 Whil'st bounded in one place, o're all a snare,  
 That course doth never end which they begin:  
 Death but their dayes, scarce Doomsday bounds their sinne.

99

Of each Divine who thoughts to Time commits,  
 (Whil'st colening conscience) racking reasons bounds,  
 With subtle Logicke intricating wits,  
 (Sophisticating truth) which faith confounds,  
 Whose aguous fancies with infective fumes,  
 The world abus'd, abusing sacred grounds;  
 Their writs which (wresting words) much mischief wrought,  
 To damne the Author are in judgement brought.

100

Of these brave sprits (neglecting vulgar dates)  
 The tongues of Time, interpreting the dead,  
 Who entertaine intelligence 'twixt States  
 By registering all what was famous made,  
 Of them I heare too many curse their fates,  
 (When trusted guides) who others wrong did leade;  
 And partially a lye for truth gave forth,  
 To colour vice, or derogate from worth.

101

And therefore Muse, thy purenesse do not spill,  
 (Though griefe do make thee passionate to prove)  
 Loath them to taxe whom thou do'st reverence still,  
 But passe not publicke wrongs for private love,  
 And whil'st such faults all minds with feare do fill,  
 This them who live to change their course may move;  
 Ah that heavens lampe might still direct our wayes,  
 Whom Starres should crowne, and not terrestriall Bayes.

That



102

That sweet *Mæonian*, minion of each minde,  
 Who first (creating fame) with Time contract'd,  
 Then where he pleas'd, for favour it assign'd,  
 Made gods, and men, till, what he fain'd, seem'd act'd,  
 All ey'd within, of force without quite blinde,  
 Whose contemplation never was distract'd;  
 Seven Townes in vaine would hide him in their ground,  
 Whom all the world not at this time can bound.

103

Ah! this blinde guide made numbers walke astray,  
 By dreams and fables forcing them to fall,  
 Who now in darknesse do debase the day,  
 And him (as chiefe) most tortur'd of them all;  
 The devill could never purchase such a prey,  
 As those rare spirits, when onco to him made thrall;  
 Since they to hell made many thousands rinne,  
 With pleasant colours, masking ugly sinne.

104

Ye dainty wits admir'd for rich conceits,  
 Which (heavens chiefe sparks) should mortals farre transcend,  
 For beauties fraile which time with moments dates,  
 Eternall treasures do not fondly spend;  
 Thinke of those Angels (forfeiting their states)  
 Who from lights height to darknesse did descend:  
 Rise, rise (bright souls) and for true glory strive,  
 Ere here dissolv'd we may at heaven arrive.

105

Though these great minds by Satan soone were snar'd,  
 As pride, ambition, vanity, revenge,  
 Of loftie thoughts the small repose impair'd,  
 Which forcing fame engendred monsters strange;  
 Huge numbers are (base if with those compar'd)  
 Who act'd, or aym'd much ill, and borne for change.  
 By divers wayes to severall sinnes were led,  
 Which all by drinke or avarice were bred.

106

Of many Merchants none is then accus'd,  
 For ten-fold gaines (as partiall spite informes)  
 That by their hazards justly is excus'd,  
 Both day and night since toss'd by many stormes;  
 They onely smart who have the world abus'd,  
 Whil'st seeking substance, fraudfull in the formes;  
 False weights and measures do procure their paine,  
 Not for how much, but by what means they gaine.

That

There



107

There artizans (for too much Art convict'd)  
 Who falsifi'd the trade that they profess'd,  
 For abject lucre to foule fraud addict'd,  
 In forme, or matter, trusted grounds transgress'd,  
 Not fearing shame, nor what could be inflict'd,  
 So for the time they some small gaines possess'd:  
 And when once tax'd, as quite estrang'd from troth,  
 Of minde to purge, they damn'd themselves by oath

108

Of this base sort another Squadron stands,  
 Which others lesse, but more themselves did wrong,  
 Who by their belly did exhaust their hands,  
 Then they to gaine, a masse to waste more strong,  
 Who still contentious (staines to civill lands)  
 To all disorders did confus'dly throng:  
 Whil' st alwayes drunke they from no fault were free,  
 Till last by beggery that they bounded be.

109

Though base, not pass'd even beggars here are rise,  
 Who with procur'd, or counterfeited sores,  
 That they might live, did lose all use of life,  
 Not entring Churches, begg'd but at the doores,  
 Urg'd charity, and yet were still at strife,  
 By hand who helps them, them in heart abhor's:  
 Adultrers, theeves, blasphemers, and ingrate,  
 The sinks of sinne, as poore in soules, as state.

110

Now must ring pride, no pompe, nor power protects,  
 Whil' st none so great as dares (when damn'd) reply,  
 Nor none so low whom this great Iudge neglects,  
 Lifes strict accounts when come in wrath to try:  
 Contempt, nor reverence, worke no such effects:  
 Myfts, whence they rose return'd, vaine vapours dyc:  
 For state or birth, all duties due Time frees,  
 (Save parting paines) no difference in degrees.

111

Not onely soules for deeds are damn'd to fire,  
 Whose witnes'd wrongs were from all colours free,  
 But even intentions, wishes, and desire,  
 Which (though none else) yet God himselfe did see;  
 The heart advanc'd, what member can retire?  
 The Author it, the rest but actors be:  
 These bent for ill, whom casuall lets did bound,  
Then some who acted are more guilty found.

Not



112

Not onely now all these to paine must part,  
Whom harmfull deeds well witnesse'd do accuse,  
And who not seene (corrupted in the heart)  
Vere big with thoughts which Satan did infuse:  
No, no, with them a number more must smart,  
VWho had more treasure then they daign'd to use:  
This judgement generall all to triall brings,  
Both for committed, and omitted things.

113

These wealthie ones whose steps the poore did trace,  
Not help'd, not mark'd, not seene from such a height;  
These who had power, and eminent in place,  
Yet had no pittie when support they might;  
These who had knowledge, and some seeds of grace,  
Yet would with none communicate their light:  
VVoe, woe to them with whom God ventred most,  
VWhose Talents hid (since not encreas'd) were lost.

114

They who by riches nought save pleasure sought,  
And griev'd for nothing but when forc'd to dye,  
To heaven (poore soules) as hardly can be brought,  
As cable-ropes come through a needle eye:  
O what huge hosts even more than can be thought,  
VVith shaking joynts, and chattering teeth I spie!  
VWhat fertile ages brought so many forth?  
Yet most in number are the least in worth.

115

Hells wayes are large, heavens strict, I would proceed,  
But words are weake to shew what I conceive;  
The squadrons damn'd so high a horror breed,  
To look on them that I of force must leave;  
My Muse which melts with griefe doth comfort need,  
Which save from heaven, I no where else can have:  
Lord cleare mine eyes, and let me see that band,  
(The world all conquer'd) which in triumph stand.

DOOMES





## DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The eighth H O U R E.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Patriarchs, Kings, and Prophets most renown'd,  
 Who came with God by conference friends to be,  
 And (whil'st his Law was of their lives the ground)  
 By him from wants and dangers were made free,  
 And in all temporall blessings did abound,  
 Yet did but Christ by Types and figures see:  
 O how they joy now to behold his face,  
 Whom they by faith did whil'st they liv'd embrace!*

I



Hat sudden lightning cleares my cloudie brow,  
 And bends faint hopes to follow forth their aimes:  
 At Christs right hand a bād more bright doth bow,  
 Then Summers Sun when mustring all his beams;  
 The prospect of my thoughts is pleasant now;  
 Ioy doth disperse all melancholy dreames;  
 Hence, hence all ye whose sprits are still pro-  
 phane,

This sacred ground no vulgar foot must staine.

2

The first of them that throng about the Throne,  
 Is he, save God, who once no fellow had;  
 Of all the Syre, and yet a Sonne to none,  
 Was rich when naked, never poore till clad;  
 Long'd not, nor loath'd, nor griev'd, when as alone,  
 What could displease, where he was best, none bad?  
 Though never childe what childishnesse more strange,  
 Who for an apple Paradise did change?

3

To that brave Garden with all pleasure stor'd,  
 When banish'd *Adam* heavily look'd back,  
 As griev'd to thinke of what he had beene Lord,  
 VVhil'st every object anguish more did make;  
 An angry Angel bragg'd him with a sword,  
 God threatned had, how could he comfort take?  
 A Prince depriv'd, forc'd servile works to try,  
 So tortur'd first, and then condemn'd to dye.

But



4

But that short griefe, to endlesse joy is chang'd,  
He lives more happy, that he once was dead,  
The promis'd seed (so *Evah* was reveng'd)  
Sting'd in the heele, did bruise the Serpents head;  
O monstrous worke, from reason far estrang'd!  
What harm'd him most, hath him more happy made:  
He lives (where first he was in feare to fall)  
(Free from restrictions) to no danger thrall.

5

Two doe succeed to this great sonne of slime,  
(Though one was elder) eldest borne to light,  
Who heard their father sigh forth many time  
His fall, wives weakenesse, and the Serpents flight,  
Not for the losse, griev'd onely for his crime,  
And so much more, that it had wrong'd their right:  
While as they him, and he his Maker lov'd,  
His wail'd rebellion their obedience mov'd.

6

Loe, (next to *Edens*) *Adams* greatest losse,  
That faithfull Sheeheard, whom no staine could taint,  
First gold refin'd (all upright) free from drosse,  
In whom (it seemes) heaven piety would paint,  
Since first (thus goodnesse mischief straight must tosse)  
Whom persecution did designe a Saint:  
An innocent for gratefull offering slaine,  
Whose suffering did a Martyrs glory gaine.

7

The old mans griefe with comfort to assuage  
(Gods owne when weake are strengthened still by grace)  
I here see *Seth*, who after *Cains* rage,  
(A pledge of favour) fill'd his brothers place,  
VVith other ancients of that infant age,  
Most part of whom from him deriv'd their race:  
In his sonnes time (whilst vice had flow'd ov'r all)  
On God againe, who then began to call.

8

He most is mark'd amidst this glorious traine,  
VVho walk'd with God, when here, as wholly his,  
And such perfection did below attaine,  
That death not tooke him as the custome is,  
But, as secur'd by priviledge from paine;  
The fabulous Grecians fondly glaunc'd at this,  
Yet fail'd in forme, and did pervert the sense,  
No Eagle, no, but Angels bare him hence.

But

Though



9

The time of *Adam* first much knowledge bred,  
 Who told heavens will, and warn'd how Satan rag'd,  
 For all were learn'd, though bookes they never read.  
 Whil'st many Ages could not make one ag'd;  
 But when Gods sonnes did with mens daughters wed,  
 (Though Giants, weake) all were to vice engag'd:  
 And since all those were never purg'd till drown'd,  
 That time yeelds few for piety renown'd.

10

Most happy he who first (though scorn'd a space)  
 To preach repentance, eminently stood,  
 Both threatning judgement, and yet offering grace,  
 As he was made, to make the world grow good;  
 Then (all else lost) did save some of his race,  
 Their soules from sinne, their bodies from the flood:  
 And last (worlds victor) even by Angels prais'd,  
 His Arke triumphall to the clouds was rais'd.

11

Whil'st widow'd fields which seem'd their guests to waile,  
 (As all distill'd in teares) could not be dry'd;  
 The drooping flowers with hanging heads grown pale,  
 Did seeme to mourne, that thus all creatures dy'd,  
 Lest the earth (thus spoil'd) to bring forth fruits might faile,  
 Industrious *Noah*, husbandry first try'd:  
 For which to him, fond Ancients, Altars fram'd,  
 Whil'st *Saturne*, *Ianus*, and *Ogyges* nam'd.

12

O! what strange things by deare experience past,  
 Could this man tell, amazement to constraîne?  
 Who saw the world first full, then all turn'd waste,  
 Yet liv'd himsele to people it againe,  
 Till from his race great Kings did rise at last,  
 VVho him for Syre not knew, or did disdain:  
 Whil'st old (and poore perchance) with toyle and strife,  
 Glad (by his labour) to maintaine his life.

13

There are two sonnes whom anguish did entrance,  
 To heare the third, their fathers scorne proclaime,  
 Who forward, backward, blindely did advance,  
 Even from themselves to hide their fathers shame,  
 Lest that their eyes had guilty beene by chance,  
 As sure their hearts could no such horror dreame:  
 The fathers blessing hath effectuall prov'd,  
 We see how *Cham* was curs'd, they truely lov'd.



14

*Shem*, fathers heire, a Lampe of light design'd,  
*Melchisedech*, a mighty Prince, or Priest,  
 With whom God did communicate his minde,  
 A speciall labourer after *Noahs* rest,  
 I see with him some others of his kinde,  
 Till *Abram* rose, who follow'd him for best:  
*Arpashad*, *Shelah*, *Eber*, *Pelag* stand,  
*Ren*, *Serug*, *Nahor*, *Terah* in one band.

15

Of *Iaphets* race at first, some forward throng,  
 (The rest (turn'd Gentiles) godlinesse did leave)  
 Who surfetting on Natures pleasures long,  
 At last (quite stumbling) drunke with vice did rave,  
 And when once stray'd, still more and more went wrong,  
 All last recall'd, the Lord their seed did save:  
 In Tents of *Shem*, since *Iaphet* came to dwell,  
 His numbers now doe all the rest excell.

16

Who shines so bright? I must to marke him stay,  
 The Churches stocke, from whom it did descend,  
 The first cleare Lampe who did direct heavens way,  
 Perfections patterne, imitations end,  
 Whom righteounesse did as a robe array,  
 Who eate with Angels, was profess'd Gods friend:  
 Of all the faithfull, call'd the father still,  
 Whose pleasure was to doe his Makers will.

17

A straying stranger, he (whil'st poore he seem'd)  
 Gave *Lot* his choice of lands, to peace to bring,  
 And him when Captive by the sword redcem'd,  
 Both liberall, valorous, yet a greater thing,  
 His friend once free, no treasure more esteem'd,  
 Who scorn'd to be beholding to a King:  
 Was onely weake when he disclaim'd his wife,  
 Not firme with God, or else too fond on life.

18

When *Sodomes* ruine justly was design'd,  
 God to this man whom he so dearely lov'd,  
 Would (ere effected) justifie his minde,  
 By his applause, as glad to be approv'd,  
 Who durst contest, but could ten good not finde,  
 Else by his meanes, heavens army was remov'd,  
 In league with God by Sacrament receiv'd,  
 Who true religion, heretable leav'd.

Q

His



19

His lifted hand had aym'd the fatall wound,  
 (A course most strange, which thoughts can scarce embrace)  
 Yet not distracted, but in judgement found,  
 To kill his sonne, and all the promis'd race;  
 (VVhil'ft faith triumph'd, both sense and reason bound)  
 Till him an Angell stayd (O wondrous case ! )  
 " Her birth, who barren was, an offering made,  
 " Had beene by natures course, not borne, nor dead.

20

He in whose bosome, Saints have had their rest,  
 VVho was for God from friends and soile estrang'd,  
 Hath still his Nephew neere (a wandring guest)  
 On fields too faire, his roving flockes who rang'd,  
 VVhich he at last, as ugly, did detest,  
 His wife transform'd, himselfe deform'd, both chang'd :  
 He, though not burn'd, yet smoak'd, had *Sodomes* smell,  
 Whil'ft fled from flames, when safe, as choak'd, he fell.

21

That sacrifice (though offered) who not dy'd,  
 First type of Christ, his suffering who presag'd,  
 For whom God did (when famine was) provide,  
 And for dig'd fountaines budding broyles asswag'd,  
 Yea, was for fathers cause, his guard and guide,  
 Till at his wealth for envy, heathens rag'd :  
 Though substance thought, that but a shadow darke,  
 Scarce of his riches pointed at a sparke.

22

There that great wrestler, halfe of one times brood,  
 VVho was ere borne against his brother bent,  
 And last us'd fraud, when force could doe no good,  
 (The meanes were bad, though happy the event)  
 But with heavens Monarch bravely struggling stood,  
 Till blest by force, he thence a Victor went :  
 To dreame of Angels, who on th'earth did lye,  
 A stone his pillow, curtain'd by the skye.

23

He thus whom God nor man could not appall,  
 (By beauty onely to turne captive mov'd)  
 Twice seven years sold, was made a wretches thral!,  
 And yet the time seem'd short because he lov'd;  
 Still when high thoughts his hopes to minde did call,  
 Rough blasts seem'd smooth, even sufferings pleasant prov'd :  
 No storme him mov'd, save onely *Rachels* frowne,  
 VVhose leavy Garland did his labours crowne.



24

O happy shepheard! flattr'g but his flocke,  
In minde a Monarch, but more free from toyles,  
VVhose Crowne an Ivy wreath, whose throne some rocke,  
His staffe a Scepter, Lord of many soiles,  
At night the Stars, all day the Sunne his clocke,  
He fed his sheep, they him, proud of their spoiles:  
And whil'st corrivall'd by eneroaching beames,  
Her eyes his glasse, and hers some Crystall streames.

25

Whil'st poore, thus pleas'd, nought could occurre save good,  
But straight when rich, he tortur'd did remaine,  
His daughter ravish'd, sonnes involv'd in bloud,  
The best belov'd (as he imagin'd) flaine,  
VVhen old and weake, forc'd farre to shift for food,  
VVhence (save his bones) nought was brought back againe:  
"His dayes both few and evill, he last confest,  
"Not wealth nor honour, death yeelds onely rest.

26

But what rare beauties ravish now mine eyes,  
Of which I thinke her one, who grossly fail'd.  
By whom first man was borne, all mankinde dyes,  
VVhose error still her ruin'd race hath wail'd?  
But (rack'd with pangs which all her sexe oft tryes)  
No doubt repentance many times prevaile:  
VVhil'st breeding more to plant the world withall,  
In place of one, whom she had made to fall.

27

She, whose great beauty, Kings in vaine did crave,  
First of her sexe, whom sacred pennes applaud,  
Who yong, still barren, did when old conceive,  
Yet (fondly curious) did her selfe defraud,  
And made a Mayd her equall of a slave,  
Her rivals raiser, her owne husbands bawd:  
For which due paine, she justly did abide,  
"Of slaves preferr'd, none can endure the pride.

28

From drawing water, an attending Mayd,  
Whil'st nobly humble, honourably kinde,  
Straight (highly match'd) with gorgeous robes array'd,  
By struggling twins, a mother was design'd,  
Of which for one (as franke affection sway'd)  
She boldly ventred, though her mate was blinde,  
Whom she beguil'd, not wrong'd, and (calme in strife)  
Though alwaies faithfull, was a cunning wife.

Q<sub>2</sub>

Of



29

Of rivall sisters emulous in love,  
 The Churches mothers, *Jacobs* joyes surmis'd,  
 The ones weake eyes, now bright as starres doe move,  
 Whom God would grace, when man too much despis'd;  
 She though least faire, yet did most fertile prove,  
 Whose mate loves oddes, found by opinion pris'd :  
     In minde, and armes, two brides at once embrac'd,  
     VWhil'ft sense and fancy, severall circuits trac'd.

30

Long after death, she who to waile was spy'd,  
 When from compassion, *Herod* quite did swerve,  
 Not mercenarily match'd, whom for a Bryde,  
 Twice seven yeares service scarcely could deserve;  
 Yet (stain'd by breeding whil'ft her Syre was guide)  
 Imbezled Idols, did with fraud preserve :  
     Long long'd to beare, yet by her wish was griev'd,  
     First known, whose death made *Evahs* curse beleev'd.

31

Her mother neere, that ravish'd daughter staves,  
 VVhose curiousnesse much mischief did procure;  
 A gorgeous beauty whil'ft it guardlesse straves,  
 If not inviting, doth at least allure;  
 O what huge evils, a moments sport repaves,  
 Her brothers murtherers, and her selfe a whore ?  
     Here lust by bloud, and shame was purg'd by teares,  
     Such bitter fruits a womans wandring beares.

32

The old arch-Fathers chiefe whom Jewes renowne,  
 Their names by Tribes distinguish did their race,  
 His fathers strength who might have claym'd the Crowne,  
 Had not his glory melted in disgrace,  
 Like water (when rais'd high) which must fall downe  
 For pleasure foule, had forfeited his place,  
     Yet when his brothers would their brother kill.  
     Then, onely kinde, he stay'd th'intended ill.

33

Hearts big with vengeance, whil'ft for bloud they long'd,  
 Two worst of twelve, in mischief, brothers sworne,  
 Mans sacred match, Gods covenant, both wrong'd,  
 The mocke of marriage, circumcisions scorne,  
 To murther numbers by base treason throng'd,  
 Till for their fault, (with inward anguish torne : )  
     Their holy father, horrors height conceiv'd,  
     But though their wrath was curs'd, themselves were fav'd.

He



34

He who himſelfe with courage ſhould acquite,  
Still like a Lyon, fighting for his prey,  
Stor'd with abundance, dandled with delight,  
Whom all his brothers freely ſhould obey,  
With bloud of Grapes made red, with milke made white,  
Till *Shiloh* came, who did the Sceptre ſway ;  
From him did ſpring the Author of our peace,  
The height of goodneſſe, and the ground of grace.

35

But yet at home he was unhappy long,  
His eldeſt ſonne (high hopes defrauding) dead,  
The next (too groſſly working nature wrong)  
Had ſtraight Gods judgement pour'd upon his head :  
The third held backe from whom he did belong,  
He (though their Syre) to breed them heires was made ,  
A whore-like widow tempting him to luſt,  
Whom firſt he damn'd, but (bound by ſignes) held juſt.

36

Here are the reſt of fertile *Leahs* brood,  
And of the Mayds for birth, who with her ſtriv'd;  
Not ſtayn'd as ill, nor yet much prais'd for good,  
VWho ſheepheards ſtill in vaguing lodgings liv'd,  
Did ſell their brother, brought their father food,  
And highly griev'd for former harme contriv'd,  
With them comes *Rachels* laſt and deareſt boy,  
On whom his father doted oft for joy.

37

But then all theſe, one more transports me now,  
VWho did of dreames the myſteries unfold,  
To whom Sunne, Moone, and Starres eleven did bow,  
As for their *Atlas*, who ſhould them uphold;  
But envies baſeneſſe cannot worth allow :  
For, brag'd by death, he for a ſlave was ſold :  
Yet wrought they good, who miſchiefe did intend,  
A bad beginning for ſo brave an end.

38

In fortunes favour, and in ſtrength for age,  
To taſte ſtayn'd pleaſure, him by all their charmes,  
Not beauty (grac'd by greatneſſe) could engage,  
Though offered, and alone, and in his armes;  
Whil'ſt love to luſt, and luſt all turn'd to rage,  
His chaſtneſſe blame, his goodneſſe bred him harmes :  
The Syre for love afflicted did remaine,  
And onely he becauſe of his diſdaine.

He

Q 3

He



39

He whom for state, affliction had prepar'd,  
 VVhil'ft from a Prison to a Palace brought,  
 VVhere sold a slave, was straight a Prince declar'd,  
 Clad with rich robes, the chiefe by suiters sought,  
 In time of plenty, who for famine car'd,  
 Sav'd all the subjects, yet the kingdome bought :  
 Both rich and godly, O how rare a thing !  
 Of God the Prophet, Minion of the King.

40

Not proud, when prosp'ring (as when rais'd o'rethrowne)  
 His heart grew humble, when his fortune great,  
 VVhere some for shame had not his brothers showne,  
 Whose scorned baseness might his fame abate,  
 He (tenderly dispos'd to his owne,)  
 Did from distresse redeeme their wretched state :  
 And, where (unnaturall) they had him betray'd,  
 Their cruelty with courtesie repay'd.

41

Thrice happy man, as high in worth as place,  
 VVhose fortunes course did strangely ebbe and flow,  
 From murther, bondage, ruine, and disgrace,  
 In *Pharo's* kingdome, greatest Prince to grow,  
 In whom true vertue garnish'd was with grace,  
 To gaine industrious, liberall to bestow :  
 And yet in this his chiefe contentment stood,  
 That he had liv'd to doe his Father good.

42

Though fail'd in earthly, sharpe in spirittuall fight,  
 When *Ioseph* thought that *Iacob* was beguil'd,  
 VVho (straight whil'ft crossing) seeming wrong, went right,  
 Here are his sonnes from whom two Tribes were stil'd;  
 In scattred *Levies* roome, one rose in might,  
 VVhat father knowes how God will blesse a childe :  
 VVhil'ft God his good, by his owne vertue breeds,  
 The yongest thus the eldest oft exceeds.

43

When raging malice had put off her maske,  
 All kindenesse, duty, and compassion gone,  
 The straw abstracted doubling still their taske,  
 Even Mid-wives murtherers, birth and death made one,  
 Here sundry are, who helpe from God did aske,  
 And under burdens heavily did grone :  
 " But though affliction force devotions teares,  
 " Curs'd are those workes which such oppression reares.

From



44

From murder scap'd, by floods for death confin'd,  
He when scarce borne, whom God did strangely keepe;  
Of Reeds his Cradle, rocking with the winde,  
As lulling him, the softly sounding deepe,  
Did seeme to sing (with kisses cold too kinde)  
Hence monsters, hence, doe not disturbe his sleepe :  
Who makes our Nymphs all passionate to prove,  
Whil' *st Egypt's* Princeesse comes to court his love.

45

Yet with his race he rather choos'd to smart,  
Then to be held for *Pharoh's* daughters brood,  
And with an Hebrew boldly taking part,  
Kill'd one of *Egypt* who against him stood;  
How could base envy poyson so a heart ?  
He guerdon'd was with ill for doing good,  
Till in exile farre from his friends remov'd,  
Great *Pharoh's* nurrling *Iethro's* shepherd prov'd.

46

Though low below, yet much esteem'd above,  
He straight was choos'd a Legate for the Lord,  
And did to bragge a King heavens Herauld prove,  
By sounds from flames with rare instructions stor'd,  
His sacred message wonders did approve,  
That it confirm'd, he boldly might record :  
The hand soone leprous, was as quickly pure,  
Which drugges, nor charmes, did not procure, nor cure.

47

His staffe, though stiffe, in bending circles turn'd,  
Left frothy furrowes, where it till'd the ground;  
Eyes, flamie globes (as sparkling poyson) burn'd,  
Still stretch'd to strike, else threatning in a round,  
Then arch'd, at th'earth, (all rais'd in rain-bowes) spurn'd,  
Whil' *st* waving colours did with feare confound :  
Whose swelling horror bragg'd some storme to be,  
Both bow and shaft, an animated tree.

48

Who wonders not what wonders then were wrought,  
Whil' *st* bent for God, each element tooke armes ?  
Floods turn'd to bloud, forth croaking squadrons brought,  
Th'earth, (pride to curbe) from dust rais'd abject swarmes,  
(Th'ayre glooming darke) black clouds of flies long fought;  
Plagues, thunder, tempests, all inflicted harmes :  
Till that the kingdome was with anguish fill'd,  
Whil' *st* in each house the hop'd-for heire was kill'd.

The



49

The parted depths, that God might gaine renowne,  
 (Though liquid firme,) with waves empall'd a way,  
 Till in one drop they all at once fell downe,  
 As which for *Pharoh*, in an ambush lay,  
 And (even whilst walking dry) did thousands drowne,  
 Jewes State a time, still Egypts tombe to stay :  
 What slaughter huger and yet no bloud was spill'd?  
 No striker scene, all by one blow were kill'd.

50

He dry'd the Sea, from rockes a floud did draw,  
 Chiefe wonder-worker, wonderfull in all,  
 And yet a farre *Canaan* onely saw,  
 Since stumbling once, though free from any fall,  
 Heavens Oracle, the organ of the law;  
 When last (sinnes curse) his corps to death was thrall;  
 An Angell it to hide from Satan rest,  
 That superstition had no relict left.

51

His brother first did gorgeous garments weare,  
 With robes in state, a consecrated Priest,  
 And names of Tribes in pretious stones did reare,  
 With gold and silke embroydered on his brest,  
 Whose long worne staffe did straight ripe Almonds beare,  
 And in the Church a monument did rest :  
 He though he grudg'd, and Jewes first Idoll made,  
 Was grac'd alive, and glorifi'd when dead.

52

Their sister *Miriam*, mirrour of her kinde,  
 With flaming ardour, ravish'd up above,  
 To sing Gods praise, she with true zeale inclin'd,  
 Scorn'd mortall matches, courting still his love,  
 Yet, envy once so tainted had her minde,  
 Her bodies beauties all did leprous prove :  
 Till he whose harme she studied to contrive,  
 Her pardon sought, the meekest man alive.

53

He who from *Israel* forc'd the Plague to part,  
 The bravest impe of that annoynted brood,  
 No thirst of praise, nor hatred in his heart,  
 Whose act seem'd ill, but his intent was good;  
 O happy man, how strange was his desert,  
 By murder saving, blest for shedding bloud !  
 "A godly zeale, which nothing can controule,  
 "As pretious incense, offers up the soule.



54

Neere *Moses* stands that valorous brood of *Nun*,  
By whose direction *Israel* reach'd her marke,  
From whom for reverence, *Jordan* backe did runne,  
As which would not presume to touch the Arke;  
He as his debtor did arrest the Sunne,  
Till foes were kill'd, that it should not grow darke :  
Weake hornes for trumpets sounding downe a wall,  
It, even ere breach'd (as breath'd away) did fall.

55

That man for worth, whom all the world renownes,  
With greatest gallants rank'd by fame doth stand,  
Their match in conquering, more in scorning crownes,  
Who would but God obey, not men command,  
And (nations ruin'd) razing States and Townes,  
Did not retaine, no, did but part their land :  
This warriour onely held for great may be,  
From avarice, and from ambition free.

56

His fellow spye, who would not witnesse wrong,  
But high in minde, had Gyants in contempt,  
And breathing courage, staggering troupes among,  
From abject feare, even dastards did exempt,  
When eighty fixe yeares old, both stout and strong,  
A dangerous conquest bravely did attempt :  
" Mindes cleare and calme from guilty stormes secure,  
Make Natures strength as doubled to endure.

57

Next him comes he who did his daughter wed,  
Who was for valour, a reward design'd,  
But in that brest, what host could feare have bred,  
Where love and courage both inflam'd the minde :  
He (first of Iudges) grudging squadrons led,  
To curbe the pride of heathens haughty kinde :  
VVho when that *Israel* to base Idols bow'd,  
To plague them suffred were, but not allow'd.

58

When *Moabs* Monarch made Gods people grone,  
And them from bondage no way would enlarge,  
He who heavens Legat rais'd him from his throne,  
A fatall message boldly to discharge;  
And he who kill'd fixe hundred all alone,  
Against whose goade, no steele could serve for targe :  
" Those shew fraile life, a prey of every hand,  
" VVho (theirs contemn'd) anothers will command.



59

I see that Dame whom Hebrewes honour most,  
 The glory of her sexe, a staine to men,  
 A Prophetesse, a Iudge, chiefe of an host,  
 Whose parts might furnish Fames most liberall pen;  
 Of such a one, no Ethnicke scroule can boast,  
 Not martiall Ladies, nor Sibyllaes ten:  
 What greater worth could any brest embrace,  
 In warre couragious, just in time of peace?

60

Next her comes he who did refuse to fight,  
 Unlesse her count'nance gave his courage life,  
 For which although his foes were put to flight,  
 The Captaines death gave glory to a wife;  
 Which, though he much presum'd, what judgements height?  
 Not Swor d, nor Launce did grace, no, not a knife:  
 This did him kill, who armies did command,  
 A little naile, and in a womans hand.

61

His mother said (puff'd up by former broiles)  
 What stayes my Sonne? he some great matter tryes,  
 The souldiers to reward, they part the spoiles,  
 VVhil'st vaunting Victors scorne the Captives cryes,  
 Some dainty Lady doth defray his toyles,  
 His eares drinke praises, trophees feast his eyes:  
 Thus she with dreames was flattered all the space,  
 VVhil'st he (poore wretch) was dying with disgrace.

62

Who *Baal* spoil'd, his clients did deride,  
 (Though of his race the man neglected most)  
 From threshing wheate, which he for feare would hide,  
 Did (call'd by God) come to command an host,  
 Whose favour twice by severall signes was try'd,  
 VVhil'st staggering doubts his resolution crost:  
 The fields all faire, his fleece quite drench'd did lye,  
 And, when all else was wet, was onely dry.

63

This victory, God for his owne would stampe,  
 And lest that it had seem'd by numbers sway'd,  
 Of every thousand ten, but kept the campe,  
 The rest remov'd, and of those few who stay'd,  
 Each crush'd a Pitcher, and held forth a Lampe,  
 Brave sounds and lightning, to make men dismaid:  
 A barly cake most monstrous did appeare,  
 The sword of *Gideon* kill'd ere it came neare.

This



64

This man when offered fled a Soveraignes place,  
So modest first, and afterwards devout,  
VVith all the jewels which his troupes did grace,  
An Ephod made (though bright) his onely blote;  
Which did procure the ruine of his race,  
By making Iewes (too superstitious) dote:  
“None should serve God, but as himselfe directs,  
“A good intention may breed bad effects.

65

That Gileadite, who when exil'd from home,  
In forraine parts a martiall man excell'd,  
Not loathing all, for being wrong'd by some,  
Did save their states, who him from his expell'd,  
And *Ammons* Army two wayes did o'ecome,  
To yeeld by reason, and by force compell'd:  
“Men (not like beasts) should know for what they fight,  
“That valour may maintaine, not make a right.

66

When haughty *Ephraim* out of time too bold,  
And basely grudging at anothers good,  
With words outrageous (arrogantly told)  
Him to contemne whom God exalted, stood,  
That sudden heate procur'd an endlesse cold,  
The pride of thousands quickly quench'd with bloud,  
First civile warre, that with the Iewes was seene,  
Though since they oft have thus unhappy beene.

67

When generous *Iephth*, did with state returne,  
The pointed object of a generall joy,  
Whose daughters brest with longing thoughts did burne,  
Whil'st she made haste, his triumph to convoy;  
Can one from mirth be made so quickly mourne?  
Who sav'd all else, must he his owne destroy?  
She singing came, but straight went backe and wept,  
A vow too rash to be so strictly kept.

68

That Nazarite (as singular renown'd)  
Whose heads each haire, a man in strength contain'd,  
Ah then one woman, all more weake were found,  
Whose charming bosome, glories colour stain'd,  
She of his soule the mystery did sound,  
Who first by bloud, and last for gold was gain'd:  
His sacred secret he to her bewray'd,  
And she him straight to all his foes betray'd.

Strange

This



69

Strange madnesse thus, did raze his judgements Fort,  
 What none could force that he would needs afford;  
 This gorgeous creature, curious Natures lport,  
 A living Idoll, by blinde zeale ador'd,  
 She, she triumphs upon a doting fort,  
 Who will be slaves, even where there wants a Lord:  
 And bearing sway, no reason some can move,  
 "Those who usurpe their power, must tyrants prove.

70

God by this man, strange wonders bent to show,  
 He curious riddles, *Sphinx*-like could contrive;  
 And as his strength, that men his wit might know,  
 To purchase praise by stratagems would strive;  
 Fields forc'd by fire, seem'd lightning from below,  
 VVhil'st those who fled, that which they fled did drive:  
 This course it seemes did shew his nature right,  
 The flames his force, the Foxes shew his flight.

71

His deeds farre past the reach of their conceit,  
 Who fain'd great persons, glosing on things gone;  
 He of a Towne did raze the guarded gate,  
 And (braving numbers) carried it alone;  
 He (bursting bands) a thousand dayes did date,  
 And with no weapon, save an abject bone  
 Which (whil'st in floods of sweat he all was drench'd)  
 His rage with bloud, his thirst with water quench'd.

72

But what behold I now? how great a change?  
 His haire quite raz'd, hands bound, his eyes put out,  
 Gaz'd at by troupes (as if some monster strange)  
 Whom once they fear'd, the flocking Pagans flout,  
 Till desp'rate courage burning with revenge,  
 Pull'd downe their Temple, smothering all about,  
 Where thousands kill'd, life sold at no base rate,  
 A famous ruine rear'd his tombe in state.

73

Here with the rest, who judg'd the Hebrew race,  
 And them from foes, in justice did maintaine,  
 Though last in number, one comes first in place,  
 Whom long his mother (griev'd) had wish'd in vaine,  
 By prayer purchas'd, and bred up in grace,  
 Who, beg'd from God, was given him backe againe,  
 By whom when but a childe, he thrice was call'd,  
 A Iudge, and Prophet, twise in state install'd.



74

Yet when fond Israel urg'd a King to have,  
Though grieving God, this much did vex his minde,  
The danger shown of that which they did crave,  
Not onely freely he their Prince design'd,  
But when in wrath the Lord did quite him leave,  
Did labour long that he might favour finde;  
This course his heart free from ambition prov'd,  
Who thus left rule, and his successor lov'd.

75

Two Hebrews crown'd, he kill'd one heathen King,  
A reverent Iudge who purchas'd true respect;  
He all the people did together bring,  
And boldly ask'd what person could object,  
Whose ox or asse he took, or any thing  
For doing wrong, or justice to neglect;  
A glorious challenge, and a vaunt not vaine,  
To brave a state, as free from any stains.

76

Now marke I one, th'earth bred no other such,  
For temperance, patience, charitie, and love,  
Whom God did praise, till Satan envied much,  
And thus did tempt, that he this gold might prove;  
Thou kept'st him so that none his state could touch,  
This hirelings heart thy gifts doe onely move;  
Let him but taste of ruine and disgrace,  
And he will straight blaspheme thee to thy face.

77

His children feasting whil'st he pensive stands,  
What strange ill newes straight all at once arrived:  
Whil'st th'asses fed, the oxen plow'd thy lands,  
*Sabeans* hence them violently drived;  
Robd are thy camels by *Chaldean* bands,  
Thy Sheepe of life flames (sent from heaven) deprived;  
Thy Sonnes are smothered by a houses fall,  
Save wee who speake, kill'd are thy servants all.

78

When passion first prevail'd (as one forlorne)  
Their course impetuous did him so confound,  
With head all spoild of haire, and garments torne,  
He worship'd God (fall'n groveling on the ground)  
Then said, As by my dame first naked borne,  
So naked last, dust must my body bound;  
The Lord did give, the Lord doth take againe,  
Blest be his name; I grieve, but not complaine.

R

With



79

With soares growne loathsome, of all wretches chiefe;  
 By friends quite left, by servants not obey'd,  
 Curse God and die (as desperate of reliefe)  
 His wife first cri'd, that had from duty strai'd;  
 Who came to comfort, did augment his griefe,  
 And thought those plagues his wickednesse bewrai'd,  
 Till charg'd with anguish grudging at the rod,  
 He (to debate his cause) durst challenge God.

80

By golden speeches (with much power) express'd,  
 How short a time man wrapt in woes did live;  
 Last humbling him till he his fault confess'd,  
 The Lord did speake, as cited there to strive,  
 Who check'd his friends for having truth transgress'd,  
 And for his cause would only them forgive;  
 His riches doubled, multipli'd his race,  
 Both old, and happie, *Iob* did die in peace.

81

What stately troope doth dazell so my sight,  
 As for their worth, so in their number rare;  
 Those all are kings, as walking in Gods light,  
 Who kept his law with a religious care,  
 And brave lieutenants did his battels fight,  
 Yea, highly griev'd, when false in any snare;  
 They now have gain'd (all weakenesses laid downe)  
 A boundlesse kingdome, an eternall Crowne.

82

He whome the Lord to be a king design'd,  
 A Shepheard boy (whilst reckning all his brood)  
 Whom his owne father scarce could call to mind,  
 Vs'd (as a drudge) to beare his brothers food,  
 He (whilst at his high sprite the rest repin'd)  
 Did seale his valour with a Giants blood:  
 And for his love expos'd to dangerous toiles,  
 In dowry gave two hundred Pagans spoiles.

83

His Thousands *Saul* Ten thousands *David* kill'd;  
 This envi'd praise with honour bred him harme:  
*Sauls* troubled brest such Iealous fancies fill'd,  
 That man whose musick did his Dæmon charme,  
 His blood (oft ventred) greedie to have spill'd,  
 As for some conquest did great numbers arme:  
 And thought his state could in no safety prove,  
 Whilst such a gallant kept his peoples love.

By



84

By madnesse fain'd forc'd to delude his foes,  
He whom his merits onely did betray,  
In wildernesfes farre from all repose,  
Was like a Partridge hunted for a prey:  
Yet twice to him God did his King expose,  
And he discharg'd that any him should slay;  
Thus of his raigne bent to abide the time,  
He for a Crowne would not commit a crime.

85

Yea, when the Tyrant (tumbled from his seat)  
By his owne hand (defrauding foes) was slaine,  
He caus'd him dye who did the news relate,  
His death to haste though vaunting but in vaine;  
And having heard the ruine of his state,  
He (straight made tender) could not teares restrain:  
But us'd such griefe that it no pen can paint,  
As witnesse may his passionate complaint.

86

A King, a Prophet, valorous, devout,  
That man to Gods owne heart, choice of a land,  
(None perfect here) him faults, even foule, did blot,  
And where he fell, let no man bragget to stand,  
By tempting beauty fondly made to dote,  
He act'd adultery, murther did command:  
And all his subjects caus'd to count (though dust)  
As proud of numbers in his strength to trust.

87

Though these his faults repentance had defra'd,  
The plague for them troupes did from breath seclude,  
His concubines deflowr'd, his force decay'd,  
Chas'd by his sonne, he in great danger stood;  
And was from building of the Temple sta'd,  
As one whose hands polluted were with bloud:  
Last (fail'd, ere old) he left a bloudy will,  
That who himselfe had spar'd, his Sonne should kill.

88

There walks with him one link'd in love below,  
From which not Syre, nor state, his thoughts could bring,  
A friendship such what fabulous penne can shew:  
In him save God it weigh'd downe every thing:  
He with one man an Army did ore-throw,  
Both borne, and worthy, to have beene a King:  
But farre more great, he (never faulty tri'd)  
Whil'st bravely fighting, for his Countrey dy'd.

R 2

Mc



89

He, when his wish was offred from above,  
 Who not (like *Midas*) basely gap'd for gold,  
 Nor yet (like *Paris*) urg'd a Ladies love,  
 But wish'd for wisedome, judgements height to hold,  
 Which first two Dames about one childe did prove,  
 Whil'st who was mother kindnesse did unfold;  
 Of plants each vertue whether good or naught,  
 He from the Cedar to the Thistle taught.

90

But whil'st by riches riotously led,  
 And lull'd asleep with pleasures of this life,  
 He *Pharaoh's* faults did with his daughter wed,  
 And entertain'd the Idoll of each wife;  
 But last he was (when fulnesse loathing bred)  
 With all the world (as vanity) at strife,  
 And of all states he did the height attaine,  
 A foole, a wise man, holy, and prophane.

91

There one who Idols highly still abhorr'd,  
 And their confusion in such manner wrought,  
 That he his mother when she one ador'd,  
 Of state depriv'd; and to live private brought;  
 And yet (afraid) he *Arams* help implor'd,  
 And (when diseas'd) not God, but physick sought;  
 Yet bravely broke the *Ethiopian* bands,  
 And here by God rank'd with good Princes stands.

92

His sonne succeeds, a King by goodnesse great,  
 As just, religious, generally belov'd,  
 Yet joyn'd with *Achab*, one whom God did hate,  
 And by the Prophet had his fault reprov'd;  
 But when huge armies came to raze his state,  
 His ardent zeale the Lord of hosts so mov'd:  
 That (as spectatour) he in safety stood,  
 Till all his enemies were o're-flow'd with blood.

93

Now happie he who did all ill detest,  
 And godly, vertuous, singular, excell'd,  
 Not like his Father striving to be Priest,  
 Who from the Temple leprous was expell'd,  
 But building Towns, and stately works, at rest,  
 To pay him tribute strangers were compell'd,  
 "Thus prosper they who do what God directs;  
 "No danger dare approach where he protects.

When



94

When *Ashur's* Captaine swolne with pride blasphem'd,  
And durst our God with *Gentiles* gods compare,  
He who (that scorne then ruine worse esteem'd)  
(When thus distress'd) did to his strength repaire;  
Who oft from anguish hath his owne redeem'd,  
And then himselfe a party did declare:

The *Jews* miraculously were freed from toils,  
An Angell tought, they came to take the spoiles.

95

By sicknesse charg'd to leave this lodge of clay,  
(This life so sweet, death is so bitter thought)  
With teares and sighs he humbly begg'd to stay,  
And had a lease of yeares too dearly bought:  
Sinne took advantage of this long delay,  
And where not tax'd before, he folly wrought:  
By vaunted treasures foolishly spread forth,  
To make a Prince enamour'd of their worth.

96

The last of those who fortunately raign'd,  
Is he for first whom many would preferre,  
The Law restor'd, all read what it contain'd,  
Who by his teares Gods judgement did deferre,  
By dead mens bones the heathenish Altar stain'd,  
He still liv'd well, did onely (dying) erre:  
Whil'st without cause he needs would go to fight,  
And by his losse did cloud all *Juda's* light.

97

By God anointed comes another sort,  
His great familiars, trusted with his will,  
When sent to promise, threaten, or exhort,  
Whom heavenly thoughts with sacred rage did fill;  
One *David's* doome did from himselfe extort,  
Who, even when doing, yet was damning ill:  
Whil'st to a King, from God, he (wisely bold)  
His stormy message figuratively told.

98

That *Shilonite* who (as from heaven advis'd)  
To *Ieroboam* prophesy'd a Crowne,  
And told his wife (soone knowne though com'd disguis'd)  
Since false from God (all dignity put downe)  
That (all their off-spring plagued, and despis'd)  
Her sonne should die, straight when she touch'd the towne:  
By death made happie to prevent disgrace,  
None else should have a grave of all their race.

R 3,

That



99

That man of God whom God did earst imploy,  
 To bragge the Altar, for a signe all torne,  
 Who nam'd the man who should it quite destroy,  
 Though after that for many yeares not borne;  
 And that old Prophet would him still convoy,  
 Whose cofening kindnesse did his calling scorne:  
 He freely ly'd, truth did of force preferre,  
 His doome denouncing whom he made to erre.

100

When lying sprits had *Achabs* trust deceiv'd,  
 To tempt him forth for ruine, and disgrace,  
 One truly told (as if at hand perceiv'd)  
 As Shepheardlesse how *Israel* left their place,  
 The King enrag'd (as sure he should be sav'd)  
 Cri'd, keep him fast, till I returne in peace;  
 If thou return'st in peace from milchiefe free,  
 The Prophet said, Then God speaks not by me.

101

Who clos'd the clouds, (of drought an ominous threat)  
 And (fed by Ravens) wonderfully liv'd,  
 Who did (by spending) multiply her meat,  
 Whose breathlesse sonne he straight, when dead, reviv'd;  
 Flames swallow'd floods to shew what God was great,  
 Which *Baals* Priests to follow fondly striv'd;  
 But all by him were as abusers flaine,  
 Who for their Idoll strugled had in vaine.

102

By Angels fed, for forty dayes to fast,  
 He reach'd mount *Horeb*, held for sacred ground,  
 Where first windes roar'd, next gaping earthquakes past,  
 Then flames of fire his daz'led sight did bound,  
 A murmur soft. and quiet calme came last,  
 From which God spoke, as who his friend had found:  
 And straight he told in spite of Tyrants boasts,  
 How jealousy he lov'd the Lord of hosts.

103

By bands of fiftie for his ruine sought,  
 Fire at his call from heaven them twice did kill,  
 Till that to him unarm'd, who never fought,  
 A Captaine with his troupes did yeeld, at will;  
 His cloake (as did the Arke) a wonder wrought,  
 When parted *Jordan*, till he past, stood still;  
 He in his Chariot did in state retire,  
 (As crown'd with glory) flashing flames of fire.

He



104

He who this great mans gift redoubled got,  
A childe procur'd, and even when dead did cure,  
Made leprous *Naman* free from any spot,  
And, in his place, his greedy man impure;  
Made weighty iron above the water flot,  
And when *Samaria* famine did endure,  
Did shew that plenty should it soone releeve,  
But he first dye, who would it not beleeve.

105

The *Syrians* counsell told to *Israels* King,  
That host in armes which bent to take him stood,  
He (quite made blinde) amid'th their foes did bring,  
Yet would not harme them, no, but gave them food;  
Thus whil'th alive, well did he every thing,  
And (even whil'th dying) alwayes doing good:  
By homely signes he did to *Ioash* show,  
How *Arams* Army he should thrice o're-throw.

106

That sonne of *Amos* here much grac'd I spie,  
Whose Princely birth all parts conforme approve,  
His threatnings thunder, comforts flowing flie;  
This may sinke downe, that ravish up above,  
No *Greeke*, nor *Romane* penne, could soare so high;  
His speech (all power) may admiration move:  
Whil'th lifting up all them in God who trust,  
And levelling proud Nations with the dust.

107

When God in wrath abandon'd had his owne,  
Who not prevented, no, did ruine haste,  
This man hath oft by sacred vision showne,  
That straying *Gentiles* should be call'd at last;  
Of Christ to come as cleare a witnesse knowne,  
As were Apostles proving what was past:  
Twixt him and them this sympathie is found,  
That martyrdome (the Christian badge) both crown'd.

108

He who long mourn'd (as but to anguish borne,  
Still passionate) with elegiack straines,  
For *Iuda's* bondage, haughty *Babels* scorne,  
The which (whil'th free) he oft as captive plains;  
For this by him upbraiding yokes were borne,  
Still persecuted, yet despising paines:  
He long was kept his prophely to stay,  
In dungeons darke, a stranger to the day.

When

He



## 109

When *Abrahams* off-spring were transported all,  
 And what they would not trust, did feeling see,  
 Their daunted courage labouring to recall,  
 He who them told what God did then decree,  
 And that they should but for a time be thrall,  
 As confident as if they had beene free,  
 Did build their Temple, painting every part,  
 As it at first was drawn within his heart.

## 110

He who declar'd (interpreting his dreame)  
 To *Asbur's* Monarch, Monarchs aim'd for great;  
 Whom straight for this he did a Prince proclaime,  
 Yet in short space, what height of partiall hate!  
 A burning fornace (roaring forth a flame)  
 Of him and his two friends became the seat,  
 Till them an Angel freed from fires vast pow'r,  
 And who attended them did soone devoure.

## 111

Thus highly grac'd, and by this wonder knowne  
 (Base envy onely mischief can assuage)  
 To Lyons fierce he for a prey was throwne  
 Which touch'd not him, yet rent his foes in rage;  
 By strange descriptions mystically showne,  
 He figur'd forth the state of every age,  
 Yet did not know what he himselfe did teach,  
 No wonder then though it no other reach.

## 112

A number more fill up this happy band,  
 Who did their message faithfully performe,  
 And scorning danger, resolutely stand,  
 When raging Tyrants at the truth would storme;  
 They as if Signets in their masters hand,  
 Gave true impressions, keeping still one forme:  
 Not fearing paine, nor prizing pleasure ought,  
 Since onely God, and not themselves they fought.

## 113

When captiv'd *Jews* confus'dly forth did presse,  
 Though once for state distinguish'd all in ranks,  
 By bondage equall'd, fellows in distresse,  
 A rigorous Marshall meriting no thanks,  
 Whil'st swelling breasts did strugling words repress,  
 Teares turn'd to floods, they melted on the banks:  
 All melodie by misery o're-come,  
 On trembling willows harps were hanging dumbe.



114

Even then whil'ft thus all did for Sion mourne;  
Their scattred remnant recollect'd with paine,  
Three at three times to *Iuda* did returne,  
The sacred vessels bearing back againe,  
And for Gods glory with such zeale did burne,  
That though oft hindred, and neare to be slaine:  
(Their ruin'd Temple with great toyle restor'd)  
They kept the Law, what was prophane abhor'd.

115

Long after borne I see with them before,  
That valorous widow who did free her Towne,  
By beauty arm'd, which purpos'd to decore,  
(I though rich in robes) her modestie did crowne;  
No wretch, nor lavish, must'ring Natures store,  
To brave an Army vent'ring in a Gowne:  
She kill'd a Captaine even amid'ft his host;  
And triumph'd had ere foes could know they lost.

116

To robeing eyes in ambush for delight,  
(Her dainty treasures by strange fate betray'd)  
The cheeks turn'd red, to see the rest so white,  
Which (even when naked) shamefastnesse arrai'd,  
Now pale for feare, and straight inflam'd for spite,  
Both beauties colours interchanging strai'd:  
Lo, one who lov'd true honour more then fame,  
A reall goodnesse, not a studied name.

117

She who for fairenesse choice of all her kinde,  
Was made an Empreffe, yet how rare a thing!  
Though faire of face, was farre more faire in minde;  
This did please God, that did but please a King;  
She when her race for ruine was design'd,  
Them free from harme in greater grace did bring:  
And with her Uncle was for good reserv'd,  
He *Persia's* Prince, she all the *Jews* preserv'd.

118

When heathnish Tyrants insolently ill,  
(What sacred was, made to confusion thrall)  
Even on Gods Altar beasts uncleane would kill,  
Abomination desolating all;  
Then, for their law some troupes were constant still,  
And (suffring freely) did with courage fall:  
A reverent Ancient by strange tortures try'd,  
And with seven sonnes a woman Martyr dy'd.



119

At *Modin* first a worthie man did rise,  
 And straight kill'd one who striv'd to be prophane,  
 His sonnes all arm'd, the Pagans did despise,  
 And three of them did endlesse glory gaine,  
 Who oft took Townes, foil'd hosts, did troupes surprise,  
 Yet were at last unfortunately slaine:  
 One bravely fighting, did last wounds imbrace,  
 And two by friends betrai'd in time of peace.

120

With those else nam'd here stands a number more,  
 Well knowne to God, though not to fame, nor mee,  
 Who lov'd his Prophets, and did him adore,  
 Though still devout, from superstition free,  
 Of their redemption confident before,  
 By faith (as com'd) who did their Saviour see:  
 Dark figures then just reckonings did contrive,  
 The law did damne, grace onely doth forgive.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The ninth Houre.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Christs great fore-runner by him pris'd so much,  
 And those who his familiars were below,  
 Th' Evangelists, Apostles, and all such  
 As did him in the flesh when mortall know:  
 Then those who freely did their faith avouch,  
 And for the truth true constancy did show:  
 The Churches Fathers, and the Martyrs all,  
 Glad stand they here, who for Christs cause did fall.*

I



He world at first against all good obdur'd,  
 That sacred Statutes might mens judgements sway,  
 By wonders mov'd, by benefits allur'd,  
 Their temporall treasures prosp'ring every way;  
 By Covenant who followed God secur'd,  
 He, even whilst here, their service did defray,  
 As by the Ancients evident appeares,  
 With plenty, peace, posterity and yeares.

But



2

But when glad Tidings went divulging grace,  
And shew the ground where soules should reape their good,  
Those who the truth with ardour did imbrace,  
And (it defending) resolutely stood,  
Still toss'd with toiles, and in the worlds disgrace,  
Scarce having rest, till purchas'd by their blood:  
They were so oft expos'd to scorne, and losse,  
That Christians long were knowne but by their crosse.

3

Such (whilst transported with a spirituall Ioy)  
Contemplating their happinesse above,  
(What earth could give, all but esteem'd a toy)  
Were ravish'd up to court their makers love,  
Those paines which oft this mortall masse annoy,  
Contentment gave, by hastning their remove:  
And here by them no pleasure was imbrac'd,  
Save when for God by some great suffering grac'd.

4

Loe, he whose voice vaste deserts made rebound,  
In sprite *Elias*, and in like estate;  
All cloth'd with haire, his loines a girdle bound;  
With Locusts joyn'd wilde hony serv'd for meat;  
He as (Christs Trumpet) ere he came did sound,  
Repent, prepare, of men no man more great;  
Yet did he judge himselfe (farre short indeed)  
Too base to serve who after should succeed.

5

He humbly modest (as too much esteem'd)  
When baptismes fountaine baptism came to crave,  
Since but a Sinner, and to be redeem'd,  
That which was sought, wish'd rather to receave;  
Heavens (opening straight) to crave attendance seem'd,  
From whence a voice this Testimony gave;  
(Whilst like a Dove the Sprite vpon him seaz'd)  
This is my Sonne in whom I am well pleas'd.

6

This great Ambassadour whom God did send,  
Still taxing sinne, with wickednesse at strife,  
A Tyrant fierce admonish'd to amend,  
Who slept in incest with his brothers wife;  
What bloody gift to gratifie a friend?  
(Too prodigall of such a pretious life)  
He with his head vaine foolery did defray,  
A wantons wage, a doting danciers prey.

But

Those



7

Those three judg'd wise whom nought from Christ could barre,  
 Though strangely guided, yet to trauell bold,  
 When having found him whom they sought so farre,  
 Did frankely offer incense, Myrrhe and gold;  
 His birth (enrich'd with raies) a flaming starre,  
 His death the Sunne (all wrapt in darkenesse) told;  
 But Sunne and Moone bare Ciphers (reckning right)  
 And Starres turn'd figures cannot count his light.

8

He who by him whom nought save faith confines,  
 Had beene secur'd ere death his Lord to see,  
 When in the Temple knowne by spirituall signes,  
 Did thus burst forth, glad in a high degree,  
 The Gentils light, and *Israels* glory shines,  
 Salvation comes to all who seeke it free;  
 Since thus thou hast perform'd the promis'd grace,  
 Lord let thy servant now depart in peace.

9

There comes that Captaine (marching with the rest)  
 Who did beleeve, ere granted, well assur'd,  
 (His house held base to lodge so great a guest)  
 That by Christs words his servant should be cur'd;  
 Then she (when check'd) who did for Crummes contest,  
 And euen with dogs to be compar'd endur'd;  
 Thus some, (though Gentiles) have so happie beene,  
 That with the Iewes no faith like theirs was scene.

10

That Israelite in whom no guile was founde,  
 Whose minde still pure from stormy waves was free;  
 He (lest that thronging troupes his sight should bound)  
 To looke on Christ who mounted on a Tree;  
 The devills expell'd, who were diseas'd, made sound,  
 Earst wonders objects, numbers happie be;  
 First from short paines, from endlesse last secur'd,  
 Whose soules and bodies both at once were cur'd,

11

Haile happie *Mary*! Virgin great in grace,  
 Thy sexes glory, the eternalls love!  
 Whom high affection freely did imbrace,  
 By sacred flames o're-shadow'd from above;  
 Not bodies forme, nor colour of a face,  
 To make this match did the Almighty move:  
 Her portion was an humble modest minde,  
 For which the Lord a state in heaven design'd.

But



12

But how the deity could be joynd with dust,  
Some curious brains (weake reasons captives) scan:  
Not like fain'd *love* in flames enflam'd with lust,  
Nor in a *Dove*, as he came in a *Swan*,  
Who would be sav'd must absolutely trust,  
No Male enjoy'd; a Mayd brought forth a Man:  
If by Gods word cold earth did life receive,  
A woman by his sprite might soone conceive.

13

What wonders rare do now enrich my ryme!  
Still Mayd, though mother, free from mortall seed,  
Wives childe, not husbands, and yet not her cryme,  
Bigge by himselfe, who did her Maker breed;  
Eternity was limited by Time;  
Small bounds did bound who doth all bounds exceed:  
How highly *Marie* shouldst thou be esteem'd,  
Since *Evah's* fault was by thy birth redeem'd:

14

More then all women blessed in thy bloud,  
Thou first for him, he for us all did smart,  
Who borrow'd milk, but pay'd for it his bloud,  
And what thou hadst was his, not thy defart,  
Who with the rest of death in danger stood,  
Whil'st from his Crosse he did these words impart:  
Look woman on thy Sonne: then might'st thou see,  
How he (a Lambe) was offred up for thee.

15

She who long childlesse, last conceiv'd a sonne,  
As first an Angell did to her divine,  
Still till the time that thrise three times were runne,  
Whose husbands dumbenesse prov'd a certaine signe,  
Her to salute when *Mary* had begun,  
The Babe for joy her wombe could scarce confine:  
Whose mother prais'd the blessed Virgins state,  
As by her birth who did indeed grow great.

16

I see those sisters shining in this ranke,  
Whose brother Christ first wail'd, then rais'd when dead,  
But chiefly she who circumspectly franke,  
A precious oyntment pour'd upon his head;  
Though others grudg'd, *Christ* her for this did thank,  
And it for ever memorable made:  
Then unto her as one before held deare,  
(Pale death dispatch'd) did at the first appeare.

S

Thrice



## 17

Thrice glorious twelve whose parts no tongue can tell,  
 As his companions by our Lord imbrac'd,  
 To binde, and loose, with power of heaven and hell,  
 (Still working wonders wonderfully grac'd)  
 With whom the holy Ghost did come to dwell,  
 Who now with Christ to judge the world are plac'd:  
 You by your sufferings conquer'd have farre more,  
 Then all men else, by acts, since, or before.

## 18

True grounds neglect'd, the doting vulgar throng,  
 To servile meanes do so ascribe events,  
 The Gospell planting, that to scape such wrong,  
 God us'd none great in power, nor rich in rents,  
 But simple Trades-men, neither learn'd, nor strong,  
 Brought up in fishing, or in making Tents,  
 That thus all might their heavenly message know,  
 The which to earthly helps would nothing owe.

## 19

He who did first great faith in Christ display,  
 Which flesh nor bloud could not to him impart,  
 Commended thus, commanded straight away,  
 As turn'd a tempter taught by Satans art,  
 Whose speech did tend salvations course to stay,  
 Then *Judas* worse in words, though true in heart:  
 His pitie cruell, milde the traitours spite;  
 This hasted grace, that would have barr'd it quite.

## 20

Still of that minde to fight at last he aym'd,  
 And rashly did cut one of *Malchus* eares;  
 But, loe, this Lyon by a Cock was tam'd;  
 This bragger straight a Mayd o're-whelm'd with feares,  
 So that remorsefull, angry, and asham'd,  
 He would have hid his face with flouds of teares:  
 Yet, even when weeping, with more strength was stor'd,  
 Then when he walk'd on waves, or drew his sword.

## 21

Though shaken like a reed, at length a rocke,  
 In spite of Tempests he was constant found,  
 Whom jealousy Christ trusted with his flocke,  
 Who thrise deny'd him, thrise by promise bound;  
 Yet of the Church (though once a stumbling block)  
 A speciall pillar, not the onely ground:  
 He girt himselfe when yong in freedome still,  
 But when grown old, was girt against his will.



22

That Disciple stil'd by his Masters love;  
By speaking signes whom silent *Peter* pray'd,  
As one whose credit more then his could move,  
To learne by whom the Lord should be betrayd,  
Whose bosome did so oft his pillow prove,  
VVho many thought till Christ return'd had stayd :  
These words for him might great regard have wonne ;  
Man see thy Mother, woman see thy Sonne.

23

Though Christ disprov'd their foolish strife for state;  
If oddes there were, I this man chiefe would call,  
VVhose life so long, whose troubles were so great,  
Two persecutions seene, and *Sions* fall;  
This Eagles flight no brightnesse could abate,  
VVhose ravish'd thoughts have comprehended all :  
His Gospell clearly shewes things that were past,  
His revelation what should come at last.

24

There he who first incredulous was found,  
Else could not trust what he desir'd so much,  
Still wanting faith till he had try'd the wound,  
To see too curious, grosse when he did touch;  
Yet last, the truth did to farre Indians sound,  
This fault to helpe his fervent zeale was such :  
Thus having seene and felt, beleeve he must,  
But happy those who never saw, yet trust.

25

That Eunuch who could reade, but not conceive,  
Till Christs Apostle taught to him a space,  
Who as he strangely came, so did him leave,  
In nature lesse, made more then man by grace;  
He whom his Chariot then daign'd to receive,  
Whil'st running by, as worthy of no place,  
Rais'd now above himselfe with reverence seene,  
Perchance shall judge his Ethiopian Queene.

26

Those barbarous Iewes, O how they suffer must !  
VVhen seeing him exalted in their sight,  
VVhom (though as singular entitled just)  
They hurl'd downe head-longs from a Temples height,  
Then crush'd his braines, when wallowing in the dust,  
As so to quench their Cities second light,  
VVho of their Church rul'd the converted state,  
The first of Bishops, both in time, and seat.

S 2

He

That



27

He for whose cause two good men jarr'd in will,  
 Since falling once, not fit to suffer thought,  
 Yet (never after tax'd) stood constant still,  
 And was by *Venice*, for her Patron fought;  
 That rare Physitian, whose celestiall skill  
 Cur'd wounded soules by Balme from *Inda* brought:  
 Those two, whose pennes seem'd drawne from Angels wings,  
 Did write two registers of sacred things.

28

But what rare person doth pursue my sight,  
 Whom Christ of purpose came againe to call?  
 Who straight grew blinde whil'st looking on the light,  
 And rose more strong when bruised by a fall,  
 Though none of the first twelve each way as bright,  
 He travell'd, acted, suffred more then all:  
 This wondrous change, what weight of words can paint?  
 A persecutor first, and then a Saint.

29

His speech more powerfull then could flow from Art,  
 Where eloquence the greatest glory had,  
 Caus'd learn'd Philosophers, amaz'd to start,  
 (Their God unknowne best knowne, the rest prov'd bad)  
 Made *Felix* quake, *Agrippa* neere convert,  
 Till foolish *Festus* thought he had beene mad;  
 His voyce, harmonious Angels sounds might eaven,  
 Not knowing how since ravish'd up to heaven.

30

That sacred vessell by the Lord elect'd,  
 From whom each soule might draw forth streames of grace,  
 Who doing, suffering, never was deject'd,  
 Though beaten, bound, in prison, and disgrace,  
 He boldly did professe what he affect'd,  
 And kept the faith, till finishing his race  
 At fatall *Rome*, the mother of much ill,  
 Where with his blood at last he seal'd his will.

31

I next see him who minds so much did sway,  
 That *Paul Mercurius*, he was held for *Iove*,  
 Till both scarce Priests, (with garlands crown'd) could stay,  
 From offering Bulls, as to their Gods above;  
 But whil'st the truth they frankly did display,  
 What sudden chance so huge a change could move?  
 Them whom they thus as Gods would have ador'd,  
 They straight did stone, as it turn'd divels, abhorr'd.

That



32

That Publican who did in scroules digest  
Those treasures first, whose power each conscience binds:  
He whose few lines doe some strange things attest,  
From grounds (though true) which now no reader findes :  
He who was choic'd by *Lot*, and all the rest  
Whose feet Christ wash'd, to humble haughty mindes,  
VVhich forme in vaine, some fondly would affect,  
Though bow'd in show, whil'st swelling in effect.

33

Then with those twelve, some happy men did haunt,  
(Heavens Messengers, evangelizing peace)  
As he who watred after *Paul* did plant,  
And circumcis'd to please the Hebrew race,  
He (full of faith) who did fraile passions daunt,  
Halfe-Iew, halfe-Gentile, joyning both in grace :  
Next *Silas*, *Titus* and a troupe I spy,  
Who with th' Apostles did their travels try.

34

She rais'd from death, and prais'd for doing well,  
Who charitablie garments made, and gave,  
That Theatirian, who did purple sell,  
But greater treasure freely did receive;  
That Lady call'd elect, as to excell,  
VVho hath already fame, shall glory have :  
Some of this sexe, beside with those are found,  
Whose piety, eternall pennes renown'd.

35

Those guiltlesse babes at *Bethel* kill'd by guesse,  
(Loe, jealous mindes each shadow doth affright)  
That Martyrs were before they could professe,  
By suffring happy, ere to doe of might,  
They now in heaven a glorious state possesse,  
And from worlds toiles, by time did take their flight :  
Thus false for Christ, before at all they stood,  
Those dy'd as Christians, baptiz'd with their blood.

36

There he whom *Jacobs* farre degener'd race,  
By calumnies accus'd, with partiall spite,  
The Martyrs mirrour, eminent in place,  
Who sacred Scriptures did solemnly cite,  
Whil'st like an Angell shining was his face,  
Not pale for feare, no, lightning forth delight :  
For, he those suffrings farre more glorious thought,  
Then all the wonders that by him were wrought.

S 3

This



37

This happy Elder, first of the first seven,  
 (VVhil'ft hem'd about by a tumultuous band)  
 Did looke aloft to the inviting heaven,  
 And saw the Sonne of man at Gods right hand,  
 VVhose charity he onely then did even,  
 To pray for them, who stoning him did stand :  
 Stones bruis'd his body, but could harme no more,  
 His ravish'd soule had fled to heaven before.

38

Whil'ft ten fierce stormes the Christian state did tosse,  
 With blasts of blasphemy, and shoures of bloud,  
 They, not by signes charactring then their crosse,  
 Did beare it selfe, and try'd by tortures stood;  
 Of honour, fortune, friends, or life, the losse,  
 Did passe (as trifles) for a greater good :  
 Paine (icorn'd) but rais'd, not rack'd their soule nor heart,  
 VVho (even when suffering) act'd the bravest part.

39

My Muse (ingenuous) gladly would burst forth,  
 Their praise (when burning) who triumph'd in hearts;  
 Of whom each one deserves (respecting worth)  
 An Epicke Poeme, grac'd by all the Arts;  
 Would God she could translate unto the North,  
 Their vertues reliëts, not terrestriall parts :  
 Which (even in soules enshrind) might reverence claime,  
 As hence in glory, living here by fame.

40

Those learned Doctors, primitively great,  
 The Churches Ancients, whom account we may,  
 As foster-fathers of her infant state,  
 Lights set ere noone, yet lightning all the day,  
 VVho did Christs cause by words, by bookes debate,  
 And banish'd, tortur'd, kill'd, did constant stay :  
 What rare examples for each following age,  
 To scorne the fury of a tyrants rage ?

41

VVhen good *Ignatius*, (highly to be priz'd)  
 VVas brag'd by beasts, which roar'd with rousing eyes,  
 He boldly said (their gaping jaws despis'd)  
 Fine wheate for Christ this grinding now me tryes;  
 Not like that sect which was by one devis'd,  
 Who had his name, whom heaven farre differing spies :  
*Ignatians* to inflict, not suffer fire,  
 VVhose too great spirits to vex the world conspire.

There



42

There *Smyrna's* Angell, whom *Iohn* did affect,  
In stormy times who did a light appeare,  
Whom Easterne Churches did to *Rome* direct,  
Of *Hesters* feast the question'd time to cleare,  
His death fore-dream'd, as falling in effect,  
(Sayd) urg'd to leave his Lord (so long held deare :)  
VVhom I for Master, fourescore yeares did try,  
And found so good, I will his servant dye.

43

Like sayles with winde, fires curling waves did well,  
From heaven encourag'd to continue good,  
(As gold refin'd, whose brightnesse doth excell)  
All crown'd with flames, the reverent old man stood;  
(A Sacrifice which did most sweetly smell,)  
They burn'd not him, he quench'd them with his blood:  
To hide his dust, the Pagans did accord,  
Lest the beholders had the same ador'd.

44

When *Iustine* sought (as learning did direct)  
How one might arme for death, vaine pleasures loath,  
Whil'st Christians courage nothing could defect,  
(Though try'd extremely) confident in both,  
So that their course bred vertue in effect,  
Philosophy but superficial froth:  
He needs would try who did their grounds devise,  
Whence resolution did so bravely rise.

45

And when baptiz'd, his braines first clouds were past,  
The Gospels light he clearely came to know,  
Then, what he gain'd, resolv'd to use, not wast,  
Straight what he learn'd, did teach, Christs truth to show,  
Till (out of envy) heath'nish *Crescens* last,  
When learning fail'd, did him by Art o' rethrow:  
Who added one unto the Christian feasts,  
Long tofs'd by men, and torne in th'end by beasts.

46

When charg'd with yeares (to dye by Nature ply'd)  
Of body weake, but vigorous in minde,  
When silver haire (with blood in crimson dy'd,)  
Wept Rubies downe, whil'st th'eyes still tearelesse shined,  
The wrinkles (raz'd by wounds) could not be spy'd,  
By scourging, scorning, torturing, threatening, plin'd:  
Old *Photinus* and *Simeon* where long plac'd,  
*Ierusalem*, and *Lions* highly grac'd.

Then

here



47

Then *Irenæus* after doth succeed  
 To *Phorinus*, in merit, and in place,  
 Who, whil'st Church-rites did great contention breed,  
 Would not for them disturbe the common peace;  
 With him *Tertullian*, *Tullian* thrise indeed,  
 For wit and skill, which learnings height did grace :  
 VVhat pen can to their pennes afford due praise,  
 Which did afflicted faith defend and raise.

48

By mothers care from Martyrdome restrayn'd,  
 He who for death confirm'd his fathers will,  
 But, though in Scriptures by long practise train'd,  
 One text for chastnesse did interpret ill,  
 And (even by that in which he gloried stayn'd)  
 Too superstitiously disposed still :  
 By offering incense, Idols did adore,  
 To scape disgrace from a detested More.

49

Barr'd from that Church where false he made the breach,  
 Whil'st high remorse his guilty minde did racke,  
 At *Sion* urg'd some sacred part to teach,  
 These words of God his ground did chance to make,  
 My righteousnesse why should a sinner preach,  
 Or in his mouth my testimony take :  
 Then quite confounded, leaving longing cares,  
 Though words were stay'd, he talk'd with God in teares.

50

There he (though once to damned Arts a prey)  
 VVho for true knowledge singular did prove,  
 And did the Church (admir'd by *Affricke*) sway,  
 Of *Romes* old rivall, when with fame in love,  
 With righteousnesse all Christians to array,  
 VVho long by tongue, and still by pen doth move :  
 VVith greater power then whilst on th'earth he stood,  
 " Writs grow, when watred with the Authors bloud.

51

With this bright troupe, Christs Champion doth approach,  
 VVhose torture, no, whose triumph I must praise,  
 Then earst *Eliab* in his fyery Coach,  
 Who did himselfe to heaven more bravely raise,  
 VVhil'st on his Gridiron flames did fast encroach,  
 Those words of his the hearers did amaze :  
 Now tyrant chuse, since here halfe broild I rest,  
 If roasted flesh, or raw, doth please thee best.

From



52

From *Alexandria*, sundry I behold,  
Who at this meeting joyfully doe shout,  
As *Athanasius* for the truth still bold,  
By *Arians* banish'd, but not brought to doubt,  
And that *Paphnutius* (happy man when old)  
Of whom the eyes Christs en'mies had bor'd out,  
Whose seate disfigur'd, *Constantine* did kisse,  
Of faith a Tropee, and a badge of blisse.

53

The Easterne Churches first did Christ embrace,  
And drew their faith from fountaines that were pure,  
What famous Doctours, singular for grace,  
Have clear'd those parts, though at this time obscure?  
What glorious Martyrs crowning there their race,  
The fyrie tryall, gold-like did endure?  
To thinke of them, my soule for anguish groanes;  
Ah, that base Turkes should tread upon their bones!

54

But since deare Muse, to grace all worth inclin'd,  
Two's fame of force, thy offering must procure,  
A modest Virgin, faire of face and minde,  
Whose soule and body, all men prais'd, as pure;  
She for Christs faith was to a Stewes confin'd,  
There (worse then death) vile basenesse to endure:  
Where she though chaste, a Strumpets name should gaine,  
(Though innocent) forc'd sinne to entertaine.

55

Oft in her cheekes, shame kindled vertues flames,  
Though in pale ashes quickly quench'd by feares;  
Yet death to force the desperate Virgin dreames,  
And haughty fancies, stormy courage reares,  
Whose generous fury, straight religion tames,  
Yet could not calme sad sighes, nor dry salt teares:  
She (as her enemy) beauty did abhorre,  
The leprous envy'd, wish'd to be a More.

56

Whil'st thus perplex'd, the pensive Maid did sit,  
With hands a crosse, eyes lifted to the sky,  
Her fame more weigh'd then life, Christ more then it,  
Which she must leave, or him she must deny;  
There was no hope for force, nor place for wit,  
When one comes in, as if her first to try:  
But in his garments bids her flye away,  
And he in hers would as a woman stay.

When



57

VWhen *Theodora*, *Didymus* did leave, —  
 (Thole names of theirs deserve to be exprefs'd)  
 His danger first he could not but conceive,  
 A man soone knowne, a Christian he confess'd,  
 VWho could (said he) of worth but seeke to save,  
 A womans honour, a poore Mayd distress'd?  
 And since you her but for religion blame,  
 Should thoughts so pure be cross'd by publike shame?

58

He straight was damn'd to death by partiall hate,  
 Though charg'd for nothing but for doing good,  
 And she who heard the danger of his state,  
 Came him to free, by offering up her bloud:  
 Both striv'd for death; magnanimous debate!  
 VVhil'ft with religion, vertue emulous stood:  
 They generously devout, devoutly brave,  
 Taught Gentiles worth, true zeale to Christians gave.

59

A Tyrant when contemn'd, more fierce doth prove,  
 Much haste was us'd, that both might fall by fire;  
 Bright were the flames of their immortall love,  
 VWhich never burn'd with any base desire:  
 This match contract'd below, perform'd above,  
 God grac'd with Angels in heavens highest Quire:  
 And as their ashes, soules conjoyn'd did flye,  
 VVhil'ft each for th'other, both for Christ did dye.

60

Not onely men (whom courage bold doth make)  
 By conscience prick'd, and by their honour bound,  
 Nor women traile, who for each terrour quake,  
 And cannot see, much lesse endure a wound;  
 Even children yong did resolution take,  
 Of paines with Parents happy partners found:  
 That from low grounds may rise a glorious height,  
 " God by weake meanes most magnifies his might.

61

What pen can paint, or yet what heart conceive,  
 When Christians first to plant the Gospell toil'd,  
 To them what trouble Pagans daily gave,  
 Still banish'd, scourg'd, of place, and fortunes spoil'd:  
 Not suffred to have life, no, nor a grave,  
 Drown'd, burn'd, beheaded, torne with beasts, and broil'd:  
 Their ashes swallow'd, or dispers'd for spite,  
 As if their being to abolish quite.



62

Romes Bishops then with care did keep their flocke;  
(A sacrifice to every Tyrants wrath)  
Not puffed up presuming of a rock,  
But *Peter*-like in teares, in bands, and death,  
More strong then he when challeng'd by a Cock,  
For forfeiting the glory of his faith:

Then *Mitres* now with pompe so proudly borne,  
More glorious crownes those Martyrs did adorne.

63

Those Pastors then farre from contentious pride,  
All worldly honours did as rocks eschue,  
And onely carefull how their flocke to guide,  
Not rich, nor haughty, poore, and humble grew;  
None striv'd for place, but where to lurke not spy'd,  
Whil'st to their charge still martyrdom was due:  
Kings subjects true, though subject to their wrath,  
Not torturing others, suffering for the faith.

64

O treacherous riches, hatchling many harmes!  
The worlds corrupter, though chiefe ground of trust,  
Of peace the poyson, daunting men in armes,  
The foile of laws, a tempter to the just,  
Nurse of all vice, who can allure with charmes,  
Till even the chaste (at least for thee) do lust;  
The onely Bawd who dost abuse each state;  
Yet for all this whom none on earth doth hate.

65

Thou riches, thou, thou didst deprave each part,  
By which *Romes* Church had flourish'd first so long,  
Empoysoning with pride her Bishops heart,  
More weak with God, when with the world grown strong;  
That gift which *Constantine* was said t'impart,  
It forg'd, or true, did make them first go wrong:  
A wooden chalice golden Priests did use,  
A golden Chalice wooden Priests abuse.

66

When once grown great, and Lords of many lands,  
Church-rulers prov'd the cause of shedding bloud;  
The *Guelfs* and *Gibilins* oft arm'd in bands,  
Till on an Emperour one triumphing stood;  
And whil'st a sword flam'd terror in his hands,  
The scorned keyes one drown'd in *Tibers* flood:  
Not to perswade, but to compell they went,  
As earst to save, then how to ruine bent:



67

But though smooth calmes had blunted many a minde,  
 Where persecution quickned all before,  
 Yet some to zeale, franke gratefulnesse did binde,  
 Even in these times remisse remark'd the more;  
 And whil'st by others foils more bright they shin'd,  
 Their faith by fruits did (though secure) decore:  
 Oft that which roaring windes could not have rest,  
 Some flatter'd by the Sunne have freely left.

68

There *Mylans* glory whom (by grace rais'd high)  
 In civill charge, the Church would needs acquire,  
 Not suting first, then fayning to deny,  
 He not the place, the place did him require,  
 Which when procur'd, he did so well supply,  
 That his perfection all men did admire:  
 Who from his Church an Emp'rour did exclude,  
 Till by repentance purg'd from guilt lesse bloud.

69

*Bizantiums* Bishop for true Christian care,  
 Then all her Patriarks may more glory claime,  
 For eloquence, who exquisitely rare,  
 A mouth of gold made justly grace his name,  
 Which taxing sinne, did never person spare,  
 But even in Princes what was ill did blame;  
 O how this all the worlds affection moves,  
 When eloquence of truth the lanterne proves!

70

That painfull labourer in the fields of grace,  
 Interpreting the truth, translating right,  
 Who for his dwelling singled out the place,  
 Where first our Saviour view'd this changling light;  
 And of fraile thoughts disturbing fleshly peace,  
 This judgement last with horror at the height,  
 Did apprehend (as marking flaming spheares)  
 That still Christs Trumpet thundred in his eares.

71

That mother, whose kinde teares with ardour shed,  
 Wise *Ambrose* said could not in vaine be spent,  
 Here comes her sonne whom with such care she bred,  
 Much for his body, for his soule more bent;  
 Through errors maze long intricately led,  
 A friend, and she oft urging to repent:  
 His eare did move his eye to reade these lines,  
 By which (made famous) his conversion shines.

And



72

And thus what travell huge behov'd to be,  
 Ere this great person to the light was brought;  
 VVho still in toile, the world from harme to free;  
 Then earst *Alcides*, with more monsters fought,  
 Of heresies most horrible to see,  
 VVhose learned workes a full confusion wrought;  
 And yet of them he did some faulrs redresse,  
 Even strong in that, his weakenesse to confesse:

73

VVhen barbarous *Vandals* did that place besiege,  
 VVhere this rare Pastor his attendance gave,  
 Not able to resist their boundlesse rage,  
 VVho (grosse) such parts as his could not conceive,  
 To flye their force, he yeelded unto age,  
 His towne (ere stayn'd) in purity to leave:  
 VVhole happy rule still lasted with his life:  
 Thus at his funerals teares of force were rife.

74

Whil'st emulous judgements who but fame affect,  
 To praise themselves, all others would abate;  
 And where familiar, leaving due respect,  
 All what they reach, prize at an easie rate;  
 In living men, the world doth worth neglect,  
 Mark'd carelesly, by envy, or by hate ::  
 And they when gone, are by the world admir'd,  
 As he was straight when once from hence retir'd.

75

Thus *Hippoes* Bishop, th'ornament of Arts,  
 Scarce free from stormes, was harbour'd in his Port,  
 VVhen rancour raging in the *Arians* hearts,  
 In *Affricke* made the Christians peace but short;  
 Neare thousands five dispers'd in sundry parts,  
 VVere after kill'd by cruelties worst sort:  
 And some dismembred, yet enjoy'd their breath,  
 Who (living Martyrs) had triumph'd o're death.

76

A generall meeting publikely decreed,  
 As to consult about the Churches state,  
 Foure hundred Fathers joyn'd themselves with speed,  
 Where doubts did challenge, freely to debate;  
 Ah! can religion so much mischief breed,  
 As under trust to shew the height of hate?  
 Religions shew, Gods Bishops did beguile:  
 VVho met for peace, went parting in exile.

T

Then

And



77

Then some were burn'd to terrifie the rest,  
 Whose banishment their constancy decor'd,  
 Till that fierce tyrant (*Affrickes* fatall pest)  
 For erring *Arrians* fought against the Lord,  
 And dy'd by vermine, with a stormy brest,  
 Whil'ft (as his minde) his body was abhorr'd:  
 Thus he like *Herod*, like to him did end,  
 " Such monsters strange, strange judgements doe attend.

78

Loe, selfe-divisions still the Church did marre,  
 Superfluous knowledge toiling clouds to cleare;  
 Worse then with Turkes, with Christians, Christians jarre;  
 In leuell grounds, all ruptures most appeare,  
 And each small distance seemes exceeding farre,  
 In them who (if not joyn'd) are naught, though neare:  
 Those curious doubts which good men doe eschew,  
 Make many Atheists, and doe better few.

79

But vent'rous Muse, a troupe we now must trace,  
 Prais'd for their rarenesse at the higher rate,  
 As eminent for parts, as in their place,  
 Their peoples better each way as in state;  
 Them Sovereignty did show, they it did grace,  
 Not by opinion, but with reason great:  
 Fraile Diadems did earst adorne their brow,  
 These everlasting are, which decke them now.

80

Great *Constantine*, who but commend thee must?  
 Afflicting furies thou didst soone assuage,  
 Whom (ere adventring) victory to trust,  
 A signe in heaven for surety did engage;  
 Thou quench'd in *Tibers* streames, a tyrants lust,  
 Which did in *Rome* exorbitantly rage:  
 And (persecution brought unto an end)  
 The Christian faith didst first by armes defend.

81

Though great with power, a stranger still to pride,  
 By warre prevailing, yet a friend to peace,  
 He rul'd, not raign'd, worlds Emperour, no, her Guide,  
 As then with men, now high with God in place;  
 He for the Church (as father) did provide,  
 And to be gorgeous, brought her from disgrace:  
 That she who late for feare durst not be seene,  
 Straight rais'd with pompe, was courted as a Queene.



82

A brave intention, bad effects may breed,  
And things once good, may be deprav'd by time;  
This Prince bent to supply the Churches need,  
Did taint that purenesse which adorn'd her prime,  
And choak'd with surfet, where he sought to feed,  
The guiltlesse authour of a casuall crime :  
That towne for Christians thus which rear'd he had,  
The Turkes chiefe seate, makes many a Christian sad.

83

His father once (as heath'nish) did pretend,  
That in his Campe no Christian more should dwell,  
And numbers (straight lest him they should offend)  
From their profession impudently fell;  
But them who constant were, he did commend,  
And from his Court the others did expell :  
For those whose basenesse all men thus might view,  
Since false to God, could not to him be true.

84

Next comes a Lady crown'd with glory forth,  
Of these first two the mother, and the wife,  
Whose birth and vertue did adorne the North,  
Where first this Ile did give such goodnesse life;  
O how great persons doe make worth more worth !  
Her zeale in thousands bred a godly strife,  
Like *Sparta's* Queene for beauty, and in name,  
Not of so great, but of farre better fame.

85

Devotion at the height, (yet not a finne,)  
The scorn'd extreame did come so neare to touch,  
That they who follow'd, did fall grossly in;  
Thus superstition taught, by zeale grew such,  
Which pilgrimage and reliëts did begin;  
That crosse she found, did since crosse Christ too much :  
Of whose true crosse, we but by suff'ring share,  
Here but of wood, her sonnes was drawn in th'ayre.

86

That Emp'rours sight doth next my thoughts invite,  
Who was by *Ambrose* from the Church restrain'd,  
Vvhil'st once (transported with impetuous spite)  
His place in time of peace with bloud he stayn'd;  
*Romes* power by parting, who did ruine quite,  
Though his weake sonnes (when halfe) too much attain'd :  
He dy'd in time, whil'st still held good, and great,  
Ere barbarous squadrons came to crush the state.

T 2

That



87

That ebbing time can but few Emp'rours show,  
 For piety, or any worth renown'd,  
 Some servants rose (while as their Lords fellow)  
 Deserving and desiring to be crown'd,  
 As he who did *Alaricus* o'rethrow,  
 Whose beaten remnant did his host confound,  
 Though Victor still, and (save him) wanting none;  
 So great a moment may depend on one.

88

Brave *Ætius* thus a bloody praise may claime,  
 Who more perform'd then Emp'rours durst attempt;  
 That great Commander, with the martiall name,  
 Who *Italy* from bondage did exempt,  
 Whose Trophies fill'd both th' East and West, with fame,  
 Yet dy'd a beggar, sunk below contempt:  
 That Eunuch (mock'd) repaid his Empresse soone,  
 Who spun a web which never was undone.

89

I scarce can know a Christian at this houre,  
 Of them who sway'd the Empire of the East,  
 Whose sovereignty seem'd sweet, but still prov'd soure,  
 (Who reign'd in state, oft ending like a beast)  
 Though Image-breakers, foes to Papall power,  
 In whose vast minde, religions part was least:  
 Those barbarous Lords whom dying *Greece* did breed,  
 Were types of Turkes that after should succeed.

90

Brave *Martells* sonne, great *Charles* the pride of *France*,  
 To plague the Pagans heritably borne,  
 Who over th' *Alpes* his ensignes did advance,  
 The *Germans* terrour, the *Italians* scorne,  
 Who from old foes begg'd helpe (what worse could chance?)  
 And with new titles did a Gaule adorne:  
 Ambition here joyn'd two by mutuall hopes,  
 But since few Emp'rours could agree with Popes.

91

That dignity whose Virgin flower was due,  
 To brave Commanders, victory to crowne,  
 Whil'st but in name, and not in essence true,  
 A Roman relict in a Grecian towne,  
 They gave it him (as after did ensue)  
 That gratefulnesse might godlinesse presse downe:  
 Yet even when his owne Tutor had the seate,  
 He oft tax'd *Rome*, which straight grew grosse, when great.



92

The next great Christian grac'd by sacred armes,  
A glorious plant from the same bounds did spring,  
From Infidels who back (by fierce alarmes)  
The Tombe of *Christ*, and *Dauids* throne did bring;  
His foes all vanquish'd, and the worlds base charmes,  
When both by conquest, and by choice a King:  
He would for state be onely crown'd with Thorne,  
To him for glory, though given *Christ* for scorne.

93

Some else with him whom heavens chiefe stamp did seale,  
And in their breasts just fury did infuse,  
Not for fraile glory, but inflam'd with zeale,  
Who for good ends, warre (mans worst meanes) did use,  
Their praise from fame no treacherous time can steale,  
Immortalliz'd by ravish'd *Tassoes* Muse,  
To crowne their conquest (scorning latter broils)  
With stately trophees rear'd of *Pagans* spoils.

94

That Towne (a Garden long for heavens choice flowers)  
By baptiz'd Kings commanded for a space,  
Was brought to bondage by *Barbarian* powers,  
Farre from faire *Sion* when with God in grace,  
Yet once againe to free her stately Towers,  
The steps of *Godfrey* sundry striv'd to trace,  
With *German*, *English*, *French*, and other bands,  
But fail'd in fortune, not in hearts, nor hands.

95

When Purgatory gold enough, not gave,  
*Croisadoes* then did holy warres pretend,  
And (cosening kingdoms) did franke zeale deceive,  
Whil'st publick aymes did maske a private end;  
Oft Princes thus (that they lesse power might have)  
*Romes* powerfull threatnings did to *Syria* send,  
Who (jarring still) fear'd their abandon'd states;  
Of neighbours jealous, emulous of Mates.

96

But what great conquest could those Kings acquire,  
To take the Crosse whom crosses did constraine,  
And not resolv'dly of their owne desire,  
As courting glory, or expecting gaine?  
Some (whose brave minds conceiv'd a generous ire)  
More by their friends, then by their foes in paine,  
With shows of vantage gladly did remove;  
And all that warre infortunate did prove.

T 3

That

The



97

That simple age (rul'd by religious feares)  
 As Priests were pleas'd in every thing did deale,  
 Who did the grounds of truth from vulgar eares,  
 (To breed devotion) cunningly conceale,  
 Thus urging almes, and for each sinne true teares,  
 Whilst want of knowledge bred prepost'rous zeale:  
 Then superstition (lavishly devout)  
 Not truly worship'd, but did grossly dote.

98

When minds of light base ignorance depriv'd,  
 (His beauties grac'd with many foils plac'd neare)  
 To banish darknesse godly *Bernard* striv'd,  
 A starre by night, more eminently cleare,  
 Not smelling of that age in which he liv'd,  
 His works were wonders then, and still are deare;  
 Those whom that doltish time with him brought forth,  
 He makes their faults seeme worse, they grace his worth.

99

That dainty Towne, the pearle of *Arnes* rich plains,  
 A Nurcery of good wits, still friend to Arts,  
 Not mother (as one said) of haplesse Swaines,  
 Doth now yeeld three, all prais'd for vertuous parts;  
 The first old *Dante* (swolne with just disdaines)  
 To see the errours of corrupted hearts:  
 Who doth their wayes (a censure) strictly trace,  
 Yet more then God did make doth grant one place.

100

The next is one whose brows were crown'd with bayes,  
 Who (chastly loving) worth did finde, or faine,  
 And (never jealous but of *Phæbus* rayes)  
 His lines (still pure) no sparke of lust could staine,  
 When marking well of *Rome* the wandring wayes,  
 Which in his soule he highly did disdaine.  
 (Iust fury bursting forth, indeed divine)  
 Her faults (since tax'd) first clearly did designe.

101

Then this great Poet hath a Preacher neare,  
 Who when French *Charles* the eighth would *Naples* try,  
 Did tell (if bent the Church from faults to cleare)  
 He prosper should, and else unhappy dye,  
 And when that King did faile (truth must appeare)  
 He had a minde his errour to supply;  
 But whilst this man for heaven a passage urg'd,  
 His body first fire from corruption purg'd.

Ere



102

Ere taught to swimme, those soules who straight did sinke,  
And (not set right) can scarce be said to stray,  
Farre, farre be it from any minde to thinke,  
That all were lost, who thus did lose their way:  
Some seeking Christ no toile could make to shrink,  
Though oft wrong grounds, good works, and zeale did sway:  
They did mistake, yet what seem'd best preferr'd,  
Not in intention, but in knowledge err'd.

103

What troupes of late damnations number fill,  
Who (clouds remov'd) the truth did clearly know,  
And reading Scriptures, hearing Sermons still,  
Had wicked hearts, were holy but in show?  
Where such are sav'd who had more faith, lesse skill,  
And gave good fruits, when none their seed did sow:  
Though once in merits too much trust they plac'd,  
Who dying theirs disclaim'd, and Christs imbrac'd.

104

Whil'st ignorance to blinde the world prevail'd,  
Some through her darknesse did behold the light,  
And marking how (their Guide) example fail'd,  
Left shows, and sought what really was right,  
Then with true courage, by no danger quail'd,  
Did venter boldly in faiths spirituall fight,  
Sure, whil'st they liv'd, a numbers souls to save,  
And that when dead they should due guerdon have.

105

Last troupes at once griev'd at the Chutches wrong,  
(Milde piety transform'd in sacred rage)  
As the *Waldenses* and *Albigios* long,  
Did strive against the errors of their age,  
Till *Rome* with passion, not in reason strong,  
As 'gainst the *Turks*, a generall warre did wage,  
To which the reverenc'd Crosse did armies call,  
Not to convert, but to subvert them all.

106

This stately Isle which still for worth excell'd,  
The first great bounds which (of it selfe intire)  
Both *Paganisme*, and *Poperie* quite expell'd,  
And to perfection alwayes did aspire;  
With sacred rage though first some *Germans* swell'd,  
Here rose the sparke, whence they themselves took fire:  
Who clear'd the way to many struggling ones,  
Yet dy'd in peace, though spite did burne his bones.

Straight



107

Straight (boldly building on so solid ground)  
 From *Bohem* two for glory are design'd,  
 With learned *Hierome*, holy *Hus* renown'd,  
 A second *Stephen*, first Martyr of one kinde;  
 He for that faith which in himfelfe was found,  
 And want in others whom no faith could binde,  
 For too much goodnesse prov'd a guilty man,  
 Though call'd a Goose, succeeded by a Swanne.

108

Salvations worke performing as fore-told,  
 Our great Redeemer offred up his bloud;  
 And with like inke their blisse doth rest enrold,  
 To nourish foules with a celestiall food,  
 Who (when grown strong) the truth so to unfold,  
 Could but by death make their profession good:  
 Thus cruelty the foes of Christ doth prove,  
 And suffering is their badge whom he doth love.

109

Their severall parts what volume could containe,  
 Whom (whil'ft they guiltlesse scorn'd for feare to flie)  
*French* Massacres, and *Mary's* bloody raigne,  
 As Christ for them, for Christ did make to dye;  
 And in all states which did the truth restraine;  
 The faith of numbers raging flames did try.  
 Yet naming some, lest silence others wrong,  
 As now in heaven, Muse joyne them in my song.

110

And Martyrs you who bravely march'd before,  
 Whil'ft match'd with Moderns do not wrath conceive;  
 When press'd by *Pagans* Idols to adore,  
 You chus'd to dye, ere quite your Lord to leave;  
 These suffred have as much, and aym'd at more,  
 Who (though they might themselves as Christians save)  
 Did dye ere that they would Christs will transgresse,  
 In substance, forme, or any way made lesse.

111

The *Levites* long a darknesse huge endur'd,  
 Till that those books which did Gods will containe,  
 When found, and read, a publicke grieve procur'd,  
 Each soule from sinne divorcing with disdain;  
 Even so the truth (which ignorance obscur'd)  
*James* (like *Iosias*) did divulge againe:  
 But Priests of purpose would the Gospell hide,  
 Where Priests were glad to get the Law for Guide.



112

O happy you whose pennes in *Nectar* sleept!  
To flye the like, doe draw immortall lines,  
Which well deserve in marble to be kept,  
Since light enlarg'd by them more clearely shines;  
Whil'ft all securely cloath'd with darkenesse slept,  
Religions difference quickned good engines,  
Which courting knowledge now tosse learned scroules,  
Not by implicite faith adventring soules.

113

A number, loe, I view made happy here,  
Who by their travell, spirituall gold refin'd,  
And mysteries which doubtfull were, made cleere,  
Instructing all, confirming many minde,  
Not aym'd to others till themselves were neere,  
Did leade their flockes, not driv'd, yet stay'd behinde:  
Such (as their doctrine) were reputed pure;  
“ Words but direct, example must allure.

114

Thrice happy those, who now in time beginne,  
Themselves first judging, judgement to prevent,  
Ere swallow'd quite, opposing horrid sinne  
By pale remorse, with inward anguish rent;  
As wing'd with winde, houres ayery glasse doth rinne,  
And can no more be turn'd, repent, repent.  
That fatall Serjeant, death, spares no degree,  
And heavens straight hast to give their last decree.

**DOOMES**





# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The tenth Houre.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*To this great Court, all come from every land,  
T' attend the sentence of their joy, or paine,  
And straight the blessed and the damned band,  
Are here to part, no more to meet againe;  
But first the wicked and the diuell doe stand,  
Against Christs justice grudging, to complaine:  
Till both are straight transported unto hell,  
Where they together must for ever dwell.*

I



Heavens Monarch with great Majesty doth sit,  
His countenance flaming from a stately throne;  
This proceſſe doth no deputy admit,  
But he himſelfe is Iudge of every one;  
Due reverence forc'd with circumſtances fit,  
Whil' ſt murmuring guiltineſſe doth ſadly grone,  
The bookes of conſcience open doe remaine,  
And all accuſe of that which they containe.

2

Some ſeeme not apt to heare by diſtance made,  
(Much place poſſeſs'd) when all the world are met,  
Q! but his voyce (which they even heard when dead)  
May to their eares who live ſoone paſſage get;  
And ſome would thinke their noyſe for feare who fade,  
Should all heavens circuit with confuſion ſet:  
If from his Court each Iudge can tumult take,  
Who order'd order may an order make.

3

Who can that Throne imagine in his minde,  
Where ſtarres would be but ſtaines, and terrours grace?  
Yet (as in gold a Diamond enſhrin'd)  
More glorious he who doth adorne that place;  
All darkneſſe is, which any where hath ſhin'd,  
If match'd with rayes of that maieſticke face:  
And all to crowne what further can be told?  
There God in perſon his chiefe Court doth hold.

This



4

This mighty Iudge that comes downe from above,  
No end at all in any fort can sway;  
No intercession can his judgement move,  
No Advocates defend, no, not delay,  
No witnesse wants, nor circumstance to prove,  
Time so to gaine, as something were away :  
Hence none appeales, nor can revoke when done;  
A doome eternall is concluded soone.

5

Large is the count of life(though short) when gone,  
The parting violent, the passage short,  
The judgement bitter, terrible the throne,  
Which even from Saints a terrour must extort;  
Huge are the faults, weake the discharge, else none;  
The Iudge is just, which rigour doth import :  
A court from whence all goe with God to dwell,  
Or with the divels for ever in the hell.

6

The harvests Lord straight takes his fanne in hand,  
And fines the fine, thence the refuse doth chase;  
The guilty Goates are gathered in one band,  
The Sheepe(as pretious)take apart their place;  
The godly all are rang'd at his right hand,  
And all the wicked wrap'd in blacke disgrace :  
Then from the wheate, the darnell he removes,  
A separation which eternall proves.

7

No shifting here, the proesse must be short,  
Whereas there needs no prooffe, since none deny,  
No torture strange, confession doth extort,  
More fit mens patience, then the truth to try,  
Which (joyn'd with conscience) witnesses report,  
Whil'st thoughts depose what hid in hearts did lye :  
Men, Angels, divels, not onely them accuse,  
But God against themselves, themselves doth use.

8

All those who are for endlesse wrath prepar'd,  
VVith, and within themselves (poore wretches) bring  
Those witnesses, by which should be declar'd,  
All ends, or aymes, each thought, or acted thing,  
That (ere examin'd) damned, since despair'd,  
Their guilty foules a thousand Serpents sting :  
Breasts then transparent, hearts are clearely knowne,  
And what was hid, to all the world is showne.

This

That



9

That which is clear'd, and by such sure records,  
 None can impugne, nor controvert in ought;  
 It were a folly to contest in words,  
 (Where deeds doe damne) with him who knowes each thought;  
 Then wit, nor power, no power to purge affords,  
 All science else to joyne with conscience brought:  
 Sinnes deeps long smooth'd (when stirr'd) dougly grow,  
 And tofs'd by monsters of themselves o're-flow.

10

The hoasts of darkenesse with accustom'd gall,  
 Mindes which they long have smooth'd to tosse beginne,  
 And (as their partners) privy unto all,  
 Cite every circumstance that proves the sinne,  
 Then urge, and aggravate each forme of fall,  
 (Since damn'd themselves) so to draw others in:  
 What refuge (ah) can guilty carives chuse,  
 Within whil'st conscience, divels without accuse?

11

Ere Time dismiss'd, surrender up his charge,  
 To cleare old reck'nings, cited at this Throne,  
 Of all earst fayn'd to passe the fatall barge,  
 He (still a witnesse) tels each action gone,  
 And like a scroule wrapt up, (which had beene large,)  
 Past, present, future, all contract'd in one,  
 Straight (so united) straines his dying flight,  
 Else stayes accomplish'd ever all in fight.

12

Vaine mortalls sinnes in which they pleasure take,  
 Like mountaines them to crush remembred be,  
 VVhich swallow'd sweet, but bitter when spu'd backe,  
 Breed burning Agues, Pests of high degree;  
 So foule a forme, not *Styx* it selfe could make,  
 As in mindes glasse the gazing soule doth see:  
 The minde a fury, and the thoughts turn'd snakes,  
 To sting the soule, hels ugly monster shakes.

13

Those breasts like earth-quakes, which rebounding grone,  
 Charg'd with a monstrous weight, press'd by despaire,  
 To driry dungeons, would with haste be gone,  
 VVhere of hels horrors, many thousands share:  
 It grieves the griev'd to stand, where any one,  
 Much more where numbers joyfull doe repaire:  
 Whil'st mock'd by divels, whole flight no more them blindes,  
 Their state no helpe, no, nor yet pittie findes.

As



14

As Theeves, the object of contempt, and shame;  
Though others prove, and they their crime confesse,  
Must stand till some their sentence doe proclame,  
That righted rigour have lawes power to presse,  
So those stain'd troupes whom finnes black scroules defame,  
Must stay a space to apprehend distresse;  
Till all their processe formally be made,  
That devills them thence to execution leade.

15

But whilst pale squadrons shrinke (as pinch'd by feare)  
And would themselves, even willingly destroy,  
The bands design'd for blisse their Courage reare  
Farre from each thought that can the soule annoy,  
And (like bright starres triumphing in their spheare)  
With shouts burst forth the height of heavenly joy;  
Not as made happie, or from trouble free,  
But ravish'd with delight their Lord to see.

16

Whilst Pilgrimes here amidst afflictions field,  
Though sometime foil'd, those still did fight with sinne,  
And had of faith a diamantine shield,  
Which oft was bruis'd, but never entred in;  
Their forts they (forc'd) but for a time did yeeld,  
To death by Covenant, life so to beginne;  
Then marching hence with all that was their owne,  
Left earth to th'earth, remov'd, but not o'rethrowne.

17

At that last conflict confidently bold,  
Besides the earnest which they had before,  
Then satisf'd, their surety rests enroll'd,  
Free from defects, not to be question'd more,  
And (by good Angels naughty sprits contrould,  
Who seeke their Shipwrack, when almost at shoare)  
They with the world all worldly troubles leave:  
Ere th'earth their bodies, heavens their soules receive.

18

Thus (farre from feare of any further ill)  
Sweet Quiristers enstall'd in state above,  
With troupes of Angels keeping concord still,  
As then their life, so infinite their love;  
Now that his worke their maker may fulfill,  
Those come rebodied where they first did move;  
Not to be judg'd, no, but to be made cleere,  
And that in them Gods goodnesse may appeare.

V

And

As



19

And he who most affects the fruits of grace,  
 Ere forc'd to punish, franke to give reliefe,  
 Whose Clemency of justice takes the place,  
 As, even for heaven, held of all vertues chiefe,  
 He did afford, and doth confirme their peace,  
 To wicked men the first degree of griefe;  
 Who marke by them what happinesse they misse,  
 And weigh their torments by upbrayding blisse.

20

Christ lightning love surveighes that joyfull band,  
 Since them (even then while as they wretched seem'd)  
 He did foresee by grace reserv'd to stand,  
 And could not faile to know whom he redeem'd,  
 Their honour now (when plac'd at his right hand)  
 Can by no meanes be high enough esteem'd;  
 He doth delight in them as his owne broode,  
 Who had their being onely from his bloode.

21

That happie squadron is not question'd now,  
 What ill they did, what good they did neglect,  
 No circumstance is urg'd, when, where, nor how,  
 They oft had fail'd, in what God did direct;  
 He trusts, not tries, not counts, but doth allow;  
 The Lord in Israell will no fault, detect,  
 But absolutely doth absolve them all,  
 And from their bondage to a kingdome call.

22

You whom my Father blest'd (noe more dismai'd)  
 Come, and enjoy that boundlesse kingdom now,  
 Which ere the worlds foundations first were lai'd,  
 By heavens decree hath beene prepar'd for you,  
 With raies more bright, then are the Sunnes, arrai'd,  
 Before the Throne you shall with reverence bow;  
 The height of pleasure which you should possesse,  
 No tongue of man is able to expresse.

23

When press'd by famine you me friendly fed,  
 And did with drinke my scorching thirst allay;  
 You with your garments mee (when naked) clad,  
 Whose kindly visits sicknesse could not stay;  
 No, even in prison, they mee comfort bred,  
 Thus (Charity extended every way)  
 Your treasures (kept in heaven) for int'rest gaine,  
 That you enrich'd eternally remaine.

With



24

With spirituall joy each one transported sings,  
And (lifted up) to heaven in haste would flie,  
But yet this speech so great amazement brings,  
That modestly they (as with doubt) replie;  
Unbounded Lord, when didst thou lack such things,  
That there was cause our willingnesse to try?  
Who nothing had but what thou gav'st to us;  
How couldst thou need, or we afford it thus?

25

That which was given (as now I do reveale)  
Unto the least of those whom I held deare,  
(Saith Christ) deep grav'd with an eternall seale,  
As due by me, I do acknowledge here;  
Those were the objects prompted for your zeale,  
By which your goodnesse onely could appeare;  
"Best Magazines for wealth the poore did prove,  
"Where, when laid up, no thiefe could it remove.

26

Thus helpfull almes the offring most esteem'd,  
Doth men on th'earth, the Lord in heaven content,  
How many are (if time might be redeem'd)  
Who wish they thus their revenues had spent?  
If this on th'earth so profitable seem'd,  
What Usurer would for others gaines be bent?  
But would the poore with plenty oft supply,  
Though they themselves for want were like to die.

27

Those who (affecting vaine ambitions end)  
To gaine opinion muster all in show,  
And (prodigall) superfluously spend,  
All what they have, or able are to owe,  
For pleasures fraile whil'st straying fancies tend,  
As Paradise could yet be found below:  
Still pamp'ring flesh with all that th'earth can give,  
No happinesse more seek but here to live.

28

Those if not gorgeous who do garments scorne,  
And not in warmnesse, but for cost exceed,  
Though as of wormes they have the entrails worne,  
Wormes shall at last upon their entrails feed;  
Those dainty tastes who (as for eating borne)  
That they may feast, strive appetite to breed:  
And (curious gluttons) even of vilenesse vaunt,  
Whil'st surfetting when thousands starve for want.

V 2

The



29

The worlds chiefe Idoll, nurse of fretting cares,  
 Dumbe trafficker, yet understood o're all,  
 States chaine, lifes maintenance, load-starre of affaires,  
 Which makes all Nations voluntar'ly thrall,  
 A subtle Sorcerer, alwayes laying snares;  
 How many (money) hast thou made to fall!  
 The generall jewell, of all things the price,  
 To vertue sparing, lavish unto vice.

30

The foole that is unfortunately rich,  
 His goods perchance doth from the poore extort,  
 Yet leaves his brother dying in a ditch,  
 Whom one excesse (if spar'd) would well support;  
 And (whil'st the love of gold doth him bewitch)  
 This Misers misery gives others sport;  
 "The prodigall Gods creatures doth abuse,  
 "And them the wretch not necessar'ly use.

31

Those roving thoughts which did at randome soare,  
 And (though they had conveniently to live)  
 Would never look behinde, but farre before,  
 And (scorning goodnesse) to be great did strive;  
 For (still projecting how to purchase more)  
 Thus (bent to get) they could not dreame to give.  
 "Such mindes whom envy hath fill'd up with grudge,  
 "Have left no roome, where charity may lodge.

32

Ah! who of those can well expresse the griefe,  
 Whom once this earth did for most happy hold:  
 Of all their neighbours still esteem'd the chiefe,  
 VVhil'st strai'd opinion ballanc'd worth by gold;  
 That which to thousands might have given reliefe,  
 VVrong spent, or spar'd, is for their ruine told;  
 Thus pleasures past, what anguish now doth event:  
 VVe see how hardly rich men go to heaven.

33

That speech pronounc'd to the elected band,  
 May make the wicked apprehend their part,  
 VVhose black accounts, ere them the Iudge demand,  
 Strict conscience offers, summ'd in every heart:  
 Thus (freez'd with horror) they dejected stand,  
 Nor hoping help by power, nor yet from Art:  
 And whil'st their souls are swallow'd up by feare,  
 This fatall sentence thunders in each eare.

You



## 34

You souls accurst who have provok'd mine ire,  
(Detested crue) not worthy of my fight,  
Go, get you hence to hels tormenting fire,  
Which hath of heat, that which it lacks of light;  
Where (with his Angels) Satan must retire,  
To be entomb'd in an eternall night:  
This as their due was first for them prepar'd  
But (since their Mates) it must with you be shar'd.

## 35

When I was hungry, you refus'd me meat;  
When I was thirsty, would afford no drink;  
When I was naked, cloth'd me not of late;  
When I was sick, did of no kindenesse think;  
And when a stranger, held me at the gate;  
Then when in prison, quite away did shrink:  
Thus as compassion never mov'd your minde,  
You from henceforth shall no compassion finde.

## 36

Though griev'd to look upon his flaming face,  
They thus dare tempt, yet without hope to move;  
When saw we thee (O Lord!) in any place,  
Where our support might have procur'd thy love?  
Who had not wish'd that he himselfe might grace,  
By helping one descended from above?  
If such can here be found, damn'd may they be,  
Who would not lodge, feed, clothe, and visit thee.

## 37

With fortunes trifles confidently proud,  
And puffed up with an applauding noise,  
You for the poore (saith Christ) no share allow'd,  
Yet choak'd your owne desires with pleasures choice,  
Whil'st at your feet they (fainting) humbly bow'd,  
Though heard in heaven, you scorn'd to heare their voice;  
These men thus us'd who were my members pris'd,  
Even me in them you likewise then despis'd.

## 38

The sentenc'd squadron sunk below despaire,  
At first o're-whelm'd (as if distract'd) remaine;  
And have their breasts all torne with stormy care,  
Both for their losse, and for th'approaching paine,  
Yet mindes perverse their course doth still declare,  
Who when condemn'd, do straight accuse, and plaine:  
Not that they seek to have the truth be seene,  
No, hate, and envy do provoke their spleene.



39

That which thou hast decreed obey we must,  
 Nor will we seek (say they) the same to breake,  
 Yet since as judge most great, so be most just,  
 Ere damn'd for ever, heare us once to speake;  
 Ah! abject creatures fetter'd in the dust,  
 In minde, and body, every way too weake:  
 Though huge our finnes, and scarce to be excus'd,  
 To make us fall too many wayes were us'd.

40

Each seed must grow as by the labourer sown,  
 Though earthen vessels, vessels of thy hand,  
 We were expos'd (to make thy justice known)  
 Where sinne was strong, a weake neglected band,  
 And those whom thou selected for thine owne,  
 (As mercies objects) strengthened were to stand;  
 Thus as at first made fit for wrath, or grace,  
 How could thy creatures but direct their race?

41

How could we scape where dangers were so rife,  
 Of thy support whom thou did'st quite deprive?  
 Since those whom thou appointed had'st for life,  
 By thy protection did securely live;  
 And thou wast still when they succumb'd in strife,  
 As first to helpe, straight ready to forgive:  
 And oft in them who have beene guarded thus,  
 Thou pardon'd more then punish'd is in us.

42

What way could we, fraile fortresses, defend,  
 Against Hels Lord with legions bent for ill,  
 Who even in heaven so proudly durst contend,  
 Whil'st flying armies shining fields did fill?  
 And though he fail'd in compassing his end,  
 Yet here below was refractory still;  
 Though by this meanes unto confusion brought,  
 Whil'st bold to vaunt, that once with God he fought.

43

Our earth-bred Parents when they seem'd most sure,  
 With vigorous souls, both strong, and free from staine,  
 These monsters straight their ruine did procure,  
 And made them lose what they themselves not gaine,  
 Even Paradise where we had liv'd secure,  
 Were not for others faults what we sustaine:  
 Thus long ere borne our processe did begin,  
 When so made weake, and apt for further sinne.

That



44

That roaring Tyrant who still loath'd the light,  
Did first tempt thee to have made bread of stones,  
Then would have mov'd thee from a Temples height,  
By falling headlong to have crush'd thy bones;  
Last, on a Mountaine (mounted out of sight)  
The worlds great kingdomes offred all at once;  
He durst demand that thou should'st him adore,  
Then judge by these if his assaults were fore.

45

Still compassing the earth his prey to spie,  
Not onely of him selfe he aym'd at all,  
But by direction did some persons plie,  
Who were given o're to his invasion thrall;  
As when he made proud *Achabs* Prophets lye,  
And train'd him forth where as ordain'd to fall;  
What mortall strength could scape to be subdu'd,  
When warranted by God, the devill pursu'd?

46

Thus left by thee, and by him courted still,  
Thy grace with-drawn, his favours mustred faire,  
How could poore wretches wrestling with selfe-will,  
But soone be catch'd by such a subtle snare?  
We but through weaknesse, not in spite wrought ill,  
Kept from repentance onely by despaire:  
Then let not rigour take up mercies place,  
Thy greatest glory is in giving grace.

47

All tenderesse by justice quite exil'd,  
Whil'st this their grudge doth indignation move,  
That Lambe of God who still hath beene so milde,  
Of *Judas* Tribe doth then the Lyon prove,  
And marking them whom filthie finnes defil'd,  
Like abject swine not looking up above:  
At their repining taking just offence,  
Perchance his answer may import this sense.

48

O faulty Fathers, execrable race,  
Though by your birth you but of death could boast,  
What forfeitures have I restor'd by grace?  
You might have gain'd more then your Parents lost,  
Some (forcing heaven) with zeale did me embrace,  
Who now triumph as a victorious hoast;  
To do the like they oft did you exhort,  
Whom I (if sought) was ready to support.

For



49

For frivolous toyes (if with true joyes compar'd)  
 You rebels first, then obstinate did prove,  
 And drunk with vanity, by pleasures snar'd,  
 Still (mocking mercy) did contemne my love;  
 Whil'st glu'd to th'earth, you for no further car'd,  
 But how things fraile by pleasure to improve:  
 And working mischief more then words can even,  
 Rais'd mounts of sinne to barre your selves from heaven.

50

Though long ere done, your faults were knowne to me,  
 For which in vaine selfe-love excuses frames,  
 I them discern'd, but never did decree;  
 No time, nor place could bound the deities beames;  
 In contemplation of what was to be,  
 I from lifes books excluded had your names:  
 And did foresee, but not fore-dooe your parts,  
 My mercies were more ready then your hearts.

51

For many wrongs which *Israel* had indur'd,  
 The Lord their safety, *Pharaohs* ruine fought,  
 As Surgeons for their practise have procur'd  
 An executed corps, when odious thought,  
 His heart (pass'd hope) of purpose was obdur'd,  
 That for our glory wonders might be wrought:  
 Thus meanes were us'd exempling such a one,  
 That *Achab* might by bloud fall from his Throne.

52

Your wayes were cross'd by many a stumbling block,  
 But you gave eare to every whispered charme,  
 Whil'st waving pleasures plasted ruines rock,  
 Where Satans ambush lay to do you harme;  
 Nor shall that Traitor at your judgement mock,  
 Who still his troupes against all good did arme:  
 Come sprits impure, come and receive your due,  
 You never would repent, but now must rue.

53

To muse what muster every Monster makes,  
 I scarce for feare my fancies dare engage,  
 If every one a hideous bodie takes,  
 Vile like their minde, to tread this fatall stage:  
 What *Gorgons*, *Hidra's*, *Lynx*, *Chimera's*, snakes,  
 By hissing, howling, lowing, roaring rage?  
 What strange aspects, what intricatd sounds,  
 A dreadfull horror all in one confounds?

But



54

But all such masks (poore jugling tricks) grow stale,  
Though they (like Bug-beares) frighted some before,  
They now themselves defend, none else assaile,  
And terroure take, not give; all them abhorre,  
But at this time no person can grow pale,  
Since apprehensions power can move no more;  
Each doubtfull thing, that day doth fully cleare,  
And as first made, all creatures must appeare.

55

Infernall fiends now no man can affright,  
For all the godly whom they oft had brav'd,  
Do look upon them, comfortably bright,  
As glad to thinke that they from such were sav'd;  
And in the wicked anguish (at the height)  
Then shows can move, hath deeper thoughts engrav'd:  
So that this object all with ease can beare,  
"Despaire, and confidence, both banish feare.

56

Yet marking them by whom so many fell,  
Huge exclamations burst abruptly out;  
Those vagabonds who did from God rebell,  
To tempt (it seemes) still walk'd the world about,  
And (bent with guests to grace their driry hell)  
Made oft toss'd souls of their salvation doubt:  
Who when for heaven they hunting were the way,  
Turn'd headlong backward, train'd by them to stray.

57

Great Naturalists, of Art chiefe masters made,  
By starres, and times, they could each course disclose,  
And marking still when lifes first powers were spread,  
What influence affections did dispose,  
Or to what custome education led,  
Where every heart for pleasure did repose:  
They having found each inclinations square,  
As best might fit the same did frame some snare.

58

When lustfull fancies had inflam'd the minde,  
Then liberall beauties charm'd the wand'ring eye;  
When to contention one was knowne inclin'd,  
Occasions offred were franke wrath to try;  
When Avarice did make the judgement blinde,  
Straight meanes were us'd that it might never dye;  
Thus did they nurse by (tempting objects) still,  
The vice predominant that swayd the will.

This



59

This generall courle (extended unto all)  
 Not onely did insensibly betray,  
 Whil'st souls for pleasure voluntar'ly thrall,  
 Were (by prevailing) made their enemies prey;  
 Some whom they did perswade, or else appall,  
 For feare, or gaine, did to their will give way:  
 Yet (heaven exchange'd for toyes which th'earth affords)  
 Were but deluded by ambiguous words.

60

Those with much passion bitterly declare  
 How they the devill (by him seduc'd) ador'd,  
 Who storm'd by sea, and thundred in the aire,  
 (As he affirm'd) of all the world sole Lord;  
 That they with him should (when dissolv'd) repaire,  
 Where they should be with all contentment stor'd:  
 Thus painting out how they had beene abus'd,  
 The great accuser is by them accus'd.

61

But he who once durst dreame in heaven to raigne,  
 Whose pride preposterous (swolne with madnesse) raves  
 Though that designe attempted was in vaine,  
 And he throwne headlong to *Tartarian* caves:  
 Loe, when at last, even ready to arraigne,  
 He doth not seek to purge, nor pardon craves;  
 Though just excuses something might acquite,  
 But thus bursts forth with his accustom'd spite.

62

Since fled from heaven to pacifie your spleene,  
 Whose jealousies my fall could onely free,  
 I of your wrath a minister have beene,  
 To execute all what you did decree:  
 Thus all your ends to take effect were scene,  
 Whil'st still the hate reflected back on me,  
 To whom the world imputed every ill,  
 Though all my power was bounded by your will.

63

That excrement of th'earth, that drosse of dust,  
 Who wanting courage publick force to try,  
 Though not so stout, yet did prove as unjust,  
 And would have beene like thee, as well as I;  
 He serv'd for nothing but in thee to trust,  
 Yet for all this, did oft thy name deny:  
 He broke thy law, had power to do no more,  
 Yet by his fault is better than before.

From



64

From abject basenesse rais'd to such a state,  
Till damn'd to die, no bounds could man containe;  
Nor was his change by that decree made great,  
Since, but by it whence drawne, turn'd backe againe;  
Yet though these worms were still (when grac'd) ingrate,  
Thou by thy suffering did'st prevent their paine;  
Whom though immortall we did mortall see,  
That these vile mortalls might Immortall be.

65

But I who was a fountaine once of light,  
Whose envied beauties Angels did commend,  
With those the partners of my wretched flight,  
Who suffer did because they lov'd their friend;  
We might have serv'd to make the heavens more bright,  
In indignation whom thou mad'st descend:  
And would'st not unto us one fault forgive,  
Though sacrific'd, to make great sinners live.

66

Man (pittied thus) his pardon did procure,  
That still his weakenesse might thy power admire,  
Where we whose power thou no way could'st indure,  
Are persecuted with an endlesse ire;  
Imprison us, that thou maist live secure;  
Nor will we daigne thy favour to require;  
But since defrauded earst of hopes so high,  
Must live in anguish since we cannot die.

67

But this indignity doth make me storme,  
In heaven, in th'earth, in th'aire since long so great,  
That this poore Creature, this detested worne,  
Whom I have trod upon so oft of late,  
By partiall hate both ballanc'd in one forme,  
Where earst my Slave, must now become my Mate:  
Yea, and reduc'd to a more base degree,  
I must his Iaylour, and Tormenter be.

68

This hatefull monster to confusion thrall,  
Was once an Angell, Innocently white,  
And had continu'd so but for his fall,  
Whilst pride and envy did engender spite;  
The spirituall substance tainted then with gall,  
(Turn'd diabolicke) was extinguish'd quite:  
So that thenceforth he nought save ill could doe,  
When leaving God, all goodnesse left him too.

He



69

He fell of malice, mankind was deceav'd;  
 That Syre of sinne to nurse it always striv'd,  
 And since by him that plague was first conceav'd,  
 Each sinne is his from whom all sinne deriv'd;  
 What due reward can be by him receav'd,  
 By whom of heaven so many were depriv'd:  
 Who guilty is of every mischief gone,  
 Still tempting all, yet tempted was by none.

70

Yet bent for mischief, as he first beganne,  
 Farre from remorse, thus sparkling poison still,  
 He dare contest with Christ, outrageing man,  
 Though barr'd from acting, yet intending ill,  
 And those his thoughts which rest not suffer can,  
 (Since objects want where he might use his will)  
 Turn'd backe as furies shall him selfe afflict,  
 Who still on some just vengeance must inflict.

71

Christ first doth show how he rebell'd above,  
 From whence expell'd with a deserv'd disgrace,  
 He straight did tempt the man whom God did love,  
 As he had done, to make him loose his place;  
 Then all the meanes (that hate could hatch) did prove,  
 (No cause first given) to persecute his race;  
 Though God had told that one of them at last,  
 Should punish him for all offences past.

72

Of all his course when casting up the scroules,  
 They finde each moment did some harme conspire,  
 That (even when dying) he distress'd weake soules,  
 So that no end could mitigate his ire;  
 But Christ the same for ever now controules,  
 And damnes him straight to hells eternall fire:  
 Where with his Angels he must alwayes stay,  
 As long reserv'd in chaines for that great day.

73

This damned Squadron sentenc'd thus to hell,  
 The godly doe applaud Christs just decree,  
 And his great judgment with amazement tell,  
 Which by effects they ravish'd are to see;  
 Their approbation doth content him well,  
 As assisters whom he admits to bee.  
 O what contentment do their soules imbrace,  
 Who now to judge the rest with him take place!

They



74

They now behold some of the wicked sort,  
VWho straight the worst that hell can yeeld attend;  
VWith whose vaine pride no creature could comport;  
VWhil'st them for happy worldlings did commend;  
Yet were their pleasures but both deare, and short,  
Yea often times before themselves did end :  
And by their suffrage, now they stand condemn'd;  
VWhom they as abject many times contemn'd.

75

Some now with glory eminently fit,  
As Christs deare friends, though here of humble race,  
VWhom they had scorn'd for fellowes to admit,  
Or at their Table to have taken place;  
Yea, would have thought it for their state not fit;  
Them with a signe of least regard to grace :  
Yet (marking them so highly honour'd) now  
They would be glad still at their feet to bow.

76

But this distresse one vantage doth unfold,  
Though out of time, when it can help no more,  
They heare the truth, and all their faults are told,  
VWhich had been still estrang'd from them before;  
VWhil'st awfull reverence dutious love controul'd,  
So that what they affirm'd, their followers swore,  
VWhom now they blame, that they so base could be,  
As bent to please, not daring to be free.

77

The reprobate (as obstinately ill)  
Expostulating blasphemy doe use,  
And with their crimes would burden others still,  
Not to be clear'd, but that they may accuse;  
Not onely doe they taxe Gods spotlesse will,  
And Satans fraud, for what it did infuse :  
But likewise men as meanes that they were lost;  
And of all men they blame their Parents most.

78

Their whole endeavours every Parent strains,  
By fortunes treasures to advance his heirs,  
VWho many times do loose by guilty gains,  
Not (as was hop'd) true helps, but onely snares;  
But few advis'dly do respect the pains  
VWhich leade to vertue, and religious cares :  
Such fondly are in breeding of their brood,  
For goods too carefull, carelesse of their good.

X

Yet



79

Yet, oft they faile even in that temporall end,  
 Who seeke by riches to secure their race,  
 Which by their death doth it at last attend,  
 And long-fought conquests waste in little space;  
 Where indigence, and education bend,  
 Some left more poore, each way for wealth do trace,  
 Which oftentimes, the Syres damnations price,  
 But strengthneth his that they may follow vice.

80

Nor is this glistring course the safest way,  
 By which to stand, one stablish may a state,  
 Since it oft times the owner doth betray,  
 To vice and envy, an inviting baite,  
 So that they thus are tempted more to stray,  
 Or are o'rethrowne by some mans hopefull hate :  
 Thus riches swolne with pride, is crush'd by spite,  
 Or doth (made soft) dissolve the owner quite.

81

Some foolish fathers with prepostrous love,  
 (To flattrring children too indulgent still)  
 Even by their favour pestilent doe prove,  
 Like toying Apes that doe with kindenesse kill,  
 Who whil'st they them should by their judgement move,  
 Are carried head-long with the others will :  
 And must their grieve by any meanes appease,  
 Not striving to instruct, but how to please.

82

Their off-springs course, each parent should direct,  
 And as a patterne by example lead;  
 Then when they faile in yeelding due respect,  
 As insolent by too much favour made,  
 They should rebuke, reforme, and last correct;  
 For, better then whil'st quicke, to waile them dead :  
 Who would preserve, must many times annoy,  
 Where those that dote by sparing doe destroy.

83

Amongst the rest, some here their moane doe make,  
 Whom parents strictnesse did from good restraine,  
 That of their state would no compassion take,  
 Nor lend the meanes that might their life maintaine;  
 But (as their coyne) did keep their count'nance backe  
 For wretchednesse, yet other grounds did faine :  
 By which in children such ill thoughts were bred,  
 That they to mischief easily were led.

VVhat



84

What gallants thus did perish in their prime,  
By desp'rate wayes whil'st ventring for reliefe,  
And prov'd (though little might have help'd in time)  
A bloudy murtherer, or an abject Thiefe;  
Till at the last damn'd for some filthie crime,  
As venging this, they forc'd their fathers griefe:  
(With infamy when com'd to end their race)  
Whil'st left an heire unto his heires disgrace?

85

And many thus disper'd in forraine parts,  
Have sold their souls that they their lives might save,  
Who (whil'st by want) expos'd to all mens arts,  
When they by ruine onely help could have,  
Against their knowledge, and against their hearts,  
In spite of conscience, did Religion leave:  
And would (though first asham'd) at last grown strong,  
Ere scorn'd for changing, justifie a wrong.

86

10

O, what contentment shall those Parents finde!  
Who for all those whom to the world they bring,  
Still mildly rigorous, and austerely kinde,  
(Excesses barr'd) do seek each needfull thing,  
And do plant early in the tender minde,  
The love of God, whose praise at last they sing.  
All those with Christ thrice happy now do stand,  
Who thus did strive how to increase that band.

87

Great Magistrates by sundry are accus'd,  
For feare, for love, for gaine, or some such end,  
Who had that power due by their charge not us'd,  
To purge the Land of them who did offend;  
Who (when by pardons having them excus'd)  
Their faults (as favour'd) seem'd to recommend:  
There where examples should with terrour strike,  
This did tempt others to attempt the like.

88

When insolency kills, or doth oppresse,  
Those guilty are of each ensuing harme,  
Who curbe them not who do the laws transgresse,  
Ere indignation generous courage warme;  
When parties wrong'd must needs themselves redresse,  
Whil'st lack of justice doth them justly arme:  
As bound by credit vengeance to procure,  
The braving object scorning to endure.

X 2

When



89

When great offenders Iustice not removes,  
 And chiefly them by whom to death one bleeds,  
 Since, given to broils, such persons no man loves,  
 And each occasion still more mischief breeds;  
 Their safety many a time their ruine proves:  
 For Malefactors (whil'st that their misdeeds)  
 Repentance expiats, made happy so,  
 Do (as from Beds) to heaven from Scaffolds go.

90

Thus in like sort they blame some Masters now,  
 Who them with whom they had by power prevail'd,  
 Not unto God, but to themselves made bow,  
 If not to them, not caring how they fail'd;  
 And did sometimes command, at least allow  
 Those faults whose fruits to profit them avail'd;  
 Such soules as pretious should have beene preserv'd,  
 Who were Gods creatures, though that them they serv'd.

91

But thousands here with anguish curse all those,  
 Who had in charge their safety to procure,  
 Yet did their course to fit the time compose,  
 And errors grosse most grossly did endure;  
 So that their flocke, when falling never rose,  
 But suffred were to live in sinne secure:  
 And they to heaven could hardly others leade,  
 Whose selves to court the world all means had made.

92

Since Robbers are abhorr'd (as beasts prophane)  
 Who steale but stones which to the Church belong;  
 Pretended Priests that spirituall states attaine,  
 Like waspes with Bees, crept holy hives among,  
 Who wasting honey, poyson give againe;  
 Are (as farre worse) accus'd for doing wrong;  
 Since they barre others from ministring grace,  
 Yet (save in coats and rents) not use the place.

93

Some who (their hearers swaying where they would)  
 Could force affections, comfort, and deject,  
 With learned Lectures eloquently told,  
 (Though flourish'd faire, not fruitfull in effect)  
 Are highly tax'd, that they (when thus extold)  
 What taught to others, did themselves neglect:  
 And given to vice (brought comparatively in)  
 They lost that freedome which rebukes for sinne.

And



94

And how can any man another move  
To flye those dainties that with him are rife,  
Who talke of Temperance, yet vaine pleasures love;  
Call peace a blessing, whil' st they live at strife,  
Praise deeds of Almes, yet avaritious prove,  
Chast but in words, not continent in life?  
Of such th' excellency is all in Art,  
Whil' st vertue but their tongue, vice hath the heart.

95

Such (following *Cains* way) like *Core* exclaime,  
By *Balaams* wages, to deceit inclin'd;  
Seas raging waves, still foaming forth their shame;  
Clouds void of water, carried with the wind,  
Trees without fruit, spots which the faith defame,  
As wandring starres whose course hath them design'd;  
Of such did *Enoch* prophesy of old,  
That which this judgement doth at last unfold.

96

Those stumbling blockes, roekes which with ruine swell,  
Destructions traynes, obnoxious unto all,  
Not onely with the rest, are damn'd to hell,  
Whose threatned torments quaking soules appall,  
But railing at them many thousands tell,  
How they had beene the meanes to make them fall:  
" This wretched comfort, the afflicted love,  
" That for their faults, they others may reprove.

97

But though they thus to make their faults seem lesse,  
The Lord himselfe, the divels and men doe blame,  
All doth afford no helpe for their distresse,  
Nor workes it pitty, but augments their shame:  
Like anguish doth their fellow-partners presse,  
And others doe with shouts their joyes proclaime:  
Thus quite neglected in a desp'rate state,  
They by contesting, but procure more hate.

98

As some (by sentence when condemn'd to dye)  
By gazing troupes and friends, hemm'd round about,  
The executioner attending by,  
The Coffin gaping, and the hatchet out,  
Th' earth sometimes view, looke sometimes to the sky,  
And loth to leave them, doe pretend some doubt:  
Which they must cleare, as which concerns their crime,  
So glad to gaine some space from posting time.



99

The wicked thus (it seemes) could wish to stay,  
 The full performance of Christs great decree,  
 As loth to leave this (though most fearefull) day,  
 The last of light that they shall ever see;  
 The eyes deare objects vanish must away;  
 No prospect more for them can pleasant be :  
 No wonder though they seeke to shift a space,  
 Their dreadfull entry to that driry place.

100

But such delayes can yeeld their soules no ease,  
 Who rack'd by conscience, inwardly doe smart;  
 Save all to suffer, not what to appease,  
 No other thought can harbour in their heart;  
 That glorious face which doth the godly please,  
 To them strange feares with horror doth impart :  
 So that their present paine hath so much force,  
 They scarce imagine any can be worse.

101

Those who were swift to sinne, to goodnesse slow,  
 And onely striv'd in folly to exceed,  
 O! when they finde that which they justly owe,  
 The endlesse paines which ended joyes doe breed !  
 They, as they alwaies liv'd like beasts below,  
 Would gladly now that they were beasts indeed :  
 To scape the hell whose horrors then are seene,  
 Who wish their being never to have beene.

102

When looking backe how traines of treach'rous houres  
 (As Mines) at unawares had blowne up all,  
 And blasted oft (ere ripe) fraile pleasures flowres,  
 Whose time hath beene so short, whose joy so small;  
 They wonder now how they could spend their pow'rs,  
 In gayning toyes to such a tyrant thrall,  
 Which hath them made that happinesse to misse,  
 Where still eternity abounds in blisse.

103

All longing mindes for what they much require,  
 The time appointed, when they doe attend,  
 Doe wish the space betweene, should straight expire,  
 And so the like to have some other end;  
 By giving way to mans infirme desire,  
 His course contract'd few moments thus would spend :  
 And thus to gaine some flying fortunes soone,  
 His life by what he wish'd would be undone.



104

The loving youth whose brest with thoughts doth burne,  
Would lose whole yeares to have one nights delight;  
The Merchant waiting for his Shippes returne,  
Not onely dayes, but winds as slow doth cite;  
The greedy Usurer, so to serve his turne,  
(Save Termes for payment) all dayes else would quite :  
Since these for pleasure lavish are of life,  
What would they doe, whose miseries are rife ?

105

But whilst too late, the wicked count their dayes,  
Which (ere they wakened) vanish like a dreame,  
(So to remove the meanes of all delayes)  
Their sentence given, an Angell doth proclaime,  
The which with feare each count'nance quite dismayes,  
And they in darkenesse haste to hide their shame :  
From this sad sentence, backe to the Stygian state,  
What horrid clamour sounds the last retreat.

106

If for affaires which mutuall good impart,  
A little way till some few houres be runne,  
Kinde wives and husbands, doe but chance to part,  
A friend from friend, a mother from her sonne,  
So sensibly with tender thoughts all smart,  
That love is glad to have some moments wonne :  
"Priz'd by privations, beings are held deare,  
"And presence pretious absence makes appeare.

107

O blacke divorce, even worse then thoughts can faine!  
Griefe past expressing, losse above all bounds,  
They now must part who never meet againe,  
And straight to goe where horror most abounds,  
From sight of pleasure ravish'd unto paine,  
No wonder though they howle forth dolorous sounds :  
Who must this cheerefull light with darkenesse change,  
Saints joyes first scene, to make their state more strange.

108

'Twixt Parents, Brethren, Sisters, kindred, friends,  
And all those bands which mortals held most deare;  
The naturall love (worne out of date) quite ends,  
Eternally whilst separated here;  
That strict regard which tender passion bends,  
None of the godly now can make draw neere  
To any one of those whom damn'd they see,  
Though ty'd by nature in the first degree.



109

The beds deare partners here, each fortunes mate,  
 Who once (hearts joy) funke in the bosome slept;  
 Some dandled children, doted on of late,  
 Whom with such care too tender Parents kept;  
 Companions earst who swayd the mindes conceit,  
 All now are left, and they no teare have wept :  
 Who praise Gods judgement which this parting wrought :  
 His love hath swallow'd up each other thought.

110

But by this meanes the reprobate are mov'd,  
 To apprehend their misery the more,  
 Whil'st forc'd to leave them whom so much they lov'd,  
 Who having seen their happinesse before,  
 And having heard their losse by them approv'd,  
 VWho once had wish'd them well, but then abhor :  
 This grieves their soule, till they for anguish groane,  
 And though to hell, are earnest to be gone.

111

Whil'st stormy conscience holds invective bookes,  
 That th'inward fight can onely reade of ire,  
 O! how doe heavy eyes with lingring lookes,  
 From worlds last prospects languishing retire?  
 A windy cloud of sighes, each mouth forth smoakes,  
 As burning, even ere entring in the fire :  
 They are not blinde, yet better so to be,  
 Since heaven, nor earth, they never more shall see.

112

The raging fiends all girt with foaming snakes,  
 Doe haste them downe together with their charge,  
 Whereas no Porter any hindrance makes,  
 They passe hels deeps, attending on no Barge;  
 This thronging troupe at dreadfull earth-quakes quakes,  
 Whil'st gaping gulphes doe make an entry large :  
 All looking backe as loth to leave the light,  
 Are at an instant swallow'd out of sight.

DOOMES.





# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The eleventh H O U R E.*

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of dolefull hell the horrid seat is sought,  
Whereas the damned howling still remaine:  
And in the world as wickedly they wrought,  
Must suffer what Christ's justice doth ordaine;  
The sensuall creatures senses here are brought,  
By what once pleas'd, now to be rack'd with paine:  
And with the devils whereas they are to stay,  
The wicked are tormented every way.*

I



Hil'st wandring now where I can finde no light,  
Of guests below the damned state to mark,  
No raving *Ethnick* can direct me right,  
Whose selfe is captive in the dungeons darke;  
Yet, all hels horrors can me not affright,  
Though Serpents hisse, and *Cerberus* do barke;  
But lest I stagger, and be still in doubt,  
I must go seek some guide to leade me out.

2

Deare Saviour thou who thence my soule to quite,  
Exposed wast a prey to paine, and scorne,  
Whil'st beaten, mock'd, and spitted at in spire,  
Made Vinegar to drink, and crown'd with Thorne;  
Then sweating bloud, encrimson'd beauties white,  
Till all hels horrors constantly were borne;  
Thou, onely thou, canst this discovery make,  
Who forc'd her forts, and turn'd in triumph backe.

3

O Sonne of God, be thou my guide, and cleare  
The cloudy Cloisters of *Tartarian* deeps,  
That (drawn from darknesse) plainly may appeare,  
From what strange torments thine thy suffering keepes,  
Who (marking this asarre) may not come neare,  
Where teeth shall gnash, where th'eye for ever weeps;  
But trust in thee, and flie sinnes tempting snare,  
Not too secure, nor falling in despaire.

That



4

That place for paine so fearfull to the minde,  
 That dreames of it have desperation wrought,  
 Hath beene by some (to search such deeps inclin'd)  
 No locall ground, but a privation thought:  
 From God secluded, yet no where confin'd,  
 As damned souls were to some freedome brought:  
 No paine impos'd, but to be barr'd Gods sight,  
 Hell so made darke, as Sunnes remove breeds night.

5

Not onely wretches banish'd from Gods face,  
 In endlesse anguish languishing remaine,  
 Whil'st apprehending in that dreadfull place,  
 How Saints above with God in glory raigne;  
 But they must have with horror, grieve, disgrace,  
 As want of pleasure, so a sense of paine:  
 Want would but grieve where feeling will torment,  
 The minde with wormes, with wounds the body rent.

6

The sentenc'd Squadron must retyre alone,  
 In dungeons darke eternally to smart,  
 Where they still bounded heavily must grone,  
 Whil'st not one moment can repose impart;  
 Christ said to them, when damn'd: Go, get you gone,  
 To dwell with devils in their appointed part;  
 And sacred VVrits most clearly do declare,  
 That from the godly they divided are.

7

But curiousnesse no satisfaction gets,  
 When searching out the mysteries of hell;  
 At least no where it with assurance sets,  
 But Ghosts to paine from pleasure doth expell;  
 And with the rest who fall in fancies nets,  
 No wonder though I doubt their state to tell:  
 For that to others which these lines would show,  
 I labour that my selfe may never know.

8

It may be plac't amidst the fierie spheare,  
 Whence joyn'd with lightning dreadfull thunders flie,  
 Whil'st frowning heavens by day nights colours reare,  
 Till scarce some flashes can point out the skie;  
 So that as hell inflicting harme and feare,  
 By thunder-bolts, and haile, troupes tortur'd lye:  
 Thus in effect, affinity they hold  
 By light, and darknesse, horror, heat, and cold.

That



9

That cloudy clymate (hatching stormes when faire)  
May still foule sprits where first they fell restraine;  
And wretched soules to have with them their share,  
Of substance light, (though stayn'd) may mount againe;  
Since Sathan hath beene held Lord of the ayre,  
He last may smart where he so long doth raigne:  
And though suppos'd a Parable to be,  
Why might not *Abraham* there the *Glutton* see?

10

If God thus hang that monstrous masse of night,  
In which to pine the tortur'd bands are throwne,  
The hoasts of heaven importing virtuall light,  
May pierce hels clouds, till all their guests be knowne,  
With mutuall prospects, interchanging sight,  
By others states that both may judge their owne:  
"What is oppos'd, compar'd, brings truth to light:  
"When set with shadowes, stars doe shine more bright.

11

O how the godly triumph would with joy!  
Whil'st compassing that damned band about,  
To see the fiends their furies all imploy,  
Till ghosts with dreadfull cries confus'dly shout;  
They with no sigh, their pittied plaints convoy,  
Though earst knowne friends, all kindenesse then worn out;  
But straight shall praise (transported from the place)  
In them Gods justice, in themselves his grace.

12

A place below the chiefe of Northerne Starres,  
To fit the hell a situation yeelds,  
VWhich passengers from passing further barres,  
By desolate and melancholy fields,  
And Navigation absolutely marres,  
Whil'st there from harme no kinde of shelter shields:  
Not that the Ocean doth too stormy prove,  
No, but because that it can no way move.

13

The liquid kingdome all becoming dry,  
Farre distant shores (as if cimented) meet,  
The waves all dead entomb'd in Cryftall lye,  
Not having power to drowne, no, not to weete,  
Whil'st barren beauty doth delude the eye,  
And slippery firmenesse doth betray the feet,  
VWhich both on fouds, and solid grounds they set,  
And yet can neither earth, nor water get.

Amidst



14

Amidst that large inhabitable Zone,  
 Where raging winter doth admit no bounds,  
 Perchance (for terrour) the Tartarian Throne,  
 With strengthlesse beames the flying sunne surrounds,  
 And (as if thousands multipli'd a grone)  
 There sulph'rous *Vulcans* roare continuall sounds :  
 Whil'st Ghosts do never sleep, yet alwaies dreame,  
 Rack'd by remorse with griefe, past sence of shame.

15

But that great God on whom this All depends,  
 And (as he pleaseth) quickly fades, or springs,  
 Even with a thought can compasse all his ends,  
 Not daigning to take helpe of temporall things,  
 And yet to worke what ever he intends,  
 Each creature straight a contribution brings :  
 He in new moulds can cast the world againe,  
 Make beauty ugly, what gave joy, give paine.

16

Earst *Adams Eden*, pleasures speciall ground,  
 Worlds quint-essence, the Garden of the Lord,  
 The pretious stone of this enamold round,  
 Which God did guard as with his treasures stor'd,  
 It now turn'd common earth (by flouds since drown'd,) )  
 Of what it was no token doth afford :  
 That dainty Vale which curious *Lot* did chuse,  
 Did soone grow loathsome, all the worlds refuse.

17

Those parts below which most delight the eye,  
 As pleasant, fertile, crown'd with flowres, or streames,  
 Where nature doth with many colours dye  
 Her curious robes, all bright with glistring beames,  
 Some there at last may greater torments try,  
 Then Sathan can devise, or mankinde dreames :  
 And it would stand with justice in these times,  
 That all should suffer where they wrought their crimes.

18

But th'earth o'reburden'd, must to sinne give place,  
 If so commanded by the worlds great Iudge,  
 Loe, how we all who fondly love her face,  
 Must at the last within her bosome lodge !  
 But them she swallow'd quicke, though *Abrahams* race,  
 Who tempting God against his will, did grudge :  
 All sinnes engross'd in one, what monstrous weight  
 May soone sinke thousands to the centre straight!

VVho



19

Who knowes but th'earth which still men wastes, or feeds,  
Hath vast concavities where darknesse blinds,  
And that from it the secret cause proceeds  
Of dreadfull earth-quakes, and of restless winds,  
Which, Schismes in Schooles, no satisfaction breeds:  
The deepes deepe mystery none clearly finds:  
    Whilst bent to study who doth thousands teach,  
    Seas compast him who could their course not reach.

20

The fertile earth for that infernall seate,  
May furnish stufte to feede the flames apace,  
For, as without, Sunnes active beames do bear,  
Till plenties horne doth garnish every place;  
So it would seeme, within, some vigorous heate  
Of metall strong doth breed the rockie race:  
    Th'earth must have fire, of which, to serve our turne,  
    Both superficial parts, and entrails burne.

21

Vaine Pagans did in every fancy fixe,  
That stygian darkenesse diverse floods did bound,  
And all their Gods did sweare by dreadfull Styx,  
That straight their oath in *Lethe* might be drown'd;  
These waters with so many things did mixe,  
Ere they could reach the Centre of the ground,  
    That stain'd and poison'd whilst estrang'd from th'aier,  
    They filthy were (no doubt) when once come there.

22

Since (by Conjectures with much travell sought)  
This fearefull place none can precisely know,  
Then by what meanes from darknesse can be brought,  
Those Mysteries which some dare seeke to show:  
The roome indeed may justly large be thought,  
Where all the wicked should be lodg'd below:  
    Though to their Clients devils do much reveale,  
    Yet they for frightening them hells state conceale.

23

They (as great pleasures) painting out their paines,  
By foolish fables please vaine vulgars much,  
With gorgeous Gardens, and Elyfian plaines,  
Which (like themselves) cannot abide the touch;  
Then will they seeme (this reputation gains)  
*Fawnes, Silvans, Satyres, Fairies, Nymphes,* and such:  
    That fooles may hope to be (whilst spoil'd of sence)  
    Gods demi-gods, and Heroes, when gone hence.

Y

What



24

What then confusion doth more mischief bring,  
 As oft hath beene made knowne in every age?  
 And it in hell would seeme a needfull thing,  
 To torture them who there beare Satans badge,  
 From which in darknesse, grosse effects must spring,  
 Where desp'rat troupes (past hope of helpe) doe rage;  
 Yet even in it some order shall be found,  
 Though *Chaos* darkning, *Babel* to confound.

25

The world may thinke, amidst that damned Crue,  
 Though (as elsewhere) distinguish'd in degree,  
 Each one doth reape that which to him is due;  
 Their paines may differ, yet their griefe agree;  
 When law below a party doth pursue,  
 As crimes require, the Iudges do decree:  
 Since God on earth so many plagues doth send,  
 How huge be these which hels blacke hoistes attend?

26

This crySTALL spheare, the lanterne of the sight,  
 A generall spie that every thing doth marke,  
 I doubt, if drawing, or dispersing light,  
 Of all mans body the most heavenly sparke,  
 The life of beauty, natures glories height,  
 Which straight (when clos'd) makes all the world seme dark,  
 It of chiefe pleasures doth the Centre prove,  
 Both from the earth below, and heaven aboue.

27

Those Sunnes of Sences, mirrours of the minde,  
 The windows of the heart till light doth faile,  
 How bodies may be glorifi'd we find,  
 Since their perfection doth so much prevaile;  
 These dainty lights which have so sweetely shin'd,  
 Though cleere like diamonds, like CrySTALL fraile,  
 While as abus'd by them that were unjust,  
 Did turne to starres of pride, and flames of lust.

28

By them the wretch to Avarice was swai'd,  
 Externall objects tempting the desire;  
 By them the heart to envy was betrai'd,  
 And made to hate what it could not acquire;  
 Their sight urg'd vengeance whilst it did upbraid  
 Such brests as boil'd with a vindictive ire,  
 By them (as dores) much mischief entered in,  
 The baits, the bauds, the guid's, the gates of sinne.

These



*The eleventh Houre.*

29

These eyes that did so oft to vice invite,  
(Whil' it still attracting, or directing wrong)  
Now barr'd from all which did them once delight,  
Where fearfull Monsters for confusion throng;  
Them from some paine no moment can acquite,  
For objects strange infortunatly strong:  
Prodigious sights since still they must indure,  
Like owles (Nights driry birds) in caves obscure.

30

In place of beauty (which did earst bewitch)  
The foaming Fiends came charg'd with crawling Snakes;  
For stately roomes a dungeon (dropping pitch)  
Doth contribute to the *Tartarian* lakes;  
And for companions (groaning in a ditch)  
A number burns, and yet for cold still quakes.  
Eyes thus have no reliefe, not when they weep,  
But (though in darknesse) they still lee, not sleep.

31

This living lab' rinth entertaining sounds,  
By severall turnes, till made for hearing fit,  
(Lest otherwise (if rude) words might give wounds)  
Which (thus prepar'd) they by degrees admit;  
These bring the stuffe on which the judgement grounds,  
As ready porters that support the wit;  
And oft with pleasure smooth afflicting care,  
Whil' it dainty voices quintessence the aire.

32

These oft (like strumpets dissolutely strong)  
Are prostituted, suffring what is foule;  
Then mediating 'twixt a tempting tongue  
And fraile desires, all goodnesse oft controul;  
They first corrupted do seduce to wrong,  
And poure (like pleasure) poyson in the soule:  
By them assaulting sinne doth breach the heart;  
As of the body still the weakest part.

33

This is the Myne which doth blow up the minde,  
Gainst sense, or reasons charge, a guardlesse way,  
To lust, to fraud, or faults of any kinde,  
Which all the strength by treaties doth betray;  
As Sathan soone in Paradise did finde,  
In *Evahs* care who first in ambush lay;  
This patent entry can hold nothing out,  
But braves brave minds with grounds for feare, or doubt;



34

This sprituall taster, understandings eye,  
 (Growne needlesse now amongst these hopelesse moanes;  
 Since all well known, none then can further try)  
 In place of Musicke that did charme it once,  
 Heares teeth to gnash, and howling creatures cry,  
 Redoubling fobs, and melancholy groanes:  
 For dreadfull sounds who can imagine more?  
 There fiends and men (still rack'd) together roare,

35

That dainty sence which comfort doth the braines,  
 And all the vitall sprits more pregnant make,  
 Which (when the aire a grosse corruption stains)  
 Doth by sweet odours drive the danger backe,  
 It with the Lord so highly pris'd remaines,  
 That he himselfe in it doth pleasure take:  
 And he was said a sacrifice to smell,  
 In which sweet incense chiefly did excell.

36

Those (though extorting Natures usuall store)  
 That were perfum'd with artificiall things,  
 In place of what affected was before,  
 A filthy stench perpetually there stings;  
 This sinke of sinne which theirs so oft made more,  
 The dregs of all the world together brings:  
 Whose Sent though loathsome now endure they must,  
 Who (weakening courage thus) gave strength to lust.

37

Those to the taste who did their judgement give,  
 And (more then Nature) fancy striv'd to feed,  
 What creatures daily dy'd that they might live,  
 Who would for pompe, or gluttony exceed,  
 And curious were all courses to contrive,  
 How fawces strange an appetite might breed:  
 While as the poore did starve (they thus at feasts)  
 And could not get what they did give to beasts:

38

Though food for maintenance none shall need below,  
 Yet Gluttons mindes by longing are turmoil'd;  
 And many meats may mustred be in show,  
 All fry'd in flames, or in *Cocytus* boil'd,  
 Which straight (when neare to touch) devils may o'rethrow;  
 Or they may be by monstrous Harpies spoil'd;  
 Or (as from *Tantalus* the apple slips),  
 Such tempting objects may delude their lips.

These



39

These drunkards that have drown'd their wits in wine,  
(Till quite benumn'd, they long ere dying dye)  
Whil'st tortur'd now continually to pine,  
As in a Feaver (loe) they burning lye:  
If roaring flames a puddle could designe,  
They for a drop to quench their thirst would cry:  
That this to mark it might our judgement leade,  
The like entreaty one to *Abraham* made.

40

These dainty fingers entertain'd by pride,  
Whose sense (though grosse) was pleas'd in sundry sorts,  
Which could no touch save what was soft abide,  
Oft us'd for Avarice, or wanton sports,  
Those now in vaine would strive themselves to hide,  
Which (whil'st stretch'd forth as cruell paine transports)  
Where fearfull darknesse doth no light admit,  
May unawares some fiend, or serpent hit.

41

Some who below had domineer'd of late,  
In wealth abounding, by abundance cloy'd,  
Whil'st (pleasures purchas'd at too high a rate)  
As want did others, surfeits them annoy'd;  
They (wanting stomacke) did not feed, but eate,  
Till faint, and dull, what had, they not enjoy'd;  
Those naked now in misery remaine,  
And nothing rests, save never resting paine.

42

The lazie man whose memory Time foils,  
As wanting sinews, who could scarcely move,  
Whom faintnesse, and not pride, did keep from toils,  
Save abject ease who nothing else did love;  
Now when his foot at every step still broils,  
If but to change, of force must restlesse prove:  
And lest he languish with too dull a paine,  
By Bodkins hot tormented may remaine.

43

These haughty mindes whose swelling thoughts were such,  
That still in state they gloried to be seene;  
So richly cloath'd, that it had griev'd them much,  
If on their garments any spot had beene;  
So dainty then that they disdain'd to touch,  
Farre lesse to lye, or sit, on parts uncleane:  
And whil'st presuming on their wealth, or race,  
Were alwayes striving how to take their place.

Y 3

Those



44

Those on themselves who did so fondly dote,  
 And their vile carkasse curious were to grace,  
 Though (like the flowres which frailty do denote)  
 But must'ring beauty for a little space;  
 They never care how much the minde they blot,  
 So they of Nature (during lifes short race)  
     May help defects by Arts defective aid,  
     The soule to sinne by vanity betrai'd.

45

They Natures need could not by sleep supply,  
 Save in faire roomes which pleasure did procure;  
 Each vulgar object straight did wound their eye,  
 Whose tender sight no grosse thing could endure;  
 They well attended softly sought to lye,  
 Though so more sumptuous, and the lesse secure:  
     Not thinking how when dead they straight should have  
     Wormes for companions, and for bed a grave.

46

Loe, now retir'd amid'st *Tartarian* caves,  
 With driry shadows in eternall night,  
 They lodge more low then some that were their slaves,  
 As sinking farre, since falling from a height;  
 And every fiend them (as their equall) braves,  
 With mocks remembring of their wonted might:  
     They, they through flames with scourging whips them drive,  
     The which to flie in boiling deeps they dive.

47

Smooth beauties grounds which did so much delight,  
 From pleasant plains with furrows gathered in,  
 By fire, or filth, are now disfigur'd quite,  
 Till they become as ugly as their sinne;  
 And (persecuted with continuall spite)  
 Hot pitch and brimstone drop upon their skinne:  
     But such a losse as this, paine quickly bounds,  
     The feeling, not the fancy, them confounds.

48

The heavens great Iudge, in all things who is just,  
 Each paine imposed severally designs;  
 The proud (trod down) lye wallowing in the dust;  
 The glutton starves; by thirst the drunkard pines;  
 The lecherous burne, but not as earst with lust;  
 The wretch in vaine to covet still inclines;  
     Who did Gods day to violate contest,  
     No Iubile nor Sabbath yeelds them rest.



49

O how each soule most highly doth abhorre  
The fault which them to this confusion sends!  
Which (though they would) they now can use no more,  
Yet, onely one, even at this time not ends;  
Those who were given to blasphemy before,  
They still curse God, their parents, and their friends;  
This sinne which malice, and not weaknesse breeds,  
In height, in place, and time, all else exceeds.

50

That vice in hell the Reprobate may use,  
Which from the minde all kinde of goodnesse blots;  
Each other fault some colour may excuse,  
Whil'st baited fancy, on some pleasure dotes;  
But blasphemy the furies do infuse,  
In mindes perverse, which as a badge it notes,  
And of all things should greatest feare impart,  
Since it bewrayes the vilenesse of the heart.

51

They faine that one continually doth feele  
His smarting entrails by a Vulture torne;  
A stone (still toss'd) another faint makes reele,  
And braving food a famish'd mouth doth scorne;  
Ambitions type is rack'd upon a wheele,  
Still barr'd from rest, since backe, or forward borne;  
In vaine these Sisters toss the *Stygian* deep,  
Who must bestow on that which cannot keep.

52

But yet these torments which the world did faine,  
In sinners minds a just remorse to breed,  
From working mischief that they might refraine,  
Whil'st they strive how for horror to exceed,  
As onely forg'd, is but a painted paine,  
If match'd with these that must be felt indeed:  
Which so extreemly breed the souls distresse,  
That even the sufferer can it not expresse.

53

What height of words were able to dilate  
The severall torments that are us'd below:  
Each sense must suffer what it most doth hate,  
The *Stygian* forge whil'st foaming furies blow;  
Short pleasures purchas'd at a hideous rate,  
They still (yet not discharg'd) pay what they owe:  
"All sorts of sinnes since none can well recount,  
"No doubt hells paines in number must surmount.

These



## 54

These mysteries which darknesse doth enfold,  
 VVhat mortall colours can expresse them right:  
 Or who can know what ground is fit to hold,  
 VVhere contraries do with confusion fright:  
 Some laid on flames not see, yet quake for cold;  
 Thus fire doth burne, but cannot cleare with light:  
 To comfort it no quality retaines,  
 But multiplies in all that may give paines.

## 55

Though seeming strange, imagination frames  
 A possibility how this may prove;  
 No busie breath then irritating flames,  
 Doth make them waste the meanes by which they move:  
 VVhil' st want of aire fires lightning fury tames,  
 That it no way can vent it selfe above:  
 Though all the brightnesse be entomb'd in smoak,  
 It lacks but beauty, may both burne, and choak.

## 56

Some member then perchance extreameely smarts,  
 A captive compass'd with encroaching fire,  
 (VVhat here doth fright, may then confound all hearts,  
 Chiefe element for executing ire:)  
 And yet cold Snakes (enfolding other parts)  
 May make the bloud all languishing retire:  
 VVhat stormie clymate can afford this feat,  
 VVhere both they freeze for cold, and rage for heat.

## 57

The secret nature of this fire to finde,  
 Of some who curious were the thoughts did crosse;  
 If it were spirituall, how to be confinde  
 In hell for torture of terrestriall drosse;  
 Then if materiall, and to waste inclin'd,  
 Could souls be reach'd by such a substance grosse:  
 For all impressions working paine or feare,  
 Must have an object fit their blows to beare.

## 58

The fiends from fire (some thinke) must needs scape free,  
 Whose subtile substance none can touch with hands,  
 Yet, they (as Lords) distinguish'd in degree,  
 Can (tossing th'aire) disturbe both Seas, and Lands;  
 They bodies have the which may taken be,  
 And have a being capable of bands:  
 The devill was bound a thousand yeares time past,  
 And shall for ever live in chains at last.



59

The sprits, of th'aire may beare a burden light,  
Whole course impulsive sometimes makes it known;  
The aire inflam'd (when *Phæbus* takes the height)  
Is apt to burne, and flames by it are blowne;  
Or, since of late, so to delude the sight,  
They borrow'd shapes (if wanting of their owne)  
All may be forc'd of bodies to admit,  
As loads, or jayls, for suffering onely fit.

60

As souls (whil'st here) have beene to bodies bound,  
And when next joyn'd shall never part againe;  
By fires condensed flames in hels vast round,  
Ill sprits at last imbodyed may remaine,  
Which both may strictly presse, and deeply wound,  
A weight, a prison, so redoubling paine:  
They if thus match'd, have but a passive part,  
Who burn'd, not warm'd, do onely live to smart.

61

How farre doth this transcend the reach of wit,  
That bodies then continually shall burne,  
Yet not diminish, whil'st on flames they sit,  
But though quite swallow'd, not to dust do turne;  
That racks their course no moment intermit,  
Yet can a wretch not dye, but lives to mourne:  
Death still doth wound, but hath no power to kill,  
They want his good, and onely have his ill.

62

I have beheld a cheating fellow stand,  
To sell some oyle that he reserv'd in store,  
And in the presence of a thronging band,  
By vertue of some drug was us'd before,  
In melted lead straight boldly rush his hand,  
Then fall downe groveling, as to move no more:  
Yet quickly rose by cosening Art kept sound,  
As if strange vertue in his oyle were found.

63

If man (weake man) by meanes of question'd Art,  
May fortifie against the force of heat,  
That he may suffer thus, and yet not smart;  
May not the Lord (omnipotently great)  
A quality (when as he list) impart,  
To all the guests of *Pluto's* ugly seat:  
That (freez'd in fire) they burne, yet not decay,  
Do pine, not dye, as Monsters every way

What



64

What ul'd to waste, not having power to warme,  
 Of three that were amid'st a fornace plac'd,  
 No member, fire, no, not one haire did harme,  
 By raging flames, though every where embrac'd:  
 The Lord their force did so in secret charme,  
 That they (as set in gold) his servants grac'd;  
 And in such sort when pleas'd himselfe to serve,  
 By ruines engines he can thus preserve.

65

That force of fire did not effectually prove,  
*Elias* body did with pompe display,  
 A winglesse weight whil'st it through th'aire did move;  
 Th'earth divers times her burden did betray,  
 By swallowing that which she did beare above;  
 And *Peters* feet on flouds found solid way:  
 Each element we see when God directs,  
 To Nature contrary can breed effects.

66

Fires torturing power in the *Tartarian* cave,  
 Doth need for help no irritating blast,  
 And wanting food, no excrement can have;  
 For fed by nothing, it doth nothing waste;  
 An ominous Torch in *Pluto's* gaping grave,  
 Not more, nor lesse, it still alike doth last;  
 Flames torrent doth but drowne, not burne the hell,  
 And, at a height, can neither sinke, nor swell.

67

One fire for all shall here Gods power expresse,  
 Which doth from divers diversly extort;  
 So heats the Sunne, though all alike it presse,  
 As bodies are dispos'd, or can comport;  
 And, things combustible, burne more, or lesse,  
 As dry, or humid, in a sundry sort:  
 Thus severall paines each damned soule endures,  
 As (aptly tempering) guiltinesse procures.

68

And, that their suffrings may augment the more,  
 When fully capable of being pin'd,  
 The Lord each sense, and member doth restore,  
 (Enabling so the lame, the deafe, the blinde)  
 To every one that wanted them before,  
 That they of paine the greatest height may finde:  
 At least to shew their grieve each tortur'd soule  
 Must then have eyes to weepe, a tongue to howle.

That



69

That faculty inhabiting the braine,  
Though once a comfort, now becomes a crosse,  
The onely meanes that can bring time againe,  
Though serving but to cast accounts of losse;  
The nurse of knowledge, uivervall chaine,  
Which in small bounds all kind of things can tosse;  
It was a mirrour to direct the mind,  
But then, damn'd soules to suffer more doth bind.

70

Those finnes that once so pleasant did appeare,  
The dandled Idols of a doting heart,  
Then all the ugly Fiends that stand them neare,  
More hatefull now doe make the wretches smart,  
Who curse themselves that could such guests hold deare;  
Though no remorse, what grieve doth this impart?  
First looking backe, then on their present state,  
When they must thinke what they had bin of late.

71

They find those pleasures that did them betray,  
As dreames and shadowes, readie to descend,  
Even, in imbracing, vanishing away,  
A fancie first, an extasie in end.  
Whose vanity the issue did bewray,  
Hopes left farre short of what they did attend;  
And all enticements that to this alur'd,  
A loathing still or wearinesse procur'd.

72

They now remember every time and place,  
That by their meanes a mischief was devis'd,  
And how they needs would madly runne their race,  
All admonitions scornfully despis'd;  
They proudly quench'd the sparkes of kindling grace,  
And hated them that any good advis'd,  
Then laugh'd at them as most ridiculous fooles,  
That sought to learne when having left the schooles.

73

Of counsels past that any parent gaye,  
A Schoole master, a Preacher, or a friend;  
Each circumstance now fresh in mind they have,  
And how that then it highlie did offend,  
When meanes were us'd that they their soules might save,  
Who did to ruine obstinately tend:  
They loath'd instruction, and rebukes did hate,  
As which (thus tax'd) their value did abate.

Some



74

Some words that entred at a carelesse eare,  
 And in the mind could no impression make,  
 That they in judgment true record might beare,  
 Then in the soule a secret seate did take,  
 Which now (discovered) cruelly they reare,  
 When (out of time still) making it looke back:  
 "Neglected warnings must remembered be,  
 "At last to binde, since first they could not free.

75

Whilst restless wormes doe gnaw the minde within,  
 Externall torments racking other parts,  
 Some fiend beside that had provok'd their sinne,  
 (What treacherous guest to harbour in mens hearts?)  
 To aggravate their anguish doth beginne,  
 And though with them in like estate he finarts;  
 Yet wonted malice making silence breake,  
 He thus upbrayding them may chance to speake.

76

What travells huge have I for you indur'd,  
 By bending all my meanes of power, and skill,  
 That satisfaction might be so procur'd,  
 For every wish of yours (though changing still)  
 In pleasures deepes ye lay by me secur'd,  
 Who both directed, and obey'd your will;  
 And as ye earst would not abandon mee,  
 In spite of paine I shall your partner bee.

77

All what ye crav'd was compast by my care,  
 Who onely labour'd to content your mind;  
 There wanted not a creature that was fayre,  
 When curious thoughts to wantonnesse inclin'd;  
 While kindling wrath for vengeance did prepare,  
 A fitt occasion was by me design'd;  
 To make you rich how many have beene spoil'd,  
 That you might idle be whilst still I toil'd:

78

And your contentment was to me so deare,  
 That when some striv'd, your courses to restraine,  
 I would not let you their perswasions heare,  
 But made the Preacher spend his power in vaine,  
 And still (obsequiously attending neare)  
 What was suggested ready to maintaine;  
 Your purposes to such perfection brought,  
 That of all men you were most happie thought.

Since



79

Since ye for joy have oft almost been mad,  
Of which some taste, ye cannot but reserve,  
What wonder now though ye againe be sad,  
Who justly suffer what ye did deserve?  
But I who never any pleasure had,  
And as a drudge for you did onely serve:  
Why am I punish'd by superiour powers?  
The torment which I feele should all be yours.

80

Degener'd soules (though once by God belov'd)  
That would descend to such a base degree,  
I you to please, have thus too carefull prov'd,  
And from an Angell daign'd your slave to be,  
Yet, most ingrate, ye (with my grieve not mov'd)  
Doe moane your selves, and never pittie me:  
Iust indignation hath so strongly seiz'd,  
I must revenge, but cannot be appeas'd.

81

These monsters straight to plague all meanes doe ply,  
Whil'st ratling chaines make all hels dungeons ring;  
The crawling globes of clustring Serpents flye,  
And at an instant, both doe lash, and sting;  
In vessels then from deeps that never dry,  
The scalding sulphure they with fury fling:  
Who can imagine how the wretches mourne,  
By fouds and flames, that both must boyle and burne?

82

A wooden body, membred all with hands,  
(When digging Seas) of this an embleme shewes,  
Of groaning captives whil'st a band in bands,  
To suffer sure, no hope of guerdon knowes,  
Whil'st them above, their proud Commander stands,  
With threatning words, fierce looks, and cruell blowes:  
They lesse then servants, worse then beasts, are slaves:  
"The Gallies fall is lower then the graves.

83

All kinde of paines that mortalls can comprise,  
The least below exceedingly exceed;  
The bed that rack'd all whom it did surprise;  
The stalles whereas each horse mans flesh did feed;  
The Bull and all that tyrants did devise,  
Which yet in mindes (when nam'd) must horroure breed,  
They all (if joyn'd) could not such paine import,  
As in the hels one moment can extort.

Z

But



84

But yet all paines which corporall plagues impose  
 On senses fraile, dispatching life in post,  
 Are as in time, by measure short of those,  
 Which must at last defray sinnes fatall cost,  
 Whil'st ravenous thoughts (excluded from repose)  
 Doe oft revolve what happinesse they lost :  
 The minde would wish a lethargy in vaine,  
 That it eclips'd might never cleare againe.

85

They now remember then, when forc'd to part,  
 (The sentence given, and execution crav'd)  
 From Christs bright face, which with a heavy heart,  
 They first did see, as by the object brav'd;  
 What height of glory he did straight impart,  
 To happy bands that by his bloud were sav'd :  
 When this the wicked have with envy scene,  
 It makes them marke what they might once have beene.

86

The parts earst knowne, they many times compare,  
 With these below, where they in anguish lye;  
 Their recreations taken in the ayre,  
 Whil'st heaven for prospect ravish did the eye;  
 Their walkes on fields adorn'd with beauties rare,  
 Whose Crystall fouds did emulate the skie,  
 And all the creatures both by sea and land,  
 Which they for use, or pleasure might command.

87

Since here fraile things, where man from glory fell,  
 And must to toyles his servile strength imploy,  
 For all perfections which doe thus excell,  
 A weeke did make, a moment doth destroy;  
 This little cottage, where poore slaves doe dwell,  
 This fatall prison, faire from reall joy;  
 If it (base earth) in beauty doth abound,  
 All pav'd with greene, with gold and azure crown'd.

88

How gorgeous then must that faire building prove,  
 Of endlesse glory which doth lodge the King;  
 By whom all creatures that have life doe move,  
 From whom all goodnesse, and true worth doth spring;  
 To whom enstall'd in Crystall seats above,  
 A Quire of Angels *Hallelujah* sing?  
 Then they imagine (which doth grieve them more)  
 What hoasts of Saints their Sovereign doe adore.

And



89

And what their judgement cannot apprehend,  
Like birds of darknesse, feeble in the light,  
Their ancient Lord on whom they did depend,  
Who oft by lyes had drawn them from the right,  
He now tels truth, but with as bad an end,  
To doe them mischiefe bending all his might :

“ No greater falshood malice can conceive,  
“ Then truth to tell, of purpose to deceive.

90

He then at large doth labour to dilate,  
What was observ'd in heaven before his fall,  
While he (a creature mighty in the state)  
Mark'd by his betters, was to envy thrall,  
And shewes the glory thereto be more great,  
Then can be thought, farre lesse express'd at all :  
And for their losse, them with more griefe to charge,  
If possibly he could, he would enlarge.

91

Thus doe they weigh their losse with fancies strong,  
Which was at first so easie to prevent;  
Then tell to Satan how (suggesting wrong)  
He for their ruine had been alwaies bent,  
And like a traitor had abus'd them long,  
Till now in end made knowne by the event :  
And yet with them amidst one furnace throwne,  
He mockes their paine, though mourning for his owne.

92

Loe, in this world, men of the stronger sort,  
To scape from death, or some disgrace they feare,  
Can frustrate justice that would truth extort,  
And, when prefs'd downe, more high their courage reare,  
Yea, constantly with tortures can comport,  
Not daigning once a word, a sigh, a teare :  
“ With divers engines, though sterne paine assailes,  
“ A generous patience joyn'd with hope, prevails.

93

But all the fires which still are burning there,  
Where every one a severall torment pines,  
Doe no way thaw the frosts of cold despaire,  
Whose raging course no season then confines,  
No limits are allotted unto care,  
To give them ease, no kinde of comfort shines :  
And though they finde a weight of huge distresse,  
Hope dares not promise that it shall be lesse.

Z 2

What



94

What height of horreur must this justly breed,  
 To meditate upon the last decree?  
 How that the wicked, whom vaine pleasures feed,  
 (By death disclaym'd) must still tormented be?  
 That which they suffer, doth all bounds exceed,  
 In time, in measure, and in each degree,  
 So that they oft most earnestly desire,  
 That like to beasts, their being might expire.

95

Some fondly dream'd a superstitious lye,  
 And for hels paines, a period did attend,  
 Though Christs owne words the contrary imply,  
 Goe, get you gone to fires that never end;  
 Their shame still lasts, their worme doth never dye,  
 Their torments smoake for ever doth ascend:  
 And all of this, that sacred writs report,  
 The paine perpetuall clearly doth import.

96

Though as the wicked wickedly have wrought,  
 Each one of them a due reward shall have,  
 And when before the Lord in judgement brought,  
 Shall get againe the measure that they gave;  
 Yet is their doome by some too rigorous thought,  
 Who on Gods justice would aspersions leave:  
 And thinke, at this they justly may repine,  
 For temporall faults eternally to pine.

97

Those that did come to worke in Christs Vine-yard,  
 All, as in time, in merit differ might,  
 Yet did at last enjoy the like reward,  
 All having more, none lesse, then was his right;  
 So those in hell whom Sathan gets to guard,  
 How ever come, are still entomb'd in night:  
 As *Dracons* lawes for every fault gave death,  
 Each sinner doth deserve eternall wrath.

98

But justice still to goodnesse would direct,  
 And sparingly sterne rigour doth extend,  
 To cut them off, that others might infect,  
 That ones example many may amend;  
 Not bent to ruine, onely to correct,  
 All punish'd are, conforme as they offend:  
 And none give doomes more cruell then the crimes,  
 Save fearefull tyrants at suspected times.



99

If that great King who all the world doth judge,  
Damne every one who from the light did stray,  
In endlesse shadowes dririly to lodge,  
Salt flouds of griefe inunding every way;  
It seemes to some that they have cause to grudge,  
Who trifling things so dearely doe defray,  
And for short joyes which but a time did staine,  
Still suffer must intollerable paine.

100

This from Gods judgement derogating nought,  
The greater reverence doth from men require;  
He markes both what they will'd, and what they wrought,  
From wickednesse that never would retire  
Till drawn by death, yea still more time they fought,  
And if they could have compass'd their desire,  
Their filthy aymes affecting things uncleane,  
As boundlesse then, had likewise endlesse beene.

101

The hand may kill, and yet from bloud be free,  
VWhil'st casualty, not cruelty doth arme,  
And many times the heart may guilty be,  
Though being hindred from inflicting harme;  
The Lord of it that every thought doth see,  
VWhen vanity, or violence doth charme,  
He verdict gives according to their will,  
Though never acting, if affecting ill.

102

He knew how much they mischief did intend,  
That vices current death did onely stay,  
VWhich otherwise had never had an end,  
As oft their wishes, vainely did bewray;  
They who to sinne did all their strength extend,  
Should suffer now what possibly they may:  
Since him they wrong'd by all the meanes they might,  
God punish may with all his power of right.

103

Loe, treason makes them whom it doth convict,  
To loose all that they have, yea, urging more,  
Doth on their off-spring punishments inflict,  
VWhose tainted bloud, time never can restore:  
This sentence then cannot be counted strict,  
In torments still, which makes the wicked roare:  
It onely plagues themselves, but none of theirs,  
Who to themselves in misery are heires.

Z 3

Those



104

These fearefull tyrants (jealous of their state)  
 Who would by rigour fright the world from change;  
 They who did use (the Christians to abate)  
 In persecutions executions strange;  
 The inquisition raging now of late,  
 VVhom with the worst we may (as cruell) range;  
 The torments that they did all three contrive,  
 To one in hell, can no way neare arrive.

105

Not onely are both soule and body pin'd,  
 By sympathie which mutuall paine imparts,  
 But each one suffers in a severall kinde,  
 Sprits from within, and from without the hearts;  
 Though much the body, more to racke the minde,  
 New engines are devis'd by which it smarts,  
 VVhose sprituall tortures, soules asunder draw,  
 VVorfe then the worrne that inwardly doth gnaw.

106

If these againe were to beginne their race,  
 And by their carriage, freedome could procure,  
 VVhat course so strange that they would not embrace:  
 No charming pleasure could them then allure;  
 Even sicknesse, torment, poverty, disgrace,  
 They whil'st alive, would willingly endure;  
 Yea, though their life a thousand yeares should last,  
 So that their grieve might end when it were past.

107

And if they would doe this to scape from paine,  
 Though otherwise the Lord should them neglect,  
 What would they doe that happinesse to gaine,  
 VVhich is design'd for them that are elect:  
 That they for ever might in heaven remaine,  
 As those whom God most dearly doth affect;  
*Iobs* sufferings all for this would small appeare,  
 Though multipli'd so long as they were here.

108

You who as yet doe draw this common ayre,  
 And have the meanes salvation to acquire,  
 Now whil'st the season doth continue faire,  
 Provide against the storme of swelling ire;  
 To compasse this extend industrious care,  
 Before the hast'ing tearme of grace expire:  
 That treasure which we should so much esteeme,  
 All now may have, none can when lost redeeme.



109

Loose not your thoughts in fancies fields to stray,  
Lest charming pleasures doe the judgement blinde,  
Which reasons fort to vanity betray,  
And (weakening vertue) mollifie the minde;  
Then onely leave (when vanishing away)  
Remorse, or shame, or wearinesse behinde :  
As drunke, or mad, or dreaming at the best,  
Fooles thus may rave, but never soundly rest.

110

Remember that the bounds where we remaine,  
Was given to man when as from God he fell,  
Not for delight, but in a high dildaine,  
Where damn'd to dye, that he a wretch might dwell;  
Here first to plague him with continuall paine,  
When barr'd from *Eden*, this was *Adams* hell,  
As hell at last shall be to all his race,  
Who proudly sinne, and doe not seek for grace.

111

And let none thinke (reducing heavens decree)  
That they can make this mansion of annoyes,  
(As if a *Paradise*) from trouble free,  
A ground for rest, a lodging fit for joyes;  
Though numbers (smooth'd with shewes) deluded be,  
In place of reall good, affecting toyes :  
This is the lists where all a prooffe must give,  
Who suffering here, more blest when hence shall live.

112

Loe, thousands oft where dangers are most rife,  
With honour, Fortune, or what else held deare,  
To all deaths engines, dare expose their life,  
Whil'st losse and travell, pleasure doe appeare,  
And all the end expected by this strife,  
Is but to gaine some towne, or fortresse neare,  
Which in their fury, with confusion foil'd,  
Is raz'd, ere gayn'd, and soone thereafter spoil'd.

113

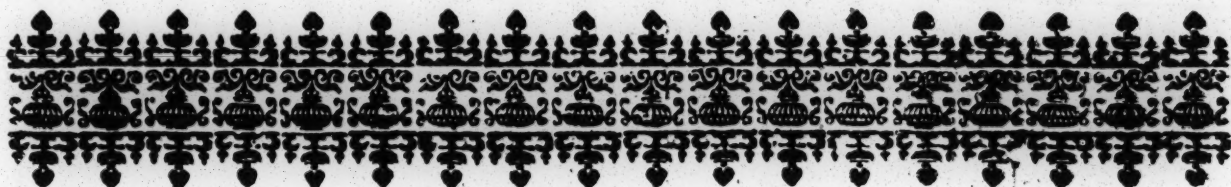
And should not we our whole endeavours bend,  
To force that City which triumphs above ?  
Which doth invite, and not it selfe defend,  
With sacred armes, if we couragious prove;  
No furniture is needfull for this end,  
But patience, hope, faith, charity and love :  
And all who doe this holy City gaine,  
Shall there for ever (crown'd with glory) raigne.

My



114

My Muse abandoning the Stygian bounds,  
 Which nought but griefe and horroure can afford,  
 Would gladly mount above the Cryfall rounds,  
 To celebrate the glory of the Lord,  
 VVho by his bounteous pow'r with Angels sounds,  
 My humble accents sweetly may accord,  
 And me at length amidst that Quire may bring,  
 Where I desire eternally to sing.



# DOOMESDAY.

OR,

The great Day of the Lords Iudgement.

*The twelfth HOURS.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*The height of joy the cleared soules attends;  
 The Earth and Sea suppos'd are new to be;  
 The new Ierusalem from heaven descends,  
 Where still to dwell God doth with men agree;  
 The heavenly blisse, all humane sense transcends,  
 Which Saints attaine when thus from trouble free;  
 The joyes of heaven for blessed soules prepar'd,  
 Are pointed at, but cannot be declar'd.*

I



H'eares have not heard, nor th'eyes have never seen  
 The joyes of heaven, more great then can be thought;  
 To touch my lippes, that stain'd so oft have been,  
 Lord, from thine Altar, let a coale be brought;  
 Make me cast off what ever is uncleane,  
 That sacred grounds with reverence may be sought:  
 Thy inner Temple let thy servant see,  
 Where of things holy, the most holy be.

Wha



2

What glorious change doth dazle thus mine eye ?  
In place of th'earth where miseries are rife,  
The torturing racke that did mans patience try,  
With wasting travels, and dividing strife,  
Who (by these labours) did but dearly buy  
Terrestriall things fit for a temporall life :  
I see an earth that greater pleasure yeelds.  
Then Gentiles dream'd in their Elysian fields.

3

Time (as for sport) now quickly deckes and spoiles,  
This passive ground which alwaies worke, requires,  
To punish man (as lentenc'd first) with toiles,  
The meanes by which his maint'nance he acquires,  
Whil'st sometime barren, sometime fertile soiles  
Give joy, or grieve, with agues of desires :  
Still fighting with the same, till yeeld he must,  
A fettered captive humbled in the dust.

4

We daily see the earth (doe what we can)  
How it the cares of wretched worldlings scornes,  
(Bloud-colour'd furrowes frowning upon man)  
Her vapours poison, and she prickes with thornes;  
But now farre from that state which first began,  
It (which the Lord as his delight adornes :)  
Is (alwaies faire) much chang'd from what before,  
A Virgin now, not violable more.

5

Then *Edens* garden growne more glorious farre,  
Her fruits she freely in abundance brings,  
No more the lists where blustering stormes make warre,  
With killing winters, and with quickning springs;  
A constant course still kept, no kinde of jarre  
Shall then disturbe the generall peace of things :  
Milde *Zephires* gentle breath more sweetly smels,  
Then Indian odours, or what most excels.

6

No threatning cloud, all charg'd with haile-stones lowres;  
Then filke dy'd Greene the grasse more pleasant growes,  
When bath'd with liquid pearles, not blansh'd with shows,  
No raging floud her tender face o'reflowes,  
Whose bosome all embroidered is with flowres,  
Not natures worke, nor Arts that man bestowes :  
The curious knots and plots most prais'd below,  
To figure this, can no resemblance show.

There



7

There whites perfection, embleme of things pure,  
 The lightning Lilies, beauties colours reare,  
 And blushing Roses modestly allure,  
 As which of shamefastnesse the badge doe beare;  
 Of Violets the purple doth endure,  
 Though pale, they seem to hide their heads for feare :  
 As if extracted out of all the three,  
 The Gilly-flower a quint-essence may be.

8

These with all else that here most rare have beene,  
 In smell or shew, the sent or sight to feed,  
 Have gorgeous garments of eternall greene,  
 And eminently emulously breed,  
 With many sorts that we have never seene,  
 Which for excellencies these farre exceed :  
 They (mix'd in workes) mosaically grow,  
 And yet each part doth every kinde bestow.

9

Though here no hearb shall need for health, nor food,  
 Where neither hunger can, nor sicknesse be,  
 Yet there shall want no creatures that are good,  
 Since with Gods glory this doth best agree;  
 His wisdome by his workes is understood,  
 Whose daily wonders all the world may see :  
 That earth no doubt we shall most perfect view,  
 Since (this quite raz'd) he makes the same all new.

10

O! what excellency enderres all things ?  
 For store, not use, for pleasure, not for gaine,  
 Th'earth dainty fruits still in abundance brings,  
 Which never fade, nor doe fall downe in vaine,  
 And even as one is pluck'd, another springs;  
 No leafe is lost, no, nor no way doth staine :  
 The Orangers, not singular then be,  
 Where fruit and flourish garnish every tree.

11

In walkes distinguish'd, trees some grounds may grace,  
 With divers baits inviting smell and taste,  
 Then (as indented) differing sorts a space,  
 In groves grown thicker, would a shadow cast,  
 And them betwixt the Playnes in every place,  
 Are dainty Gardens which doe alwaies last  
 In more perfection, then all these attain'd;  
 Which Art or Nature made, or fancy fayn'd.

Mean-



12

Meandring Rivers smoothly smiling passe,  
And whil'st they (lover-like) kisse courted lands,  
Would emulate the emerauld-like grasse,  
All pav'd with pearle, empall'd with golden sands;  
To make a mirrour of their moving glasse,  
For usuall creatures, Angels come in bands :  
The noyse is Musicke, when their course ought chockes,  
As mounts of Diamonds, of Rubies rockes.

13

All Countries purchase now with strangers spoiles,  
Even what is daily us'd to cloath, or feed,  
And that with many mercenary toiles  
Though but superfluous, not the things we need,  
But as each place had quintessenc'd all soiles,  
It what can be desir'd, doth freely breed :  
The honey there from every flower may flow,  
And on each Reed taste-pleasing sugars grow.

14

The Mountaines that so long have hid their store,  
Lest avarice their bowels might have torne,  
May turne without, what was within before,  
Free from deforming rockes, and pestring thorne;  
Whil'st silver fin'd from the confining Ore,  
And veynes of perfect gold, their breasts adorne,  
All cloath'd with metall thus, they shining bright,  
And deck'd with jewels, may leeme flames of light.

15

O what brave prospect would these hills impart,  
If this new earth were to perfection brought,  
Not dress'd by Nature, nor by creeping Art,  
But by the Lord miraculously wrought,  
With rarities enrich'd in every part,  
Above the reach of the most curious thought :  
The ayre is all but smels of pretious things,  
And with melodious sounds, sweet Musicke brings.

16

It may be all that *Eden* could afford,  
Ere sinnes contagious seed it first did staine,  
Shall be with encrease to this earth restor'd,  
In more excellency then wit can fayne ;  
And, O, who knowes but it may please the Lord  
To cast the same in other moulds againe,  
And creatures make such qualities receive,  
As we till glorifi'd, cannot conceive?

As



17

As they encreas'd, constrained to disperse,  
 When people parted farre in sundry bands,  
 The deeps then onely did afford commerce,  
 (By sparing feet, all travelling with hands,)  
 That distant states together might converse,  
 Firme ground for Ships, a liquid bridge 'twixt lands:  
 Thus her vast desert, meanes for traffique yeelds,  
 And with least labour, hath most fertile fields.

18

But now things to export, or to import,  
 There needs no Sea, facilitating gaine,  
 All may their bodies where they please transport,  
 Not fearing danger, nor not feeling paine,  
 Yet may some depth, though in another sort,  
 To decke the earth, an ornament remaine :  
 Or as a glasse where soules themselves may see,  
 Whil'st beauties wonders there reflected be.

19

By contemplation (farre from mortalls led)  
 I thinke I see a Sea, a moving ground,  
 (Not from the clouds by secret conducts fed)  
 In azure fields, as Emeraulds had been drown'd,  
 Or melted Saphirs on an Amber bed,  
 Which rockes of Pearle, and Corall banks doe bound :  
 It seems this heaven, or else like stufte and forme,  
 Is layd below, all starres, and free from storme.

20

How weakely doth my Muse this taske pursue,  
 With strengthlesse lines such lofty things to sound :  
 I scarce can comprehend that which I view,  
 Much lesse can tell, what beauties shall abound,  
 When as the Lord doth this worne earth renue,  
 Heavens treasures then embellishing the ground :  
 My ravish'd judgement quite confounded rests,  
 Which on each side, variety invests.

21

But then what soule will daigne to looke so low,  
 As to take pleasure in so meane a sight,  
 When they of heaven the heavenly beauties know,  
 And shine aloft like starres, yea farre more bright,  
 When they that kingdome then securely owe,  
 By promise first, last by possessions right :  
 From which no doubt so great contentment springs,  
 That they esteeme not of inferiour things.



22

The stately building, admirably round,  
Above the compasse of encroaching houres,  
With strength and beauty that doth still abound,  
To lodge the happie host of heavenly powers,  
The worlds great maker curiously did found,  
On fields of Pearle with diamantine Towers;  
Which (though most pretious) do no wonder breed,  
The forme so farre the matter doth exceed.

23

The sight-confining-cry stall-covered skies,  
That mirrour cleere through which in every part  
The heaven (as jealous) lookes with many eyes,  
To marke mens actions, and to weigh each heart,  
That spheare of light whose stately course none tries,  
To imitate, or æmulate by Art,  
That which to us so gorgeous is in show,  
The buildings botome is, the part most low.

24

The bounds of heaven, the forme, or matter here,  
Where God enthron'd with majestic doth sit,  
Who durst but aime by mortall types to cleere  
(As fondly trusting to deluding wit;)   
Might make his madnesse, nothing else a p pare,  
And should a crime more monstrous thus commit,  
Then thence one (stealing fire) was fain'd to do,  
And should for punishment farre passe him too.

25

Who can (though dayly seene) describe the sky,  
By which (poore curtaine) better is enclos'd,  
(With mustred beauties courting still the eye)  
Though eminent to every age expos'd:  
Of Sunne, Moone, Starres, who doth the substance try,  
Or how their bodies are for light compos'd:  
The very foules by which we reason thus,  
Are for their essence strangers unto vs.

26

Then of heavens mysteries if we should judge,  
The work would prove (our makers v: rath to tempt)  
Ridiculous folly, arrogancy huge,  
Presumption still encount'ring with contempt;  
And if that we (base wormes whom clay doth lodge)  
By scaling Clouds, heavens stately Towers attempt;  
To paint their glory, in the least degree,  
The Sunne it selfe would scarce a shadow be.

A a

The



27

● The Lords chiefe house is built of living stone,  
 But certainly celestiaall roomes excell,  
 Which Christ himselfe prepares for every one,  
 Where they at last eternally may dwell;  
 With Majestie there stands his stately throne;  
 The bounds about doe all with glory swell:  
 Let this content, no words such worth can eaven,  
 He who made all the world, made this his heaven.

28

What sacred vision calls us from the skie,  
 A mystery with reverence to attend:  
 From starry Towers the silver streamers flie,  
 Whilst th'azure rounds their ports with pompe extend:  
 A glorious Towne with glistring walls I spie!  
 Which falls not downe, but softly doth descend,  
 And straight sweet sounds melodiously tell;  
 This is Gods Tent, he comes with men to dwell.

29

The gorgeous Citty (garnish'd like a bride)  
 Where Christ for spouse expected is to passe,  
 With walles of jasper compass'd on each side,  
 Hath streets all pav'd with gold, more bright then glasse;  
 Twelve pretious stones for walkes her waies divide,  
 Where still there is ingrav'd in lasting brasse,  
 Of happie twelve the celebrated names;  
 " An honour due defraying former shames.

30

Lifes water pure forth from the throne doth flow,  
 With mutuall joy where Saints and Angels meete;  
 On every side of it lifes tree doth grow,  
 Where streames of Nectar beautifie the streete,  
 With colours like the Sacramentall bow,  
 To looke on pleasant, and in tasting sweete;  
 Then from all feare her Citizens to free,  
 We still his people, He our God will be.

31

Of that brave City where the Saints doe dwell,  
 Which ravish'd *John* by earthly types designes,  
 Who would the beauty, and perfection tell,  
 (As he then saw) had need of Angels lines;  
 But this is certaine, that it must excell,  
 VVhere glory still in the Meridian shines;  
 No shadow there can ever cloud the light,  
 VVhere every thing is of it selfe still bright.

Each



32

Each stone amidst the street doth shine afarre;  
And like to lightning, light about bestows;  
As in the firmament a radiant starre,  
Each just mans beauty now for brightnesse grows;  
Then he whose presence darknesse quite must barre;  
The life of light, the fountaine whence it flows;  
Is (that great day which at a height still staves)  
The Sunne of glory, and the just his rayes:

33

There none shall need like mortals with complaints,  
(Worlds common care) for want of roome to grudge,  
But he in granting grace who never faints,  
Doth them reward of whom he had beene judge;  
And (clear'd from sinne) all justly then call'd Saints;  
Doth daine him selfe (as harbenger) to lodge,  
Since gone before (where we shall him embrace)  
Of purpose to prepare the promis'd place.

34

The swelling earth where hills such heights do reare,  
To be our jayle, which heaven a space decrees,  
Man, cattell, corne, and what these need doth beare,  
Whose whole none yet (though still in travell) sees;  
It compass'd is by a farre distant spheare,  
And that by others, growing by degrees;  
Of which in bounds the highest must abound,  
A large circumference, an endlesse round.

35

Heavens store of roomes by Christ is clearly shown,  
Yet would not this extended be so farre,  
To make each place peculiarly ones owne,  
Where one may be, and thence may others barre;  
This smels too much of what we here have known,  
Which most of minds the harmony doth marre;  
These words of mine, and thine, chiefe grounds of strife;  
The fountains are of all the toils of life.

36

Soules glorifi'd may where they please repaire,  
Then made secure, that nought can them annoy,  
For, no restraint their freedome doth impaire,  
Who as his host the Lord of hosts convoy;  
As fishes in the Seas, fowls in the ayre,  
None claimes a share, but all do all enjoy:  
With partiall eyes not making choice of parts,  
Save onely God, no object draws their hearts:

A a 2

Though



37

Though here strange longings bred by strong desires,  
 With restlesse passions racke the doubtfull minde,  
 That it (still flaming with some fancies fires)  
 Is by free choice affectionately pin'd;  
 Now fully pleas'd with all that it requires,  
 Each soule in heaven perfections height doth finde:  
 Where neither want, nor wearinesse molests,  
 All had ere wish'd, no expectation rests.

38

Calm'd are the tumbling waves of stormy cares,  
 (Whil'st frustrated of what they do attend)  
 Which tosse poore soules on rocks of black despair,  
 That shunning shallow shelves, with straits contend;  
 No thirst of knowledge flattering ease impaires,  
 A groundlesse deep, a circle without end:  
 Since they of good things have continuall store,  
 And (knowing all) do need to learne no more.

39

I wonder much how any man can doubt,  
 That this our knowledge should continue still,  
 As if we were (all memory worne out)  
 Depriv'd of power, or else deprav'd in will;  
 Shall we not know who compasse us about?  
 No beings are quite raz'd save onely ill;  
 The very earth that stain'd so oft hath beene,  
 Is not abolish'd, but made new, and cleane.

40

No doubt these sprituall parts must still remaine,  
 Not rais'd, but rectifi'd, in value more,  
 Else faith (too credulous) doth beleeve in vaine,  
 That all shall rise in substance as before;  
 If these dissolve, and that we get againe,  
 New gifts for them from the eternalls store;  
 Then should the meanes by which at last we move,  
 (No resurrection) a creation prove.

41

These faculties that of themselves were good,  
 In soules from heaven as their chiefe wealth infus'd,  
 Had man (as first created) constant stood,  
 Were excellent when innocently us'd,  
 But since that sinne did sway vaine mortals brood,  
 To serve their lusts, these treasures are abus'd;  
 Yet when renu'd, and to perfection brought,  
 By them then earst farre more may now be wrought.



42

Mans Father first ere blinded by his fall,  
(Free from Informers) whil'ft he liv'd alone,  
Knew *Evah* clearly whom he straight did call  
Flesh of my flesh, and of my bone the bone;  
And *Peter* knew (though to fraile dust still thrall)  
Two that were buried many ages gone;  
Let Tabernacles, Lord, here builded be  
For *Moses*, for *Elias*, and for thee.

43

This pretious jewell (by wits toils refin'd)  
Which joynes with judgement to determine strife,  
The end of travell, treasure of the minde,  
The spoils of Paradise, the price of life,  
Whose light to get (as ignorant) when blinde,  
Our simple Father, and his curious wife  
Did suffer death, yet grudg'd not at their crosse,  
As if that knowledge recompenc'd their losse.

44

This heavenly wealth one with much toyle attaines,  
By reading, acting, and observing still,  
And then (though slowly wax'd) it quickly waines,  
Which long ere perfect doth begin to spill;  
Rage first doth burne, last, rheumes do drowne the brains,  
Youth knowledge scornes, it doting age doth kill:  
None can engrosse, nor yet exhaust this store,  
But all have by degrees, some lesse, some more.

45

Loe, that which made so slow a progresse here,  
By childhood, folly, or by errour staid,  
Now (wholly perfect) doth at first appeare,  
Not in fraile lodgings by grosse organs sway'd;  
The happie souls from all corruption cleare,  
Do shine like starres, with righteousnesse array'd;  
And bodies glorifi'd do enter in,  
Not bow'd by sicknesse, nor abus'd by sinne.

46

If on the face one now may reade the minde,  
In characters which grieve, or joy imparts,  
The same reflected (then) we clearly finde,  
By sympathie the secrets of all hearts;  
If *Moses* face upon the mountaine shin'd,  
Much more when glorifi'd these other parts;  
Then there must prove, where nothing can be foule,  
All eye the body, and the eye all soule.

Aa 3

Then



47

Then pleasures height is onely in the Lord,  
 Who ill extirpates, what is good extends;  
 Yet how could this but just delight afford?  
 (Though publick zeale presse downe all private ends)  
 To see at last with like contentment stor'd,  
 Them whom we lov'd, wife, children, servants, friends:  
 Communicated joyes (as sowne) do grow,  
 Whil'st increase comes by that which we bestow.

48

All must rejoyce to see the godlys good,  
 Though for the wicked no man shall be griev'd;  
 At least this is (if rightly understood)  
 A pleasant error, and may be beleev'd;  
 When seeing them with whom long toss'd we stood,  
 Till by the Lord (who heard our cryes) reliev'd,  
 Shall we not joyne in him with mutuall joy,  
 Whil'st it then comforts, which did earst annoy?

49

A senselesse pourtrait curious to acquire,  
 We seek the shadow of a vanish'd show,  
 If thought like them (rapt with celestiall fire)  
 Whose deeds, or words, were singular below;  
 Yea, even of *Ethnicks*, if they did aspire,  
 By morall vertues fames applause to owe:  
 And every monument do much esteeme,  
 Which did from death such memories redeeme.

50

Who would not purchase, though with charge, and strife  
 A lively peece that would resemble right,  
 Gods earth-begotten sonne, his selfe-borne wife,  
 When both were happie, and at beauties height?  
 Farre more of his owne Sonne, the Lord of life,  
 Man deifi'd, God mortall made, whose sight  
 The Fathers wish'd, ere forc'd from hence to flie,  
 And which made *Simeon* straight grow glad to dye.

51

Who then can thinke with what exceeding joy,  
 We shall our Saviours selfe, our Sovereigne see,  
 Who suffered death, that he might death destroy,  
 And us poore captives from that Tyrant free?  
 Whil'st all these Saints in person him convoy,  
 Whose pictures wish'd, would now so pretious be:  
 O! what a holy host together throngs,  
 To magnifie the Lord with heavenly songs?

We



52

We at that time not onely shall behold,  
Milde *Moses* there, just *Samuel*, and the best  
That for the cause of God have beene so bold;  
Whil'st sacred fury breath'd out of their breast,  
But even with them that are so much extold,  
VVe shall be partners of eternall rest,  
And spying with what zeale they act their parts;  
The greater ardour may enflame our hearts.

53

As earst on th'earth he did divinely use,  
That man thrice sacred, Prophet, Poet, King,  
VVhil'st heavenly furie doth high thoughts infuse,  
Then to his Harp an holy Hymne may sing,  
Thrice happie thou that thus imploy'dst thy Muse,  
VVhose pen, it seemes, was from an Angels wing,  
Since thy harmonious sounds still mount, and move  
VVith melodie to charme the spheares above.

54

This is the way to have eternall lines,  
That all the hosts of heaven may them approve,  
Whose loftie flight no fatall date confines,  
Whil'st fraughted onely with a spirituall love,  
This is a subject which all else declines,  
And in request for Quiristers above,  
Which must these Authors all immortall make;  
That for Gods glory thus a course do take.

55

The Prophets, and the Patriarchs rejoyce,  
To see the things fulfill'd which they fore-told,  
And all that were the Lords peculiar choice,  
To whom he did his mysteries unfold,  
There many millions multiply a voice,  
And above measure do a measure hold;  
These whom the Lambe of God as his doth seale;  
Are kindled all with love, and burne with zeale.

56

The noble Martyrs (Champions of the faith)  
Who straight when challeng'd, scorn'd both force, and art,  
(Encount'ring bravely with a Tyrants wrath)  
Whose chearfull countenance smilingly did smart;  
Then as inviting, not avoyding death,  
(Their drosse first burn'd) well purifi'd did part;  
Not out of haste to have their torments done,  
But that in heaven they so might settle soone:

They



57

They now do reape the fruits of former toils,  
 All crown'd with starres, like *Phæbus* in the face,  
 In white, perchance adorn'd with Princes spoyle,  
 Whom they (whil'st raging) did o'ecome in peace;  
 Of all their bodies drawn from sundry soile,  
 The wounds for pompe do give the greatest grace,  
 Which shine, as Rubies set in Cryfall rings,  
 And make them to be like the King of Kings.

58

Triumphing victors entring heaven with state,  
 A golden Trumpet may their praise proclaime,  
 And some great Angell all their deeds dilate,  
 Which glory doth reward, not envi'd fame;  
 Then when enstall'd, where eminent in seat,  
 The voice of thousands celebrates their name:  
 With eager eares attending their discourse,  
 Though knowing all, from them to heare their course.

59

If there admitted, as whil'st here we live,  
 With mutuall pleasure to exchange our mindes,  
 O what contentment would that conference give,  
 For sweet variety of fundrie kindes!  
 Nor need we feare that some would fraud contrive:  
 Base hate, nor flattery, there no object findes.  
 And if they would (as none can do in ought)  
 The breast transparent would bewray each thought.

60

There one from *Adam*, *Edens* state might heare,  
 How large it was, and in what region plac't,  
 What pleasures did most singular appeare,  
 What hearbs, what fruits, or flowers the garden grac'd;  
 How *Eva* first was knowne, why straight held deare,  
 And if he there that new-borne Bride imbrac'd:  
 What these two trees were like in forme or hew,  
 Where life, and knowledge, vegetable grew.

61

Who would not gladly know (before he err'd)  
 His first designs, what thoughts he entertain'd,  
 Each circumstance how he with God conferr'd,  
 How will (by him not rein'd) above him raign'd,  
 If there to stay, or where to be preferr'd,  
 Then in what forme the Serpent Satan fain'd;  
 What taste the Apples had, what change, both finde,  
 By sight, and knowledge, when grown weake, and blinde.

He



62

He tels how short a time their blisse did last,  
And seem'd thereafter but a vanish'd dreame;  
How Angels them from Paradise did cast,  
Where first their souls were seiz'd by feare, and shame;  
Then through what lands these banish'd pilgrims past,  
And (forc'd to labour) what rude tools they frame:  
What race they had, what progresse mankind made,  
And all their crosses till that both were dead.

63

When *Adam* ends, then *Noah* calls to minde  
The History of all before the Flood,  
And how the Arke could hold of every kinde,  
One of each sexe, to propagate their brood,  
How it was well contriv'd, for wave, and winde,  
To void their excrements, and keep their food:  
And whil'st the Seas did wash the earth from sinne,  
How that small remnant spent their time within.

64

He can report the worlds new growth againe,  
Which at the first no living penne renownes;  
How every person did a house attaine,  
The house a village, villages grew townes;  
Then Provinces all peopled did remaine,  
And straight Ambition mounted up to Crownes;  
That in his time (though all was once his owne)  
The Floud was quite forgot, and he not knowne.

65

We there may learne how that the Lord of old,  
By dreames and visions did declare his will;  
How all who crav'd, had straight his Counsell told,  
By *Vrim*, *Thummim*, and by *Ephod* still;  
And well they might to prosecute be bold,  
What Prophets first secur'd by sacred skill,  
Whom then (though great) the world with scorn did view,  
For till first dead, men never get their due.

66

This by *Helias* there may be resolv'd,  
How he and *Enoch* were from hence estrang'd;  
If wing'd with flames, or in some cloud involv'd,  
(No usuall guests) along'th the ayre they rang'd;  
If they their bodies kept, or were dissolv'd,  
Or in what forme to scape, corruption chang'd:  
Christs Ushers thus, their passage serves to prove,  
How we with glory once may mount above.

Who



67

Who try'd each state, both best, and worst, a space,  
 The spite of Satan, mercies of the Lord,  
 In body wounded, spoil'd of goods, and race,  
 By heaven abandon'd, by the world abhorr'd,  
 By wife, and friends accus'd, as false from grace,  
 Yet what was lost had (multipl'd) restor'd:  
 With many other doubts he this can cleare,  
 How he (a *Gentile*) then to God was deare.

68

If one would know the deeps of Naturall things,  
 How farre that wisdom could her power extend;  
 What usuall issue every cause forth brings,  
 The meanes most apt to compasse any end;  
 The wisest then of men, or yet of Kings,  
 Whose spacious judgement all could comprehend,  
 Great *Solomon* such mysteries can teach,  
 As all Philosophers could never reach.

69

Of these ten Tribes that were the *Gentiles* prey,  
 We then may learne the course how good, or ill,  
 If they with them incorporated stay,  
 Or if that there the Lord their race did kill,  
 Or else from thence did leade them all away,  
 By Seas, and deserts, working wonders still:  
 As yet reserv'd their ancient lands to gaine,  
 If he by them would show his power againe.

70

As from the Ancients that best understood,  
 We there may learne the grounds whence knowledge springs,  
 So they may know from us (a greater good)  
 What their beginnings to perfection brings;  
 Who (babe-like first) were nurs'd with tender food,  
 By Types, and figures, masking spirituall things,  
 Whil'st temporall blessings entertain'd their faith,  
 Who scarcely knew true grace, were fear'd for wrath.

71

The ancient Fathers of her infant state,  
 For constancy by persecution crown'd,  
 The Churches progresse chearfully relate,  
 In spite of Tyrants which no power could bound;  
 Which wax'd in trouble, bath'd by bloud, grew great,  
 Till all the world behov'd to heare her sound;  
 And where on earth long militant before,  
 She now triumphs in heaven for evermore.

The



72

The greatest comfort that on earth we finde,  
Is to converse with them whose gifts we love;  
So variously to recreate the minde,  
And that this meanes our judgment may improve,  
Loe here are all by sacred pennes design'd,  
Whose parts not onely men, but God did move:  
Some of each science can all doubts resolve,  
Which wits in errors maze did oft involve.

73

But what great folly to imagine this?  
Since here each man can every thing discern,  
When all perfection full accomplish'd is,  
And nothing rests more requisite to learne;  
The Lord such qualities, as onely his,  
Doth freely give to them whom they concerne:  
None needs to borrow, as penurious now,  
The Lord to all doth liberally allow.

74

He earst would have the Priests of each degree,  
That at his Altar were to serve approv'd,  
From all deformities by Nature free,  
With bodies sound, as fit to be belov'd;  
Perchance because all else by custome be,  
(As obvious to Icorne) too quickly mov'd;  
Where his should have what others would allure,  
A Count'nance calme, affections that are pure.

75

And shall not these appointed to have place,  
(Triumphing still) in the eternall towne,  
The new *Ierusalem*, the seate of grace,  
Whom Christ with glory doth as conq'rous Crowne,  
Shall they not have true beauty in the face,  
Which never blush shall burne, nor teare shall drowne?  
There every member perfect made at length,  
Shall have proportion, comelineffe and strength.

76

These eyes that here were lock'd up from the light,  
And scarce had beene acquainted with the day,  
Then (lightning glory) shall appeare more bright:  
Nor is the Mornings torch, which rayes array;  
They that were deafe shall heare each accent right;  
Some who were dumbe, shall then Gods praise display:  
Who all the bodie doth to strength restore,  
That with defects had tainted beene before.

They



77

They whom sterne death when infants did surprise,  
 And even ere borne abortives did pursue,  
 What such might be though none can now surmise,  
 Till demonstration prove conjectures true,  
 Shall at the last in the same stature rise,  
 The which to them potentially was due:  
 (Their litle dust then all extended soone,)  
 A moment doth what yeares should earst have done.

78

Exhausted age (Times prey) that hath runne post,  
 Whose eyes as if asham'd (when fail'd) sinke in,  
 Which onely serves of what hath beene to boast,  
 With shaking joynts, and with a withered skin,  
 Shall then revive, recovering what was lost;  
 All is restor'd that forfeited for sinne;  
 And Phenix-like new beauties all display,  
 " They must be perfect that in heaven can stay.

79

Babes from the Cradle carried to the ground,  
 Who did not live to get, nor give offence;  
 The ag'd by weaknesse that to bed were bound,  
 Of lifes three kinds scarce keeping that of sense;  
 Both ryfing now may of these yeares be found,  
 Which Christ might count when as he parted hence:  
 Or else they shall all in that state be seene,  
 For health and beauty, which their best hath beene.

80

Our bodies shall not then as now grow grosse,  
 (Exulting humors tending to excesse)  
 Nor can extenuate, since free from crosse,  
 Which might distemper, alter, or make lesse;  
 They have no excrements, corruptions drosse,  
 Which doth our vilenesse palpable expresse:  
 For in that Citty nothing shall be seene,  
 That either is infirme, or yet uncleane.

81

What wonder must the shining substance move,  
 Of spirituall bodies, when divinely borne?  
 Iudge by some parts what all the rest may prove,  
 This onely uselesse fleece from Creatures shorne,  
 (More bright then are *Berinthia's* haire above)  
 As beames the Sunne shall every head adorne;  
 Then pretious stones for ornament most meete,  
 More glorious are the nailes of hands and feete.

The



82

The face, heavens frontispice, the braines chiefe spheares,  
Where intellectuall powers their course doe sway;  
The eyes are starres, externall orbes the eares,  
Lips, mornings blushing flames, cheeks, lightning day;  
Legs, not their burden, them their burden beares,  
The Armes, like Angels wings, through th'ayre doe stray,  
Man skie-like bright, but still from tempest free,  
(Earst little world) a little heaven may be.

83

As *Adam* once (whilst naked) free from sinne,  
Was not asham'd to walke before the Lord,  
So shall the Saints (when glory doth begin)  
Be to the same integrity restor'd;  
No barenesse, robes, but brightnesse deckes the skinne,  
Which no way else could be so much decor'd:  
For, nakednesse when shining every where,  
Is purenesse, and not impudency there.

84

The rayments held most rich for silke or gold,  
Would but deforme, and no way could adorne,  
Nor shall we need a guard against the cold,  
(Of things too oft superfluously borne;  
As simple, sluggish, poore, none can unfold  
What scandall can procure, contempt, or scorn:  
No weakenesse is that any covering needs,  
But all are shown, both bodies, thoughts, and deeds.

85

The bodies beauties that are thus expos'd,  
Though both the sexes haunt together must,  
(Nought can take fire, where fire is not enclos'd)  
Shall neither snare, nor tempt the minde with lust;  
Since generations period is impos'd,  
We leave such thoughts when rising with the dust:  
All carnall fancies quite extinguish'd rest,  
And spirituall love doth ravish every brest.

86

As naked Angels innocently live,  
With pure affections, quite estrang'd from ill,  
And covet nothing, but doe onely give  
To God attendance, and obey his will;  
So shall we then with mutuall ardour strive,  
(All concupiscence past) whom zeale doth fill  
To love the Lord, and still his praise to sing,  
Not capable of any other thing.

B b

Though



87

Though beauty thus a blessing doth remain,  
 And (made immortall) not by time surpris'd,  
 Yet this even here is but the least we gaine,  
 A quality, no vertue, meanelly priz'd,  
 We shall more strength and nimblenesse attaine,  
 Then ever hath been found, or yet devis'd,  
 Not vex'd to conquer, from invasion free,  
 We cannot wish but that which straight shall be.

88

The greatest cause of wearinesse below,  
 By building Babels of confounding doubt,  
 (To search out truth still making us too slow)  
 Is this grosse burden that we beare about;  
 So that whilst bent what is remote to know,  
 From this strict jayle, still struggling to be out:  
 What labour hath the interrupted minde,  
 Though sleep arrest, which scarce can be confin'd:

89

But when the Lord doth these defects supply,  
 By which the bodies pow'rs are thus impair'd,  
 As Planets keep their course above the sky,  
 They move, as bright and swift, and when compar'd,  
 To Angels every where like them they flye,  
 By secret vertue, spirittually prepar'd:  
 No weakenesse then the bodies can controule,  
 And they in motion second may the soule.

90

Infirmities abandon'd all with finnes,  
 The body as it would past faults defray,  
 To serve the soule, obsequiously beginnes,  
 Which us most gorgeously doth then array,  
 To Fowles as feathers, to the Fishes finnes,  
 Affording meanes to further still their way:  
 The bodies then (as soules direct) doe move,  
 And have no stop below, nor yet above.

91

No painefull sicknesse, nor consuming sore,  
 Which now with new alarmes us oft invest,  
 Shall vexe the soule with anguish any more,  
 As charging this fraile fort to yeeld her guest,  
 Nor shall she then, with passions (as before)  
 Of her deare partner interrupt the rest;  
 With mutuall pleasures multipli'd in force,  
 This second marriage nothing can divorce.

Through



92

Through heaven and earth (though travelling o're all)  
In these two volumes, Gods great workes to see,  
No danger is that can their course appall,  
Nor can they faint who still in triumph be,  
And may themselves in stately seats enstall,  
As Kings, or Priests, or greater in degree :  
Whilst they (all light) see all about them light,  
Immortall Minions in their makers sight.

93

O! happy soules, who fil'd with heavenly things,  
There for your mates continually shall have  
The holy Prophets, Patriarchs, and Kings,  
Apostles, Martyrs, all whom Christ did save;  
This to my minde so great contentment brings,  
Words cannot utter what my thoughts conceive :  
But what more good can be surmiz'd then this ?  
The Lord their King, and heaven their kingdome is.

94

Nor were it much such happinesse to finde,  
But quickly might make all our pleasures vaine,  
It to decay at any time design'd,  
We possibly were capable of paine,  
The feare of that would still torment the minde,  
Which true contentment thus could not attaine :  
" For the more pretious that a treasure proves,  
" The greater care the jealous owner moves.

95

All that could perish, to confusion past,  
Extinguish'd time no period can pretend,  
No expectation now accounts shall cast,  
Whose progresse doth on Natures course depend :  
All then expir'd, or perfected, at last,  
We have no ends, nor nothing then can end :  
But all things there from bounds and measure free,  
Eternall are, and infinite must be.

96

We neither then can doe, nor suffer ill,  
Nor need wee feare (as earst, before) to fall,  
The man who first had Paradise at will,  
Made all who followed by his forfeit thrall;  
The man who first tooke heaven (there raigning still)  
Our great Redeemer hath secur'd us all :  
So that obeying what he doth command,  
Though Angels fell, wee shall be sure to stand.



97

The tyrants here that most disturbe our rest,  
 Are viprous passions, Parricides unkinde,  
 Though breeding them, who burst out through the breast,  
 A wretched Parent by her off-spring pin'd,  
 Whilst sometime longings sweetly doe molest,  
 And sometime feares doe shrewdly vex the minde,  
 Which alwaies like a Sea some storme must toss,  
 Whilst wishing what we want, or fear'd for losse.

98

But now a never interrupted blisse,  
 With constant joy doth full contentment give,  
 While as the minde not bended, nor remisse,  
 Can neither wish, nor feare, nor doubt, nor strive,  
 It having all, what had can never misse,  
 And (satisf'd) with confidence doth live :  
 For (still in peace) we nought save God can love,  
 And him we have eternally above.

99

Whilst thus made free from all that can annoy,  
 To thinke what pleasures soules shall then attaine,  
 Though all the world their wits in one employ,  
 Their course would prove ridiculously vaine,  
 That which was sow'd in teares, is reap'd with joy,  
 Who here seem'd base, shall then with glory raigne :  
 This, ravish'd *Paul*, could by no meanes expresse,  
 Who got a glance of what we shall possesse.

100

Yet shall not all be in like manner grac'd,  
 But may for glory differ in degree,  
 Some, shining brighter, or else higher plac'd,  
 Then all the rest more eminent may be,  
 And may by Christ more kindly be embrac'd,  
 Whose love (not merited) must needs rest free.  
 By *Iohns* example, this on earth was prov'd,  
 Who on his bosome slept as best below'd.

101

The Lord even here doth in this course delight,  
 All sorts distinguish'd both in Church and State,  
 The Angels that, above, their charge acquite,  
 As is their ranke and turne, in order wait :  
 The Elders (plac'd in chayres) were cloath'd in white,  
 The holy Towne, by Tribes, names every gate :  
 And these are said of all to shine most bright,  
 Who by their meanes brought others to the light.

Of



102

Of all that are in heavens great booke enrol'd,  
The meanest man, though many goe before,  
More pleas'd then wretches can be made by gold,  
Shall envy none; nor can he covet more:  
Small vessels as the big abound in store,  
When having all that they are fit to hold,  
And every soule that once the heavens receive,  
Hath as much pleasure as it can conceive.

103

Here with their gifts, none fully pleas'd doth prove,  
But seeke that Nature may be help'd by Art,  
Yet, with themselves all are so much in love,  
That though in others they may praise some part,  
I know not what selfe-flatt'ring thoughts doe move,  
There is not one that would exchange his heart:  
"Our owne intentions still we perfect finde;  
"Their fortunes many, none would change their minde.

104

Then, this farre rather may believe procure,  
That those in heaven (how ever in degree,  
Free from defects) still joyfull, and secure,  
Can nothing wish, enjoying all they see,  
And so for ever certaine to endure,  
Then what they are, no other way would be:  
They true contentment absolutely gaine,  
Which wanting here, is cause of all our paine.

105

This vaste triangle, this most huge small thing,  
Lifes quaking center, still first quicke, last kill'd,  
Which all the world within it selfe can bring,  
Yet like an empty gulfe cannot be fill'd,  
From whence deep floods of raging thoughts do spring,  
By which the peace of mans short space is spill'd:  
The ground of courage, all the bodies strength,  
It still is pin'd, till spent by paine at length.

106

Or else this sparke, though under cloud; yet cleare,  
(As rayes the Sunne) which doth the deity show,  
And to the same still striving to draw neare,  
From whence we are, would gladly make us know,  
In heaven a native, and a stranger here,  
As in antipathie with things below,  
Till once arriv'd, where it doth alwaies tend;  
"Cares lingring progresse cannot have an end.

Bb 3

But



## 107

But when the Lord, his (farre from what before,  
 Whilst they on th'earth (as worms) were earst despis'd)  
 From forfeiture entirely shall restore,  
 Amongst the blessed bands to be compris'd,  
 Then they themselves could wish, they shall have more,  
 Or yet then could by mankinde be devis'd:  
 Imaginations reach this farre exceeds,  
 And with contentment an amazement breeds.

## 108

There pleasures height no words can serve to tell,  
 Since for their measure infinitely great,  
 Whose qualities (as quint-essenc'd) excell,  
 For time, eternall, which no bounds can date,  
 The place is heaven, where they with God doe dwell,  
 And are advanc'd to a most glorious state:  
 Like man and Angels earst, to sinne not thrall,  
 And certifi'd that they shall never fall.

## 109

These mysteries no mortals wit can try,  
 Nor could corruption with their light comport;  
 Which, though like *Paul* admitted them to spy,  
 None could conceive, farre lesse could them report:  
 The Ancients all were straight afraid to dye,  
 When having seene the Lord in any sort:  
 And of such things who capable would prove,  
 Must first be glorified, as guests above.

## 110

This is the joy that every soule doth fill,  
 That they the Lord continually shall see,  
 With humble reverence waiting on his will,  
 To minister, as marshal'd in degree;  
 And, there contemplating his glory still,  
 All zeale and love, as cloath'd with flames, shall be:  
 And him who did them thus so highly raise,  
 Celestiall Quiristers, not pray, but praise.

## 111

Where we were earst a prey to cold and heat,  
 Mechanickly engag'd to abject toyles,  
 Whose bread behov'd to have a sawce of sweat,  
 Who for apparell rob'd each creatures spoyle,  
 Whilst compassing the Lambs majesticke feat,  
 That every breast with sacred ardour boyles:  
 As needlesse then this week for worke removes,  
 And all for God an endlesse Sabbath proves.



112

We shall Gods people be, and he our Lord,  
Who comes with us continually to stay,  
(Death, griefe, nor paine, no more) with goodnesse stor'd,  
He from our eyes shall wipe all teares away,  
And of lifes water freely shall afford  
To them who thirst, that they no more decay :  
Whom (all accomplish'd) we may justly call  
The first, the last, the three, the one, the all.

113

Thou that didst guide me through such divers grounds,  
Imparting strength to reach my wished port,  
Here make me rest amid'st this heavenly bounds,  
With Saints and Angels freely to resort,  
That (these my notes accorded with their sounds)  
I by experience clearly may report  
The state of heaven, to magnifie thy name,  
And there thy praise eternally proclame.

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To

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### TO PRINCE CHARLES.


 That which I first for Henries life did found,  
 Shall spite of death, which did high hopes betray,  
 A speaking pledge, a living token stay,  
 Which with his name shall make my love remain;  
 His successor, thou may'st make use of this,  
 Which freely shewes what Princes doe deserve;  
 It both him dead, and thee alive may serve,  
 Thy fames presage, a monument of his.  
 That Charles of France, admir'd so much for worth,  
 Religious, valiant, was call'd justly Great;  
 Thou hast his name, strive for his worth and state,  
 Great in great Britaine, to adorne the North:  
 That all the world with wondring eyes may see,  
 What was from Henry hop'd, perform'd by thee.





*A Parænesis to Prince*  
HENRY.

I  
**L**Oe here (brave youth) as zeale and duty move,  
I labour (though in vaine) to finde some gift,  
Both worthy of thy place, and of my loue,  
But whilst my selfe above my selfe I list,  
And would the best of my inventions prove,  
I stand to study what should be my drift;  
Yet this the greatest approbation brings,  
Still to a Prince to speake of Princely things.

2  
When those of the first age that earst did live  
In shadowie woods, or in a humid Cave,  
And taking that which th'earth not forg'd did give,  
Would onely pay what Natures need did crave;  
Then beasts of breath such numbers did deprive,  
That (following *Amphion*) they did desarts leave:  
Who with sweet sounds did leade them by the eares,  
Where mutuall force might banish common feares.

3  
Then building walles, they barbarous rites disdain'd,  
The sweetnesse of society to finde;  
And to attayne what unity maintain'd,  
As peace, religion, and a vertuous minde;  
That so they might have restlesse humours rayn'd,  
They straight with lawes their liberty confin'd:  
And of the better sort the best preferr'd,  
To chastise them against the lawes that err'd.

4  
I wot not if proud mindes who first aspir'd  
O're many Realmes to make themselves a right;  
Or if the worlds disorders so requir'd,  
That then had put *Astrea* to the flight;  
Or else if some whose vertues were admir'd,  
And eminent in all the peoples sight,  
Did move Peace-lovers first to reare a Throne,  
And give the keyes of life and death to one.

That



5

That dignity when first it did begin,  
 Did grace each Province and each little Towne;  
 Forth when she first doth from *Benlowmond* rinne,  
 Is poore of waters, naked of renowne,  
 But *Carron*, *Allon*, *Teath*, and *Doven* in,  
 Doth grow the greater still, the further downe:  
 Till that abounding both in power and fame,  
 She long doth strive to give the Sea her name.

6

Even so those Sovereignties which once were small,  
 Still swallowing up the nearest neighbouring State,  
 With a deluge of men did Realmes appall,  
 And thus th' Egyptian Pharoës first grew great;  
 Thus did th' Assyrians make so many thrall,  
 Thus rear'd the Romans their imperiall seat:  
 And thus all those great states to worke have gone,  
 Whose limits and the worlds were all but one.

7

But I'le not plunge in such a stormy deepe,  
 Which hath no bottome, nor can have no shore,  
 But in the dust will let those ashes sleepe,  
 Which (cloath'd with purple) once th' earth did adore;  
 Of them scarce now a monument wee keepe,  
 Who (thund'ring terrour) curb'd the world before;  
 Their States which by a numbers ruine stood,  
 Were founded, and confounded, both with bloud.

8

If I would call antiquity to minde,  
 I, for an endlesse taske might then prepare,  
 But what? ambition that was ever blinde,  
 Did get with toyle that which was kept with care,  
 And those great States 'gainst which the world repin'd,  
 Had falls, as famous, as their risings rare:  
 And in all ages it was ever scene,  
 What vertue rais'd, by vice hath ruin'd been.

9

Yet registers of memorable things  
 Would helpe (great Prince) to make thy judgement sound,  
 Which to the eye a perfect mirrour brings,  
 Where all should glasse themselves who would be crown'd,  
 Reade these rare parts that acted were by Kings,  
 The straines heroicke, and the end renown'd:  
 Which (whilst thou in thy Cabinet do'st sit)  
 Are worthy to bewitch thy growing wit.



10

And doe not, doe not (then) the meanes omit,  
Times match'd with times, what they beget to spy;  
Since history may leade thee unto it,  
A pillar whereupon good sprites rely,  
Of time the table, and the Nurse of wit,  
The square of reason, and the mindes cleare eye:  
Which leads the curious reader through huge harms,  
Who stands secure whilst looking on alarmes.

11

Nor is it good o're brave mens lives to wander,  
As one who at each corner stands amaz'd,  
No, study like some one thy selfe to render,  
Who to the height of glory hath been rais'd;  
So *Scipio, Cyrus, Caesar, Alexander,*  
And that great Prince chos'd him whom *Homer* prais'd,  
Or make (as which is recent, and best knowne)  
Thy fathers life a patterne for thine owne.

12

Yet marking great mens lives, this much impaires  
The profit which that benefit imparts,  
While as transported with preposterous cares,  
To imitate but superficiall parts,  
Some for themselves frame of their fancies snares,  
And shew what folly doth o're-sway their hearts:  
"For counterteited things doe staikes embrace,  
"And all that is affected, hath no grace.

13

Of outward things who (shallow wits) take hold,  
Doe shew by that they can no higher winne,  
So, to resemble *Hercules* of old,  
*Mark Antony* would beare the Lyons skinne;  
A brave Athenians sonne (as some have told)  
Would such a course (though to his scorne) begin:  
And bent to seem look like his father dead,  
Would make himselfe to lisse, and bow his head.

14

They who would rightly follow such as those,  
Must of the better parts apply the pow'rs,  
As the industrious Bee advis'dly goes,  
To seize upon the best, shunne baser flowres;  
So, where thou do'st the greatest worth disclose,  
To compasse that, be prodigall of houres:  
Seeke not to seeme, but be, who be, seeme too,  
Doe carelesly, and yet have care to doe.

Thou



## 15

Thou to resemble thy renowned Syre,  
 Must not (though some there were) mark triviall things,  
 But matchlesse vertues which all mindes admire,  
 Whose treasure to his Realmes great comfort brings;  
 That to attaine (thou race of Kings) aspire,  
 Which for thy fame may furnish ayery wings:  
 And like to Eaglets thus thou prov'st thy kinde,  
 When both like him, in body, and in minde,

## 16

Ah, be not those most miserable soules,  
 Their judgements to refine who never strive!  
 Nor will not looke upon the learned scroules,  
 Which without practise doe experience give;  
 But (whilst base sloth each better care controules)  
 Are dead in ignorance, entomb'd alive?  
 'Twixt beasts and such the difference is but small,  
 They, use not reason, beasts have none at all.

## 17

O! heavenly treasure which the best sort loves,  
 Life of the soule, reformer of the will,  
 Cleare light, which from the mind each cloud removes,  
 Pure spring of vertue, Physicke for each ill,  
 Which in prosperity a bridle proves,  
 And in adversity a Pillar still;  
 Of thee the more men get, the more they crave,  
 And thinke, the more they get, the lesse they have.

## 18

But if that knowledge be requir'd of all,  
 What should they doe this treasure to obtaine,  
 Whom in a Throne, Time travels to enstall,  
 Where they by it of all things must ordaine?  
 If it make them who by their birth were thrall,  
 As little Kings, whilst o're themselves they raigne,  
 Then it must make, when it hath thoroughly grac'd them,  
 Kings more then Kings, and like to him who plac'd them.

## 19

This is a griefe which all the world bemoanes,  
 When those lack judgement who are borne to judge,  
 And like to painted Tombes, or gilded stones,  
 To troubled soules cannot afford refuge;  
 Kings are their Kingdomes hearts, which tainted once,  
 The bodies straight corrupt in which they lodge:  
 And those, by whose example many fall,  
 Are guilty of the murther of them all.



20

The meanes which best make Majestie to stand,  
Are laws observ'd, whil'st practise doth direct:  
The Crowne, the head, the Scepter decks the hand,  
But onely knowledge doth the thoughts erect;  
Kings should excell all them whom they command,  
In all the parts which do procure respect:  
And this, a way to what they would, prepares,  
Not onely as thought good, but as known theirs.

21

Seek not due reverence onely to procure,  
With shows of Sovereignty, and guards oft lewd,  
So *Nero* did, yet could not so assure  
The hated Diademe with bloud imbru'd;  
Nor as the *Persian* Kings, who liv'd obscure,  
And of their Subjects rarely would be view'd;  
So one of them was secretly o're-thrown,  
And in his place the Murtherer raign'd unknown.

22

No, onely goodnesse doth beget regard,  
And equity doth greatest glory winne,  
To plague for vice, and Vertue to reward,  
What they intend, that, bravely to begin;  
This is to Sovereignty a powerfull guard,  
And makes a Princes praise o're all come in:  
Whose life (his Subjects law) clear'd by his deeds,  
More then *Iustinians* toyls, good order breeds.

23

All those who o're unbaptiz'd Nations raign'd,  
By barbarous customes sought to foster feare,  
And with a Thousand tyrannies constrain'd  
All them whom they subdu'd their yoke to beare,  
But those whom great *Iehovah* hath ordain'd,  
Above the Christians lawfull Thrones to reare:  
Must seek by worth, to be obey'd for love,  
So having raign'd below, to raigne above.

24

O happy *Henrie*, who art highly borne,  
Yet beautifi'st thy birth with signes of worth,  
And (though a Childe) all childish toyes do'st scorne,  
To shew the world thy vertues budding forth,  
Which may by Time this glorious Isle adorne,  
And bring eternall Trophees to the North,  
While as thou do'st thy Fathers forces leade,  
And art the hand, whileas he is the head,

C c

Thou



25

Thou, like that gallant Thunder-bolt of warre,  
 Third *Edwards* Sonne, who was so much renown'd,  
 Shalt shine in valour as the morning starre,  
 And plenish with thy praise the peopled round;  
 But like to his, let nought thy fortune marre,  
 Who, in his Fathers time, did dye uncrown'd:  
 Long live thy Syre, so all the world desires,  
 But longer thou, so Natures course requires.

26

And, though Time once thee, by thy birth-right owes,  
 Those sacred honours which men most esteeme,  
 Yet flatter not thy selfe with those faire showes,  
 Which often-times are not such as they seeme,  
 Whose burd'nous weight, the bearer but o're-throws,  
 That could before of no such danger deeme:  
 Then if not, arm'd in time, thou make thee strong,  
 Thou dost thy selfe, and many a thousand wrong.

27

Since thou must manage such a mighty State,  
 Which hath no borders, but the Seas, and Skies,  
 Then even as he who justly was call'd great,  
 Did (prodigall of paines where fame might rise)  
 With both the parts of worth in worth grow great,  
 As learn'd, as valiant, and as stout as wise:  
 So now let *Aristotle* lay the ground,  
 Whereon thou after may thy greatnesse found.

28

For if transported with a base repose,  
 Thou did'st (as thou dost not) mispend thy prime,  
 O! what a faire occasion would'st thou lose,  
 Which after would thee grieve, though out of Time!  
 To vertuous courses now thy thoughts dispose,  
 While fancies are not glu'd with pleasures lyme:  
 Those who their youth to such like paines engage,  
 Do gaine great ease unto their perfect age.

29

Magnanimous, now, with heroicke parts,  
 Shew to the world what thou dost ayme to be,  
 The more to print in all the peoples hearts,  
 That which thou would'st they should expect of Thee,  
 That so (preoccupi'd with such desarts)  
 They after may applaud the heavens decree  
 When that day comes; which if it come too soone,  
 Then thou and all this Isle would be undone.

And



30

And otherwise what trouble should'st thou finde,  
If first not seiz'd of all thy Subjects love;  
To ply all humours till thy worth have shin'd,  
That even most mal-contents must it approve:  
For else a number would suspend their minde,  
As doubting what thou afterwards might'st prove,  
And when a States affections thus are cold,  
Of that advantage Forreiners take hold.

31

I grant in this thy Fortune to be good,  
That art t'inherit such a glorious Crowne,  
As one descended from that sacred bloud,  
Which oft hath fill'd the world with true renowne:  
The which still on the top of glory stood,  
And not so much as once seem'd to look downe:  
For who thy branches to remembrance brings,  
Count what he list, he cannot count but Kings.

32

And pardon me, for I must pause a while,  
And at a thing of right to be admir'd,  
Since those, from whom thou cam'st, reign'd in this Isle,  
Loe, now of yeares even thousands are expir'd;  
Yet none could there them thrall, nor thence exile,  
Nor ever fail'd the lyne so much desir'd:  
The hundred and seventh parent living free,  
A never conquer'd Crowne may leave to thee.

33

Nor hath this onely happened as by chance,  
Of alterations, then there had beene some,  
But that brave race which still did worth enhaunce,  
Would so presage the thing that was to come;  
That this united Isle should once advance,  
And, by the Lyon led, all Realmes o're-come:  
For if it kep't a little, free before,  
Now having much (no doubt) it must do more.

34

And though our Nations, long I must confesse,  
Did roughly woo before that they could wed;  
That but endears the Union we possesse,  
Whom *Neptune* both combines within one bed:  
All ancient injuries this doth redresse,  
And buries that which many a battell bred:  
" Brave discords reconcil'd (if wrath expire)  
" Do breed the greatest love, and most intire.



35

Of *Englands Mary*, had it beene the chance  
 To make King *Philip* Father of a Sonne,  
 The *Spaniards* high designs so to advance,  
 All *Albions* beauties had beene quite o're-runne:  
 Or yet if *Scotlands Mary* had heir'd *France*,  
 Our bondage then had by degrees begun:  
 Of which, if that a stranger hold a part,  
 To take the other that would meanes impart.

36

Thus from two dangers we were twise preserv'd,  
 When as we seem'd without recovery lost,  
 As from their freedome those who freely swerv'd,  
 And suffered strangers of our bounds to boast;  
 Yet were we for this happy time reserv'd,  
 And, but to hold it deare, a little crost:  
 That of the *Stewarts* the Illustrious race,  
 Might, like their mindes, a Monarchie embrace.

73

Of that blest Progeny, the well known worth  
 Hath, of the people, a conceit procur'd,  
 That from the race it never can go forth,  
 But long hereditary, is well assur'd,  
 Thus (Sonne of that great Monarch of the North)  
 They to obey, are happily inur'd:  
 O're whom thou art expected once to raigne,  
 To have good Ancestours one much doth gaine.

38

He who by tyranny his Throne doth reare,  
 And dispossesse another of his right,  
 Whose panting heart dare never trust his care,  
 Since still made odious in the peoples fight,  
 Whil'st he both hath, and gives, great cause of feare,  
 Is (spoyling all) at last spoil'd of the light:  
 And those who are descended of his bloud,  
 Ere that they be believ'd, must long be good.

39

Yet though we see it is an easie thing,  
 For such a one his State still to maintaine,  
 Who by his birth-right borne to be a King,  
 Doth with the Countreys love, the Crowne obtaine,  
 The same doth many to confusion bring,  
 Whil'st, for that cause, they care not how they raigne.  
 "O never Throne establish'd was so sure,  
 "Whose fall a vitious Prince might not procure!

Thus



40

Thus do a number to destruction runne,  
And so did *Tarquin* once abuse his place,  
Who for the filthy life he had begun,  
Was barr'd from *Rome*, and ruin'd all his race;  
So he whose Father of no King was Sonne,,  
Was Father to no King; but, in disgrace  
From *Sicile* banish'd, by the peoples hate,  
Did dye at *Corinth* in an abject state.

41

And as that Monarch merits endlesse praise,  
Who by his vertue doth a state acquire,  
So all the world with scornfull eyes may gaze  
On their degener'd stemmes which might aspire,  
As having greater pow'r, their power to raise,  
Yet of their race the ruine do conspire:  
And for their wrong-spent life with shame do end,  
“Kings chastis'd once, are not allow'd t'amend.

42

Those who reposing on their Princely name,  
Can never give themselves to care for ought,  
But for their pleasures every thing would frame,  
As all were made for them, and they for nought,  
Once th'earth their bodies, men will spoyle their fame,  
Though whil'st they live, all for their ease be wrought:  
And those conceits on which they do depend,  
Do but betray their fortunes in the end.

43

This selfe-conceit doth so the Iudgement choake,  
That when with some ought well succeeds through it,  
They on the same with great affection look,  
And scorne th'advice of others to admit;  
Thus did brave *Charles* the last *Burgundian* Duke  
Deare buy a battell purchas'd by his wit:  
By which in him such confidence was bred,  
That blinde presumption to confusion led:

44

O! sacred Counsell, quint-essence of souls,  
Strength of the Common-wealth, which chaines the fates,  
And every danger (ere it come) controuls,  
The anker of great Realms, staffe of all States;  
O! sure foundation which no Tempest foulds,  
On which are builded the most glorious seats!  
If ought with those succeed who scorne thy care,  
It comes by chance, and draws them in a snare.



45

Thrice happy is that King, who hath the grace  
 To chuse a Councell whereon to relye,  
 Which loves his person, and respects his place,  
 And (like to *Aristides*) can cast by  
 All private grudge, and publike cares imbrace,  
 Whom no Ambition nor base thoughts do tye:  
 And that they be not, to betray their seats,  
 The partiall Pensioners of forreine States.

46

None should but those of that grave number boast,  
 Whose lives have long with many vertues shin'd;  
 As *Rome* respected the *Patricians* most,  
 Use Nobles first, if to true worth inclin'd:  
 Yet so, that unto others seeme not lost  
 All hope to rise, for else (high hopes resign'd)  
 Industrious Vertue in her course would tyre,  
 If not expecting Honour for her hyre.

47

But such as those a Prince should most eschue,  
 Who dignities do curiously affect;  
 A publike charge, those who too much pursue,  
 Seeme to have some particular respect,  
 All should be godly, prudent, secret, true,  
 Of whom a King his Counsell should elect:  
 And he, whil'st they advise of zeale and love,  
 Should not the number, but the best approve.

48

A great discretion is requir'd to know  
 What way to weigh opinions in his minde;  
 But ah! this doth the judgement oft o're-throw,  
 Then whil'st he comes within himselfe confin'd,  
 And of the Senate would but make a show,  
 So to confirme that which he hath design'd,  
 As one who onely hath whereon to rest,  
 For Councillours, his thoughts, their seat his brest.

49

But what avails a Senate in this sort,  
 Whose pow'r within the Capitoll is pent:  
 A blast of breath which doth for nought import,  
 But mocks the world with a not act'd intent;  
 Those are the counsels which great States support,  
 Which, never are made knowne but by th'event:  
 Not those where wise-men matters do propose,  
 And fooles thereafter as they please dispose.

Nor



50

Nor is this all which ought to be desir'd,  
 In this Assembly (since the kingdomes soule)  
 That with a knowledge more then rare inspir'd,  
 A Common-wealth, like *Plato's*, in a scroule  
 They can paint forth, but meanes are too acquir'd,  
 Disorders torrent freely to controule;  
 And arming with authority their lines,  
 To act with justice that which wit designs.

51

Great Empresse of this universall frame,  
 The *Atlas* on whose shoulders States are stay'd,  
 Who sway'st the raynes which all the world do tame,  
 And mak'st men good by force, with red array'd:  
 Disorders enemy, Virgin without blame,  
 Within whose ballance, good and bad are weigh'd;  
 O! Sovereigne of all vertues, without Thee  
 Nor peace, nor warre, can entertained be.

52

Thou from confusion all things hast redeem'd:  
 The meeting of *Amphictyons* had beene vaine,  
 And all those *Senates* which were most esteem'd,  
 Wer't not by thee, their Counsels crown'd remaine,  
 And all those laws had but dead letters seem'd,  
 Which *Solon*, or *Lycurgus*, did ordaine:  
 Wer't not thy sword made all alike to dye,  
 And not the weake, while as the strong scap'd by.

53

O! not without great cause all th'ancients did  
 Paint Magistrates plac'd to explaine the laws,  
 Not having hands, so bribery to forbid,  
 Which them from doing right, too oft with-draws;  
 And with a veile the Iudges eyes were hid,  
 Who should not see the partie, but the cause:  
 Gods Deputies, which his Tribunall reare,  
 Should have a patent, not a partiall eare.

54

The lack of justice hath huge evils begun,  
 Which by no meanes could be repair'd againe;  
 The famous Syre of that more famous Sonne,  
 From whom (while as he sleeping did remaine)  
 One did appeale, till that his sleep was done,  
 And whom a widow did discharge to raigne  
 Because he had not time plaints to attend,  
 Did lose his life for such a fault in th'end.

This



## 55

This justice is the vertue most divine,  
 Which like the King of Kings shews Kings inclin'd,  
 Whose sure foundations nought can under-mine,  
 If once within a constant breast confin'd:  
 For otherwise she cannot clearly shine,  
 While as the Magistrate, oft changing minde,  
 Is oft too swift, and sometimes slow to strike,  
 As led by private ends, not still alike.

## 56

Use mercie freely, justice, as constrain'd,  
 This must be done, although that be more deare,  
 And oft the forme may make the deed disdain'd,  
 Whil'st justice tastes of tyranny too neare;  
 One may be justly, yet in rage arraign'd,  
 Whil'st Reason rul'd by passions doth appeare:  
 Once *Socrates* because o're-com'd with ire,  
 Did from correcting one (till calm'd) retyre.

## 57

Those who want meanes their anger to assuage,  
 Do oft themselves, or others, rob of breath;  
 Fierce *Valentinian*, surfetting in rage,  
 By bursting of a Veyne, did bleed to death;  
 And *Theodosius*, still but then, thought sage,  
 Caus'd murther Thousands, whil'st quite drunk with wrath,  
 Who to prevent the like opprobrious crime,  
 Made still suspend his Edicts for a time.

## 58

Of vertuous Kings all th'actions do proceed  
 Forth from the spring of a paternall love;  
 To cherish, or correct (as Realmes have need)  
 For which he more than for himselfe doth move,  
 Who many a Millions ease that way to breed,  
 Makes sometime some his indignation prove,  
 And like to *Codrus*, would even death imbrace,  
 If for the Countreys good, and peoples peace.

## 59

This Lady that so long unarm'd hath stray'd,  
 Now holds the ballance, and doth draw the sword,  
 And never was more gloriously array'd,  
 Nor in short time did greater good afford;  
 The State which to confusion seem'd betray'd,  
 And could of nought but bloud, and wrongs, record,  
 Loe, freed from trouble, and intestine rage,  
 Doth boast yet to restore the golden age.

Thus



60

Thus doth thy Father (generous Prince) prepare,  
A way for Thee to gaine Immortall fame,  
And layes the grounds of greatnesse with such care,  
That thou may'st build great works upon the same;  
Then since thou art to have a Field so faire,  
Whereas thou once may'st eternize thy name,  
Begin (whileas a greater light thine smothers)  
And learne to rule thy selfe, ere thou rul'st others:

61

For still true magnanimity we finde,  
Doth harbour early in an generous brest;  
To match *Miltiades*, whose glory shin'd,  
*Themistocles* (a childe) was rob'd of rest;  
Yet strive to be a Monarch of thy minde,  
For as to dare great things, all else detest,  
A generous emulation spurres the sprite,  
Ambition doth abuse the courage quite.

62

Whil'st of illustrious lives thou look'st the story,  
Abhorre those Tyrants which still swimm'd in bloud,  
And follow those who (to their endlesse glory)  
High in their Subjects love by vertue stood;  
O! be like him who on a Time was sorie,  
Because that whil'st he chanc'd to do no good,  
There but one day had happened to expire:  
He was the worlds delight, the heavens desire.

63

But as by mildnesse, some great States do gaine,  
By lenity, some lose that which they have,  
*Englands* fixth *Henry* could not live, and raigne,  
But (being simple) did huge foils receive:  
Brave *Scipio's* Army mutini'd in *Spayne*,  
And (by his meeknesse bold) their charge did leave:  
O! to the State it brings great profit oft,  
To be sometimes levere, and never soft.

64

To guide his Coursers warely through the skie,  
Earst *Phæbus* did his *Phæton* require,  
Since from the midle way if swarving by,  
The heavens would burne, or th'earth would be on fire;  
So doth 'twixt two extreames each vertue lye,  
To which the purest spirits ought to aspire,  
He lives most sure who no extreame doth touch,  
Nought would too little be, nor yet too much.

Some



65

Some Kings, whom all men did in hatred hold,  
 With avaritious thoughts whose breasts were torne,  
 Too basely given to feast their eyes with gold,  
 Us'd ill, and abject meanes, which brave minds scorne,  
 Such whil'st they onely seek (no vice controul'd)  
 How they may best their Treasuries adorne:  
 Are (though like *Cræsus* rich) whil'st wealth them blinds,  
 Yet still as poore as *Irus* in their mindes.

66

And some againe as foolish fancies move,  
 Who praise prepost'rous fondly do pursue,  
 Not liberall, no, but prodigall do prove;  
 Then whil'st their Treasures they exhausted view,  
 With Subsidies do lose their Subjects love;  
 And spoyle whole Realmes, though but renrich a few:  
 Whil'st with authority their pride they cloake,  
 Who ought to dye by smoke for selling smoke.

67

But O! the Prince most loath'd in every Land,  
 Is one (all given to lust) who hardly can  
 Free from some great mishap a long time stand;  
 For all the world his deeds with hatred scan,  
 Should he who hath the honour to command  
 The noblest Creature (great Gods Image) man,  
 Be, to the vilest vice, the basest slave,  
 The bodies plague, souls death, and honours grave?

68

That beastly Monster who retyr'd a part,  
 Amongst his Concubines began to spinne,  
 Took with the habite too a womans heart,  
 And ended that which *Ninus* did begin;  
 Faint hearted *Xerxes* who did gifts impart,  
 To them who could devise new wayes to sinne:  
 Though back'd with worlds of men, straight took the flight,  
 And had not courage but to see them fight.

69

Thus doth soft pleasure but abase the minde,  
 And making one to servile thoughts descend,  
 Doth make the body weake, the judgement blinde,  
 An hatefull life, an ignominious end,  
 Where those who did this raging Tyrant binde,  
 With vertues Chains, their triumphs to attend:  
 Have by that meanes a greater glory gain'd,  
 Then all the Victories which they attain'd.

The



70

The valorous *Persian* who not once but gaz'd  
On faire *Pantheas* face to ease his toyls,  
His glory, by that continency, rais'd  
More than by *Babylons*, and *Lydia's* spoils;  
The *Macedonian* Monarch was more prais'd,  
Than for triumphing o're so many soils,  
That of his greatest foe (though *beauteous* scene)  
He chastly entertain'd the captiv'd *Queene*.

71

Thus have still-gaz'd-at Monarchs much adoe,  
Who (all the worlds disorders to redresse)  
Should shine like to the Sunne, the which still, loe,  
The more it mounts aloft, doth seeme the lesse,  
They should with confidence go freely to,  
And (trusting to their worth) their will expresse:  
Not like *French Lewis* th'eleventh who did maintaine,  
That who could not dissemble, could not raigne.

72

But still to guard their State the strongest barre,  
And surest refuge in each dangerous storme,  
Is to be found a gallant man of warre,  
With heart that dare attempt, hands to performe,  
Not that they venter should their state too farre,  
And to each Souldiers course their course conforme.  
The skilfull Pylots at the Rudder sit:  
Let others use their strength, and them their wit.

73

In *Mars* his mysteries to gaine renowne,  
It gives Kings glory, and assures their place,  
It breeds them a respect amongst their owne,  
And makes their neighbours feare to lose their grace;  
Still all those should, who love to keep their Crowne,  
In peace prepare for warre, in warre for peace:  
For as all feare a Prince who dare attempt,  
The want of courage brings one in contempt.

74

And, royall off-spring, who may'st high aspire,  
As one to whom thy birth high hopes assign'd,  
This well becomes the courage of thy Syre,  
Who traines Thee up according to thy kinde;  
He, though the world his prosperous raigne admire,  
In which his Subjects such a comfort finde:  
Hath (if the bloody Art mov'd to embrace)  
That wit then to make warre, which now keeps peace.

And



75

And O! how this (deare Prince) the people charmes,  
 Who flock about Thee oft in ravish'd bands,  
 To see thee yong, yet manage so thine Armes,  
 Have a Mercuriall minde, and Martiall hands,  
 This exercise thy tender courage warmes;  
 And still true Greatnesse but by Vertue stands:  
*Agésilas* said, no King could be  
 More great, unlesse more vertuous, than he.

76

And though that all of Thee great things expect,  
 Thou, as too little, mak'st their hopes asham'd;  
 As he who on *Olympus* did detect,  
 The famous *Thebans* foot, his body fram'd,  
 By thy beginnings so we may collect,  
 How great thy worth by Time may be proclaim'd:  
 For who thy actions doth remarke, may see,  
 That there be many *Cæsars* within thee.

77

Though every State by long experience findes,  
 That greatest blessings prosp'ring Peace imparts,  
 As which all Subjects to good order binds,  
 Yet breeds this Isle still populous in all parts,  
 Such vigorous bodies, and such restless minde,  
 That they disdain to use Mechanick Arts:  
 And, being haughty, cannot live in rest,  
 Yea such, when idle, are a dangerous pest.

78

A prudent *Roman* told, in some few houres,  
 To *Romes* Estate what danger did redound,  
 Then, when they raz'd the *Carthaginian* Towres,  
 By which while as they stood, still meanes were found,  
 With others harmes to exercise their pow'rs,  
 The want whereof, their greatnesse did confound;  
 For, when no more with forraine foes imbroil'd,  
 Straight, by intestine warres, the State was spoyl'd.

79

No, since this foile which with great sprits abounds,  
 Can hardly nurce her Nurcelings all in peace,  
 Then let us keep her bosome free from wounds,  
 And spend our fury in some forraine place:  
 There is no wall can limit now our bounds,  
 But all the world will need walls in short space;  
 To keep our troupes from seizing on new Thrones;  
 The Marble Chayre must passe the Ocean once.

What



80

What fury o're my judgement doth prevaile?  
 Me thinkes I see all th'earth glance with our Armes,  
 And groning *Neptune* charg'd with many a sayle;  
 I heare the thundring Trumpet sound th' alarmes,  
 Whilst all the neighbouring Nations doe looke pale,  
 Such sudden feare each panting heart disarmes,  
 To see those martiall mindes together gone,  
 The Lyon and the Leopard in one.

81

I (*Henry*) hope with this mine eyes to feed,  
 Whilst ere thou wear'st a Crown, thou wear'st a shield;  
 And when thou (making thousands once to bleed,  
 That dare behold thy count'nance, and not yeeld)  
 Stirr'st through the bloody dust a foaming steed,  
 An interested witnesse in the field  
 I may amongst those bands thy grace attend,  
 And be thy *Homer* when the warres do end.

82

But stay, where fly'st thou (*Muse*) so farre astray?  
 And whilst affection doth thy course command,  
 Dar'st thus above thy reach attempt a way  
 To court the heire of *Albions* war-like land,  
 Who gotten hath his generous thoughts to sway,  
 A royall gift out of a royall hand;  
 And hath before his eyes that Type of worth,  
 That Starre of state, that Pole which guides the North.

83

Yet o're thy father, loe, (such is thy fate)  
 Thou hast this vantage which may profit thee,  
 An orphan'd infant, settled in his seat,  
 He greater then himselfe could never see,  
 Where thou may'st learne by him the Art of state,  
 And by another what thy selfe should'st be,  
 Whilst that which he had onely but heard told,  
 In all his course thou practis'd may'st behold.

84

And this advantage long may'st thou retain,  
 By which to make thee blest, the heavens conspire;  
 And labour of his worth to make thy gaine,  
 To whose perfections thou may'st once aspire,  
 When as thou shew'st thy selfe, whilst thou do'st raigne,  
 A Sonne held worthy of so great a Syre;  
 And with his Scepters, and the peoples hearts,  
 Do'st still inherit his heroicke parts.

D d

The



1877

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Hon. Secy of the Navy  
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# IONATHAN:

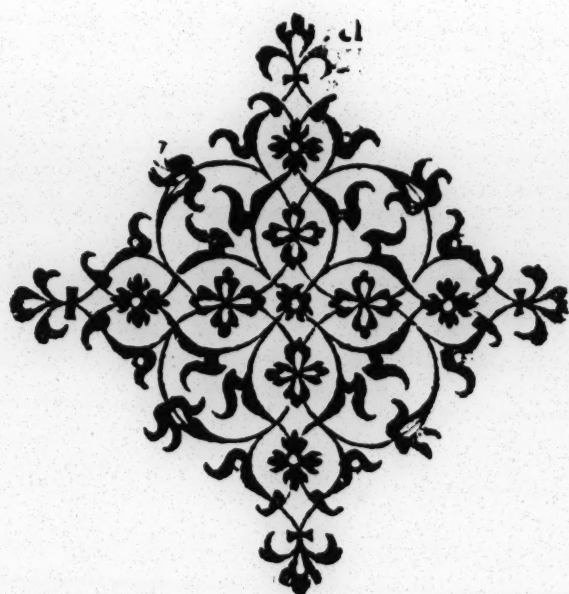
AN  
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INTENDED.

*The first Booke.*

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BY  
VVILLIAM,  
Earle of STERLINE.

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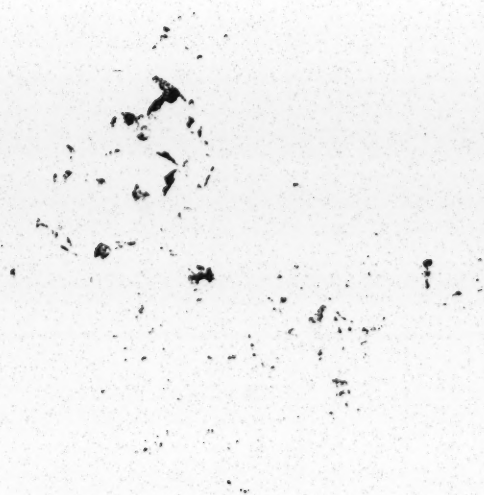
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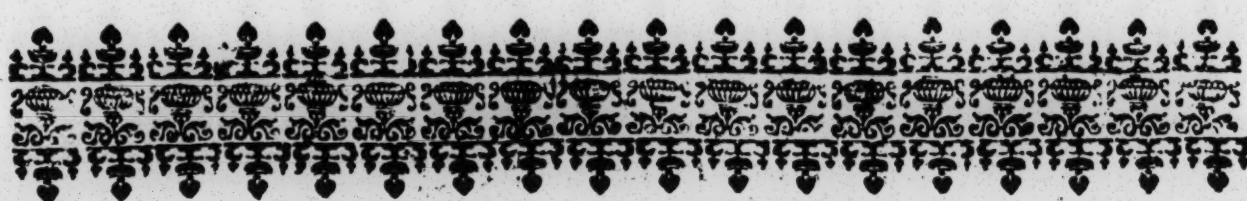


IN THE T A H

11







# JONATHAN:

An heroicke Poeme intended.

*The first Booke.*

## THE ARGUMENT.

*With Ammons King, griev'd Iabesh did agree,  
If not reliev'd, their right eyes lost, to live;  
From this disgrace Saul fights to make them free,  
And God to him, the victory doth give,  
Those, who their King (with successe crown'd) did see;  
Them who him first had scorn'd, to kill did strive:  
The peoples error, Samuel makes them know,  
Then what he was, what all should be, doth show.*

I



*We found true valour, all perfections parts,  
The force of friendship, and th' effects of faith,  
To kindle courage in those generous hearts,  
Which strive by vertue to triumph o're death,  
Whilst honours height the wage of worth imparts,  
What hence is hop'd, or whilst we here draw breath:  
Loe, found, not fain'd, how men accomplish'd prove,  
Both prais'd below, and glorifi'd above.*

2

*O thou, from whom all what we praise doth streame,  
Lift up my soule, my sprite with power inspire;  
That straying wits who fayn'd Ideas dreame,  
May magnanimity in men admire,  
Who sought thy glory, not affecting fame,  
And yet what courage courts did all acquire;  
The truth not wrong'd, to please Lord pardon me,  
In method, time, and circumstances free.*

3

*Sterne Ammons armes when Iabesh was enclos'd,  
In her defenders did such feare infuse,  
That breached walles (all naked) were expos'd,  
As weake, else worse, the owners to accuse;  
Who on defence no further then repos'd,  
But last, for hope, a wretched helpe did use,  
To fawne on foes, and seeke (they thus appeas'd)  
What safety those who sought their ruine, pleas'd.*

Dd 3

Then



4

Then *Nahas* who could not his pride suppress,  
 (As empty bladders blowne up with the winde)  
 Did dreame what way to double their distresse,  
 That still their shame might basely be design'd,  
 And to this bargaine proudly did them presse,  
 That they (without right eys) should live halfe blinde:  
 A plaguy pardon which did lose, when spare,  
 "Of wicked men the mercies cruell are.

5

But the besieg'd all in a desp'rate state,  
 " (The present feare breeds greatest horror still)  
 Sought first that they by messengers might treat,  
 With other Hebrews to prevent their ill,  
 And if not so soone help'd, short was the date,  
 When they should render resting on his will:  
 Who thus some comfort or excuse might claime,  
 All *Israell* so made partners of their shame.

6

To this request he quickly did consent,  
 All strength else scorn'd, who trusted in his owne,  
 For, if the rest, that succour crav'd, not lent,  
 He judg'd them straight as with that town o're-thrown;  
 His raving thoughts for new designs were bent,  
 As this for certaine, all the world had known;  
 "Loe, thus large counts proud fooles for long time make,  
 "Though death still treads each foot-step at their backe.

7

As wing'd with feares to haste the hop'd reliefe,  
 At *Gibea* he arriv'd whom *Iabesh* sent,  
 Whilst groanes and teares (as in commission chiefe)  
 More prompt for woe would needs the tongue prevent,  
 They first usurp'd the place, as sent from griefe,  
 While as the count'nance did the minde comment:  
 Yet from their weaknesse gathering some more strength,  
 Sighs ushering words, this wrestled out at length.

8

Your wretched brethren who in *Gilead* dwell,  
 Of Gods choice people (*Abrahams* heires) a part,  
 By *Ammons* bands whose breasts with pride doe swell,  
 Have suffred harmes which might make rocks to smart,  
 Indignities which I disdaine to tell,  
 Such shame my face, and horror fills my heart:  
 By putting out one eye, some covet peace;  
 Though great the losse, yet greater the disgrace.

With



9

With this condition, *Iabel* did compose,  
If in seven dayes we succour not receive,  
More happy they who both their eyes doe lose,  
Then who for object such a tyrant have,  
Who even o're God seekes to insult in those,  
Whom from his Altars he doth bragge to reave :  
The losse of light (if this not griev'd) were light,  
Though all our dayes (when blinde) prov'd but one night.

10

His pow'r too much esteem'd, ours not at all,  
He, till we gather, doth of purpose stay,  
That (as he dreames) all quickly kill'd, or thrall,  
Fame flow'd from many springs exhaust he may;  
As *Egypt*s foyle, and many nations fall,  
All for his glory had prepar'd the way :  
This victory must by all those be grac'd,  
Gods captiv'd wonders in his triumph plac'd.

11

Oft when men scorn'd, God did regard our grones,  
And from great troubles did us free before,  
Who pow'rfull, just, and mercifull at once,  
Peace to his people when he would restore,  
As Reeds, crush'd Scepters, breaking brittle thornes,  
And by meane meanes to be admir'd the more,  
What man not mock'd at *Midians* scornfull flight ?  
How oft did one against a number fight ?

12

Then (Sir) it seemes that who guards *Iacobs* feed,  
To honour you doth this occasion move,  
That at this time you (eminent) may breed,  
In strangers terrour, in your people love,  
For if this battell (as we hope) succeed,  
It your election highly would approve:  
And that conceit which at the first one gaines,  
It fix'd for ever in the minde remains.

13

Since come to urge great haste I must be short,  
That soone their hopes may grow, or else be spent,  
Whom if you now doe by your power support,  
You free from danger, and your owne prevent,  
Else in worse time, us'd after in like sort,  
Your owne next fear'd, you must our losse repent.  
" And courage, which, now free, might praise procure,  
" Necessity when forc'd, will quite obscure.

Thinke



14

Thinke that you heare our Citizens in vaine,  
 With wasted words a tyrants rigour ply;  
 The dead to envy forc'd, whilst they remaine  
 Of victors vile the bitter taunts to try,  
 The faces beauty once, but then the staine,  
 On bloody cheekes whilst ugly eyes doe lye;  
 Thinke *Nahas* scorning them, and bragging you,  
 And that one moment lost, breeds danger now.

15

The man then dumb, grieve did againe engage,  
 By speaking passions further to prevaile;  
 The common woe nought could at first assuage,  
 Till angers strength made pitties weakenesse faile:  
 Kinde *Jonathan* smok'd grieve, and flam'd forth rage,  
 But yet for haste to venge, staid not to waile:  
 He wish'd for wings to flye, where *Ammon* stay'd,  
 Yet first attended what his father said.

16

That God (said *Saul*) whom none enough can praise,  
 His troupes when vex'd, still by some one protects;  
 And me (of many least) at last doth raise  
 To fight those battels which his will directs;  
 Oft (that he thus the world may more amaze)  
 Weake instruments worke wonderfull effects:  
 That, due to him, none may usurpe one thought,  
 Nor from his glory derogate in ought.

17

All my ambition is to serve this state;  
 For which effect, forc'd from my low repose,  
 The Lord was pleas'd (not my desires) of late,  
 This charge on me (as all know) to impose;  
 And by effects, God grant I may prove great,  
 Not, but in shew, as pompous Ethnickes glose;  
 That God, this State who made me to embrace,  
 May grace his choice, and fit me for the place.

18

I all your troubles travell to appease,  
 And place my treasure onely in your hearts:  
 Farre be delight from me, and what may please,  
 Whilst in this kingdome any City smarts;  
 And I could wish I might (if for your ease)  
 To watch over all, even part my selfe in parts:  
 This kingdome now it must my body prove,  
 And I the soule by which it all should move.

But



19

But lest that words time (due to deeds) should waſt,  
Goe, get you backe, and unto *Iabeſh* tell,  
That, ere the time which they design'd, be paſt,  
I ſhall be there, that tyrant to expell;  
Then whilſt they wondred, as quite chang'd at laſt,  
*Saul* did them all, yea, and himſelfe excell:  
A kingly courage kindled had his minde,  
And from his face, maſticke greatneſſe ſhin'd.

20

He whom they had deſpis'd, as baſe before,  
Of the leaſt Tribes leſt family, but borne,  
Who ſought ſtray'd beaſts, heard of his fathers ſtore,  
Whom with diſdaine they (when firſt rais'd) did ſcorn;  
Afraid to be with him familiar more,  
A reverend awe had proud contempt out-worne:  
And troupes did him attend (all well appeas'd)  
Imperiouſly appointing what he pleas'd.

21

Two Oxen then he did in pieces ſhare,  
Which he through *Iſraell* did with terrour ſend,  
And vow'd ſolemnly, who did not reſpaire,  
Where *Saul* and *Samuel* did their forces bend,  
That as thoſe beaſts had been diſmembred there,  
They, like from him (when victor) might attend;  
But in their hearts God ſuch obedience wrought,  
That all to doe his will, were quickly brought.

22

O what huge troupes their native homes did leave!  
Of populous *Iſraell*, there did armed ſtand,  
Three hundred thouſand; thirty *Juda* gave,  
When by God bleſs'd, ſo fertile was that land:  
Yet they by this did no high hopes conceive,  
Though ſwarming forth in number as the ſand:  
As who oft ſpy'd, confirm'd by the effects,  
The God of battels, victory directs.

23

No mercenary mindes baſe gaine did move,  
(As whom when ſold, a price to perill drives)  
Bright zeale, true honour, and their Countries love,  
Did to all dangers conſecrate their lives:  
None needed them to preſſe, but to approve,  
Arm'd for their Altars, children, goods and wives,  
When forc'd to fight for liberty and lands,  
Each one (a Captaine) all his power commands.

When



24

When open force had banish'd private feares,  
 All were (though sad) bent what they lov'd to quite,  
 Babes flatt'ring smiles, wives wounding sighes, and tears,  
 Of pleasures past endear'd the left delight;  
 Yet from all else the Trumpets challeng'd cares:  
 They part behov'd, where honour did invite,  
 Which made their breasts such gallant guests embrace,  
 Soft passions soon gave active courage place.

25

That sadnesse past, which partings had contracted,  
 All fed their fancies with Ideall shewes,  
 And carelesse what they did, as quite distracted,  
 All (breathing battell) talk'd but of o're-throwes;  
 And what they thought, their earnest gesture acted;  
 Each mouth with brags, each hand seem'd big with blowes:  
 Each souldier (swoln with hopes) as straight grown great,  
 With count'nance stern, look'd high, and step'd in state.

26

All eyes attendance, *Jonathan* procur'd,  
 Whose march maje sticke highly was extoll'd,  
 Not arrogant, no, no, but yet assur'd,  
 It some mens folly, others feares controld:  
 His looke imperious, forc'd, yet milde, allur'd,  
 The proud to bow, the humble to be bold:  
 What fit, reforming, marking every place;  
 His gallant carriage, all the rest did grace.

27

Clouds made the world (all light below expell'd)  
 A driry lodging for a drowfie Lord,  
 Yet still (as big with light) heavens bosome swell'd,  
 And for one great, did many small afford:  
 In shadowes wrapt, a silent horror held  
 All sorts of guests with which the earth was stor'd:  
 The world seem'd dumb, where nought save breath did move,  
 As, what seem'd dead, it still alive would prove.

28

Yet all the heast to Nature did refuse,  
 That tribute due by every mortals eye,  
 Of matters high whilst haughty thoughts did muse,  
 Sleeps leaden bands straight travell did unty;  
 Heaven in their mindes such vigour did infuse,  
 They (as it selfe) the type of death did flye:  
 "To doe great things, when generous minds devise,  
 "Paine pleasure gives, things difficult entice.

But



## The first Booke.

29

But (clouds dispers'd) the ayre more pure appear'd;  
Light blushing (as late rais'd) the depths did leave,  
Whilst flaming shields some trembling glances clear'd;  
What night had rest from them, th'eyes back did reave,  
And sprites (though dull) a naturall musicke hear'd,  
Which many divers sounds consoorted gave:  
Thus light from darknesse, Day from Night forth springs,  
Type of that Chaos first whence flow'd all things.

30

Ere that dayes journey *Phæbus* had begun,  
The Armies, neere were drawn unto an end;  
And those return'd, who first before had runne,  
To try abroad that which they might attend:  
They told how they (by the occasion wonne)  
To *Ammons* Tents did resolutely tend,  
Whose silence seem'd them (in suspense) to call,  
Some watch'd neere *Iabejb*, elsewhere none at all.

31

They by faint flashes of exhausted fires,  
There spyde a Camp, as if from danger farre,  
Well serv'd with all to which rich Peace aspires,  
As if for pleasure com'd, to sport with warre,  
They softly lay (as at adorn'd retires)  
Where (all commodious) nought their rest might marre:  
*Mars* onely seem'd to court his mistresse there,  
Charg'd with superfluous, of things needfull, bare.

32

Here sleep press'd him, there wine had buried one,  
(Death kissed so as straight imbrac'd to be)  
Boords still were charg'd, whence guests had falne, not gone,  
Cups crown'd with wine, triumph'd, as victors, free,  
Late musicks conducts bruis'd (when touch'd) did grone,  
Games reliëts left, were of all sorts to see;  
Thus souldiers seem'd, voluptuous tokens trac'd,  
Not in a campe, but at some wedding plac'd.

33

Two in one tent (whilst we without did hold)  
As tyr'd of sleep, the time with words did waft,  
The truth I hope, (though not so meant when told)  
Said, of their toyles, this night would be the last.  
Then, that this day the Hebrews render would,  
And at their feet themselves (scorn'd captives) cast:  
Th'one long'd to laugh, when spying them halfe blinde,  
His mate to kill, as more to ruth inclin'd.

No



34

No doubt we might (if willing) where we went,  
 Have soon kill'd some, and hardly kept hands pure,  
 But would not so your enterprife prevent,  
 By making them suspect who lay secure;  
 Our thoughts for private praise were not so bent,  
 A publike danger fondly to procure;  
 Then (brought from thence to prove their speeches true)  
 A helmet one, a sword the other shew.

35

Thus what they learn'd, each circumstance declar'd,  
 In every breast a thirst of battell bred,  
 With *Abner* and his sonne, *Saul* equall shar'd,  
 The glistring squadrons which no danger dread,  
 Of which both resolute, and well prepar'd,  
 Each one a hundred and ten thousand led:  
 The chieftes then met, who straight to fight did crave,  
*Saul* needlesse spurres thus to franke courage gave.

36

Whilst all events (as doubtfull) ballanc'd be,  
 The souldiers mindes their earnest Emperour cheares;  
 But what I should give you, ye give to me,  
 Whose resolution at an height appeares;  
 A courage, yea, a confidence I see,  
 Through looks which lightning every count'nance clears:  
 So that I should (if bent to move you more),  
 Cast water in the Sea, sand on the shore.

37

And O! what wonder though ye all be bold,  
 Your ancestors victorious steps to trace,  
 Which oft triumph'd o're mighty States of old,  
 Whilst God the glory, they did purchase peace?  
 Heavens register, by sacred Pennes enrold  
 Their worth eternall, which each age must grate:  
 Who high exploits securely might effect,  
 When God himselfe as Captaine did direct.

38

With God at peace, what can appall that band,  
 Whom so to help (when need requires such ayd)  
 Seas part, rocks rend, food rains, walls fall, floods stand,  
 One may chafe thousands, thousands, quake dismay'd,  
 Whose hearts when God, men may the rest command,  
 As bound, delivered, yet by none betray'd:  
 The wonder-workers power more plaine to make,  
 Whilst one mee captives kept, then ten could take?



39

A prey made sure ye onely go to seise,  
(As spyes report) which may even dead be thought,  
Since spoyl'd by pleasure, buried in their ease,  
To grace our labours not come here, but brought;  
This hoast of ours the Lord of hoasts doth please,  
Whose help, I doubt not, but ye all have sought:  
Loe, *Samuel* here, and *Saul*; let this content,  
A Prophet, and a Prince, by God both sent.

40

But though not difficult this conquest seemes,  
Great is the glory which doth it attend;  
From bragg'd disgrace our Brethren it redeemes,  
Which (if not worse) would toward us extend,  
And then by it the world that state esteemes,  
Which oft ye urg'd, and have procur'd in th'end:  
For, as this first, with fame now credit gaines.  
Your course disprov'd, or still approv'd, remains.

41

Nor speake I this, as who of ought do doubt,  
Since rather reines then spurres your courage needs,  
Be providently brave, not rash, though stout,  
Let your Commanders words direct your deeds,  
And thinke ye see me still to marke about,  
Whose gallant carriage greatest glory breeds:  
No valour thus in vaine shall be set forth,  
One shall both witnesse, and reward your worth.

42

But why do I our victory delay,  
And force your fury idlie thus to burne?  
Go, go, wound, kill, take, spoyle, and leade away,  
That straight in triumph we may all returne;  
I see in floods of bloud dead bodies stray,  
I heare you shout for joy, for grieve them mourne:  
And whil'st scorn'd ransomes have your hands not stai'd,  
All sacrifice at last, as first ye pray'd.

43

Then godly *Samuel* fortifi'd them more,  
By spirituall pow'r, then all their weapons else,  
He pray'd with faith, and did with zeale adore,  
Which, more then offrings, wrath for sinne expels,  
Then, all religious rites perform'd before,  
Which might draw help from heaven, stay harm from hels,  
He by his blessing more confirm'd their mindes,  
Then all could do, though joyn'd from *Thule* to *Inde*.

He

Thus



44

This mighty Army did it selfe divide,  
 And by three wayes all forward went one way,  
 The dust, which in a cloud them seem'd to hide,  
 Even it, by covering, did them first betray;  
 When carelesse *Ammon* numbrous *Israel* spy'd,  
 Though dull amazement mindes a space did stay,  
 All with confusion sundry things advis'd,  
 Rise, runne, haste, arme, ranke, march, we are surpris'd.

45

Three Armies view'd, each from a severall part,  
 Come not, and *Iabesh* as they did expect,  
 Who promis'd had (to sooth them so with Art)  
 That they that day would further hopes neglect,  
 And this with terrour toss'd the strongest heart;  
 None knew what way their forces to direct;  
 The world conjur'd, seem'd all against them arm'd,  
 Whil'st glistering squadrons from each corner swarm'd.

46

Yet with great haste, what might be, was perform'd,  
 And nothing requisite was left undone;  
 The first confusion bravely was reform'd,  
 And the tumultuous bands all settled soone;  
 Then haughty *Nahas*, who extreamely storm'd,  
 Though grieve, and rage, his accents did mistoone;  
 He, to his troupes, ere enemies could them reach,  
 With desp'rate courage did roare forth this speech.

47

Hath dastard *Iabesh* thus with us disguis'd:  
 Or must their shame be witness'd by those bands?  
 Then, let us prove (though by our foes despis'd)  
 As Seas in power, since they, in number, sands,  
 So shall they finde (though thinking us surpris'd)  
 That they in ours, we fall not in their hands:  
 They now to fight are all together brought,  
 Whom else when sever'd, we with toyle had sought.

48

We must be great, or not be, in short space,  
 For, though so fought, no safety flight attends,  
 But what base breast can such vile thoughts embrace?  
 "Shame, even then death, a step more low descends;  
 Losse now not onely threatens us'd disgrace,  
 But what to *Iabesh* ye, to you portends:  
 This host as earst not now for glory strives,  
 But (mans last hope) we fight to save our lives.



49

It seemes, that Fortune, curious of our fame,  
For some great end hath brought us to those straits,  
Where we, when victors, all the praise may claime,  
And leave (if dead) the burden on the fates;  
The greatest deeds adorning any name,  
Were done by men, when in most desp'rat states:  
High resolution desp'rat valour brings,  
Who hope for nothing, may contemne all things.

50

My hands, and not my tongue, must make you stout,  
Which bloody paths, where you may tread, shall leave;  
If mix'd with theirs, what though our bloud gush out:  
Strive to revenge our death, not life to save,  
And let our falls presse downe their bands about,  
Which by our ruine, ruine may receive;  
So may they rue our losse, as too deare bought:  
Who live, still something, but the dead waile nought.

51

The Trumpets, sound drown'd the last words in th'ayre,  
Whose brazen breath (as animating Steele)  
Made metall march, a moving creature there,  
Though wanting sense, yet to make others feele;  
The driry drummes both Camps with horrors square,  
Did equall once, whil'ft feare made neither reele:  
Each bounds rebounds the sounds of brasse, and breath,  
A martiall Musicke, courage tun'd for death.

52

The winged weapons with a threatning flight,  
(Sharpe messengers of death) first bloud did reave;  
Black clouds of darts (a deadly storme at height,  
Death rain'd in many drops) red flouds did leave,  
An arch of Arrows darkned all their sight,  
That where to fight, they so a shade might have;  
But griev'd to lose their blows, whil'ft whose not known,  
Each one rush'd forward to avouch his own.

53

O! with what fury both together runne,  
Whose violence did vent it selfe in smokes!  
When, ere they joyn'd, the battell was begun,  
With bragging gestures, and outrageous looks;  
Some red with rage, sought that which some did shunne,  
Whom feare made pale, whil'ft passing crimson brooks:  
How mindes are sway'd a danger clearly tels,  
Whil'ft feare sinks downe, or courage higher swels.

Ee 2

F



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## Jonathan,

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54

But when they once did swords in bloud imbrue,  
The en'mies challeng'd, changing blows, or breath,  
All irritated then, more earnest grew,  
The publike wrong enlarg'd by private wrath;  
Who felt their wounds, and did, who gave them view,  
They no revenge allow'd, till seal'd by death;  
All (save their foes, no object else in sight,  
Nor heaven, nor earth) seem'd in the ayre to fight.

55

Weake words in vaine would pow'rfull deeds forth set:  
The Trumpets sounds my daring lines abate;  
All there concurr'd what generous thoughts could whet,  
Bright glory angling hearts with honours baite;  
Franke courage then with desp'rat furie met,  
Pride with contempt, and with old wrongs new hate:  
Then, Fame was spy'd attending with a pen,  
To register the Acts of worthie men.

56

They others bodies fiercely did pursue,  
And theirs expos'd to all, as not theirs, loe,  
Them from themselves a generous ardour drew,  
What suffering carelesse, onely bent to do,  
A way for foes enforc'd, armes, as untrue,  
Seem'd (red with bloud) to blush, though wounded too;  
Some swords, through armour, forc'd a passage quite;  
Some beaten backe did burst, and breake for spite.

57

Though many brave men grac'd the *Hebrew* band,  
*Saul* (as a Sunne amidst lesse lights who shin'd)  
First (as for state) for valour, striv'd to stand,  
Of body high, but yet more high in minde,  
And (eminent) there where he did command,  
Made friends, and foes, both cause to marke him, finde,  
Till his example strange effects did breed,  
Which some would second, others would exceed.

58

Brave *Jonathan*, proud *Ammon* to abate,  
When his fierce Squadron was imbark'd in bloud,  
A godly anger, and a holy hate,  
(No ill effects come from a cause so good)  
Ot many lives did cleare the doubtfull date,  
Which flow'd in th'ayre amidst a crimson flood:  
And what his looks, or words, did most perswade,  
His hands in action demonstration made.

Now



59

Shafts severall roomes (by conquest) now did gaine,  
Which were of late all in one lodging pent,  
For Quivers, quivering bodies, them containe;  
The bow as barren then, the off-spring spent,  
Whil'st breaking strings (as fighting) seem'd to plaine,  
And burst at last, in vaine loath to be bent,  
Or as an abject tree to be throwne downe,  
Which interest had in *Ionathans* renowne.

60

Though arrows first, made, by commission, warre,  
And what hands bragg'd, seem'd through the ayre to breathe,  
Straight forward courage scorn'd to fight afarre,  
By blows, at hazard, trafficking with death;  
He with a Tree more strong did squadrons marre;  
The speare, a Gyant, darts, were dwarffs of wrath;  
It, even when crush'd, a number did confound;  
To venge the whole, each splinter gave a wound.

61

That which true worth most honour hath to use,  
When this great *Hebrews* hand to tosser began,  
Which onely cuts, where other weapons bruise,  
Of Armes the glory, ornament of man;  
A storme of stroaks, in foes did feare infuse,  
Which there wrought wonders, Fame for ever wanne:  
His face seem'd clad with flames, th'eyes lightned so;  
Starres to his owne, and Comets to his foe.

62

Couragious *Abner* courted glories love,  
No rash director, but to action swift,  
That even his place pale envy did approve,  
As his desert, and not his Soveraignes gift;  
It seem'd a thousand hands his sword did move,  
His minde so high a generous rage did lift:  
At heart, or eye, which should the first arrive,  
The lightning glance, and thundring blow did strive.

63

Like Autumns spoyle a publike prey which fall,  
When low stretch'd out lay *Ammons* loftie brood,  
It did their King amaze, but not appall,  
Though in their wounds acknowledging his blood,  
Yet he (whose strength was lessened in them all)  
A while relenting (as distracted) stood:  
But when weake passions urg'd the us'd releefe,  
Rage in their fountains dry'd the streames of griefe.



64

The foaming Tyrant, swolne with high disdain,  
 (What had cool'd some, him further did enflame;) -----  
 To bound at once, state, fortune, life, and raigne;  
 Not victory, no, vengeance was his ayme;  
 A glorious life not hoping more to gaine,  
 He thought by death to frustrate threatned shame,  
     But, of foes kill'd, would first a mount have made,  
     Where (as in triumph) he might lye, when dead.

65

I know not if more bent to give, or take,  
 That which (well weigh'd) is an indifferent thing,  
 The raging *Pagan*, thus his people spake,  
 What poore life can not, liberall death doth bring,  
 And you (though Subjects) may my equals make,  
 Loe, without treason you may match your King:  
     Crowne, Throne, or Scepter, fates no more allow,  
     And by the sword all may be Soveraignes now.

66

As two great Torrents striving for one way,  
 Raise mounts of Sands, raze heights, spoile Tree, and Town,  
 And (that th'ones name the other swallow may)  
 What ever doth resist, beare thence, or drowne;  
 So, of their fury what the course did stay,  
*Sauls* matchlesse Sonne, and *Ammons* Lord beat downe,  
     Th'eyes earnest gave, whil'st they at distance stay'd,  
     That, by their hands, the rest should straight be pay'd.

67

When *Israels* gallant had beheld a space,  
 The fierce *Barbarian* opening up the throng,  
 He cry'd to all aloud, give place, give place,  
 Let none usurpe what doth to me belong;  
 This man my life, and I his death must grace,  
 Who marre the match would but to both do wrong:  
     A vulgar hand must not his end procure,  
     He stands too glorious to fall downe obscure.

68

Some drawn by feare, and some by reverence mov'd,  
 The distance twixt them vanish'd soone away;  
 Like rivall Bulls which had one Heifer lov'd,  
 And through the flocks with brandish'd hornes did stray,  
 Whil'st th'one resolv'd, and th'other desp'rate prov'd,  
 Both with great fury did enforce their way,  
     Whose troupes inflam'd by hearing their high words,  
     Did in their action emulate their Lords.

The



69

Those two transported, did together rinne,  
As if both hoasts did onely in them fight,  
They with short procelle, ground did lose and winne,  
Vrg'd, shunn'd, forc'd, fayn'd, bow'd, rais'd, hand, leg, left, right,  
Advanc'd, retir'd, rebated, and gave in,  
With reason fury, courage joyn'd with flight :  
So earnest mindes and bended bodies press'd,  
That, then the blowes, the ayming more distress'd.

70

To sell his life the Ethnicke onely sought,  
But valu'd it so much, though but in vaine,  
That clouds of darts, and swords too few were thought  
To force the fortresse where it did remaine,  
So that, (by one to last extreames thus brought,)  
His fury was converted to disdain;  
Shame joyning with despaire, death did impose,  
Ere more, then Crowne or life, he liv'd to lose.

71

By blowes redoubled charging every way,  
Whilst he but wish'd who did him kill, to kill,  
Bloud leaving him, his danger did betray,  
Which rage in vaine, would have dissembled still,  
And th' other storm'd so long with one to stay,  
Who might elsewhere, fields with dead bodies fill;  
Just indignation all his strength did bend,  
The heart conjuring hands to make an end.

72

The Hebrew us'd at once both strength and Art;  
Th' one hand did ward, a blow the other gave,  
Which hit his head (the marke of many a dart)  
Whose batt' red temples fearefull sense did leave;  
The treacherous helmet tooke the strongest part,  
And bruise'd those braines which it was set to save;  
Yet dying striking, last he th' earth did wound,  
Whose fall (as some great Oakes) made it rebound.

73

His eyes againe began to gather light,  
And *Jonathan* (when victor) to relent,  
But straight just hate presented, as in sight,  
His barbarous actions, and abhorr'd intent;  
How (vainely vaunting of a victors right)  
That all his thoughts to cruelty were bent :  
Whose raging minde, on Captives strangely strict,  
Then bondage, spoyle, or death would more inflict.

E e 4

Thou



74

Thou tyrant, thou (said he) who didst devise,  
 Else farre from fame, for ill to be renown'd,  
 Those halfe-blinde Hebrews whom thou didst despise,  
 They vengeance urge, they, they, give thee this wound;  
 With that, by his right eye (who striv'd to rise,)  
 The flaming sword amidst his braynes he drown'd:  
 Whose guilty ghost, where shadowes never end,  
 With indignation, grudging did descend.

75

As if hels furies had thy sprite inspir'd,  
 Prodigious creature, monster inhumane,  
 Loe, what have all thy cruelties acquir'd,  
 Which thus with interest Time returnes againe,  
 But hell, when hence, and here, whence now retir'd,  
 That thy remembrance odious may remaine:  
 Yet with this comfort, thou abandon'st breath,  
 The hand of *Jonathan* adorn'd thy death.

76

As some fierce Lyon raging through the fields,  
 (Which of beasts kill'd, contemnes the tasted bloud)  
 Doth hunt another, when another yeelds,  
 Yet, wanton, riots, as for sport, not food;  
 So *Jacobs* gallant (breaching many shields)  
 Bent for more prey, with him no longer stood,  
 And till their chiefe, his followers follow'd too,  
 Nought did seeme done, whilst ought remain'd to do.

77

All *Israels* squadrons circling *Ammon* in,  
 Straight at his center, threatning were to meet,  
 Which poynt (the last man kill'd) all march'd to winne,  
 Where halfe-dead bodies made a breathing street,  
 All striv'd to end, as lately to begin,  
 Whilst dust did dry what bloud and sweat made weete;  
*Mars* courting courage, first shin'd bright about,  
 But then with horrour turn'd his inside out.

78

*Saul* as ov'r bodies then did raigne in hearts,  
 O how farre chang'd from what he first had been!  
 And by plaine valour, scorning usuall Arts,  
 The emulous *Abner*, eminent was scene;  
 These three, at first which charg'd from divers parts,  
 Seem'd foes oppos'd, their foes, as chanc'd between:  
 Whom (from encountring, that them nought might stay)  
 They but beat downe, to make a patent way.

When



79

When hopes on doubts no longer did depend,  
 Whilst *Israels* colours, victory did beare,  
 Some seem'd to grieve that warre so soone would end,  
 And striv'd in time, what trophees they might reare;  
 Whilst flattrring glory, lofty thoughts to bend,  
 In gorgeous robes, did whisper in each eare,  
 What brave man now my beauties will embrace,  
 To breed (*Fames* minions) an immortall race:

80

When through the Camp, their Sovereigns death was known,  
 A sad confusion seiz'd on *Ammons* brood,  
 Then Lords of none, no, no, nor yet their owne,  
 As strangers stray'd, they all distracted stood,  
 And ere by foes, ev'n by themselves o're-thrown,  
 An ycie coldnesse did congeale their bloud:  
 "None fully vanquish'd are, till first they yeeld,  
 "And, till first left, doe never lose the field.

81

Hopes (though once high) then faln down in their feet,  
 No way was left for a secure retreat;  
 To flye was shamefull, yet to live, was sweet,  
 And they themselves more lov'd, then foes did hate;  
 Them death (still sterne) where ever turn'd, did meet:  
 Each sword's bright giance, seem'd summons from their fate:  
 O how base feare doth make some sprights to faile,  
 Heart faint, hands weake, eyes dimme, the face grows pale.

82

Of broken bands the trouble was extreme,  
 Who felt ils worst, and yet imagin'd more:  
 Spoile, danger, bondage, feare, reproach and shame,  
 Did still encroach beside, behinde, before;  
 And yet their hearts (if hearts they had) did dreame,  
 Those in one masse, and all confusions store:  
 They, wishing death, although they fear'd to dye,  
 First from themselves, then from all else did flye.

83

The slaughter then all measure did surpasse;  
 Whilst victors rag'd, bloud from each hand did raine;  
 The liquid Rubies dropping downe the grasse,  
 With scarlet streames the fatall fields did staine;  
 Till they, with dust congeal'd (a horrid masse)  
 (By bodies stop'd) a marrish did remaine,  
 Through which who waded, wounded did appeare,  
 And loath'd that bloud which once was held so deare.

They



## 84

They who, when strong, their neighbours did deride,  
 And (then of ruine, dreaming nothing lesse)  
 Would warre with God, and in the height of pride,  
 His chosen people labour to oppresse;  
 They now, all kill'd, else scattered on each side,  
 Felt what they threatned, bondage and distresse:  
 " Thus oft they fall, who others doe pursue,  
 " Men drinke the dregs of all the ils they brew.

## 85

Though *Israell* thus had *Ammon* quite o're-throwne,  
*Saul*, nor his sonne, did not insult the more;  
 No pompe through *Iabesh* past with trumpets blowne,  
 The pointed Captives fettered them before,  
 So, first when victors, eminently showne,  
 That their new state a triumph might decore,  
 Whilst two-fold glory, just applauses claym'd,  
 A King and Conquerour both at once proclaim'd.

## 86

No, no, their breasts such fancies fond not bred,  
 As if themselves had their delivery wrought;  
 By piety, not by ambition led,  
 Farre from vaine praise, they *Israels* safety sought;  
 Charg'd by Gods hand, they knew that *Ammon* fled,  
 And from his favour derogating nought,  
 Where tumid Gentiles would have bragg'd abroad,  
 Their glory was to glorifie their God.

## 87

Whilst joyfull *Iabesh* opened up her Ports,  
 Sweet freedoms treasure did enrich their eyes;  
 Men, women, children, people of all sorts,  
 With voyces, as distracted, pierc'd the skyes;  
 O how each one of them the rest exhorts,  
 To sound his praise who pittied had their cries!  
 And (as wrong founded,) any joy was grieve,  
 Save for Gods glory, more then their reliefe.

## 88

Wives forth with haste did to their husbands rinne,  
 Who told to them (describing dangers past,)  
 Hence *Saul* first charg'd, there *Abner* entred in,  
 Here we about them did a compasse cast;  
 There *Jonathan* with *Nahas* did beginne,  
 And kill'd him here, where, loe, he lyes at last:  
 But forward kindenesse this discourse doth stay,  
 Th'ones lips must point that which anothers say.



89

Troups call'd alow'd (mov'd by this battell much)  
Where are they now who ask'd if *Saul* should raigne?  
Let swords (yet smoking) purge the Land of such,  
Who from base envy bursted out disdain;  
Yet them milde *Saul* would suffer none to touch,  
But said, no cloud so cleare a day should staine:  
And since the Lord all *Israel* had releev'd,  
None should be kill'd for him, no, nor yet griev'd.

90

Ere flames yet hot, extinguish'd were againe,  
The Lords great Prophet will'd them all to go  
To *Gilgall* straight, there to confirme his raigne,  
In that new state grown fearfull to each foe;  
Where sacred offrings liberally were flaine,  
The late delivery to acknowledge so:  
As bloud from beasts, praise flow'd from gratefull minds,  
Each one himselfe for further service binds.

91

By sacrifice the kingdomes right renu'd,  
This speech to *Israel*, matchlesse *Samuel* made,  
Loe, granted is all that for which you su'd,  
There stands the King, who should your squadrons leade:  
My Sonnes are here, Time hath my strength subdu'd;  
Age crown'd with white, triumphs upon my head;  
Eyes dimme, legges weake, (infirmities growne rife)  
Death hath besieg'd the lodging of my life.

92

Though all my dayes in charge, I challenge you,  
Let each man speake (as he hath reason) free,  
Before the Lord, and his anointed now;  
No crimes conceale, I come accus'd to be,  
What bragge, or bribe, hath made my judgement bow?  
Whose Oxe, or Asse, hath taken beene by me?  
Whom have I harm'd, or wrong'd, in goods, or fame?  
I stand to satisfie who ever claime.

93

The people straight (applauding) did reply,  
With heart, and hands still pure, thou didst the best;  
For witnesses, then, both, who loud did cry,  
With his Lievtenant, did great God attest:  
O happy Iudge, who well did live, and dye,  
Still prais'd on th'earth! in heaven with glory rest;  
At that great day, whom all with Christ shall see,  
To judge those Iudges who not follow'd thee.

Then



94

Then (saide the Prophet) since by all approv'd,  
 I must with you, before that God contend,  
 Who from *Caldea, Israels* Syre remov'd,  
 And highly honour'd, as his speciall friend;  
 Who lov'd milde *Isaac*, holy *Jacob* lov'd,  
 And in all countries did him still attend:  
 (A Covenant contriv'd, with all his race)  
 Who multiply'd them much, in little space.

95

From rigorous *Aegypts* more then burthenous yoke,  
 When taught by wonders to admire his might,  
 He led them forth, free from each stumbling block,  
 In deserts wilde, him to contemplate right;  
 And did give laws, as of that state the stock,  
 A rare republike, at perfections height;  
 The Lord (great generall of those chosen bands),  
 Took Townes, gain'd battels, and did conquer Lands.

96

But when he once had stablish'd well their state,  
 (All those great works remembred then no more)  
 Your Fathers, false, apostates, and ingrate,  
 (Abomination) Idols did adore,  
 So that (incens'd with indignation great)  
 Their jealous God would them protect no more;  
 Who, that they so might humbled be againe,  
 To bondage base abandon'd did remaine.

97

With hearts brought low, and souls rais'd up aloft,  
 When godly grieve dissolv'd it selfe in groans,  
 The Lord, first mov'd with sighs, with teares made soft,  
 Charm'd with the Musicke of their pretious moans,  
 For their delivery sent great Captaines oft,  
 Who, did their state restore, bruis'd strangers Thrones:  
 Till successe did to all the world make knowne,  
 That, save by sinne, they could not be o're-throwne.

98

Gainst *Aram, Moab*, and, *Canaan*, foes,  
 Proud *Midians, Ammons*, and *Philistines* Lands,  
 Brave *Othniel, Ehud*, and *Deborah* role,  
 Then *Iphte, Gideon, Sampson*, strong of hands,  
 Whil'st God the Generall, his Lieutenants those,  
 Oft (few in number) thundred downe great bands;  
 And by weake meanes oft thousands fled from one,  
 A cake, an oxen goad, an Asses bone.

From



99

From dangers oft, though wonderfully sav'd,  
 Whil'st *Israels* Scepter God did onely sway,  
 Yet (as stray'd fancies fondly had conceiv'd)  
 When *Ammons* Ensignes *Nahas* did display,  
 Straight, as without a Lord, a King you crav'd,  
 As th'abject *Gentiles*, basely to obey:  
 With trust in Princes, and in mortall strength,  
 Which lodg'd in Nostrils, must dislodge at length.

100

Yet if your King, and you, do serve him right,  
 The Lord, of both will highly blesse the State;  
 And, in prophanely walking in his sight,  
 Will visit both in wrath, with vengeance great,  
 And that you may behold your sinne, his might,  
 Too haughty minds by terrour to abate:  
 You shall (though of such change no signe there be)  
 Straight clad with Clouds, heavens indignation see.

101

Heavens, must'ring horreur in a dreadful forme,  
 His beams drawn back, pale *Phæbus* did retyre,  
 As the worlds funerals threatening to performe,  
 Some flames flash'd forth, not lights, but sparks of yre,  
 And in ambushment layd behinde a storme,  
 Colds interchoaking, did grosse engines fire  
 To batter th'earth, which planted there by wrath,  
 From Clouds vast concaves thund'red bolts of death.

102

This signe so full of terrour thus procur'd,  
 A generall feare each minde with grieve did sting,  
 Till all cry'd out that they had beene obdur'd,  
 And highly sinn'd in seeking of a King;  
 The Lord, they said (his light from heaven obscur'd)  
 Might for their o're-throw Armies justly bring;  
 Then *Samuel* urg'd to mediate their peace,  
 Avoyding vengeance, and entreating grace.

103

The holy man who view'd them thus to smart,  
 Did aggravate how farre they first did faile,  
 Yet them assur'd, when flowing from the heart,  
 That true repentance would with God prevaile;  
 From whom he wish'd that they would not depart,  
 To trust in trifles which could not availe.  
 Since he, when pleas'd, in mercies did abound,  
 And with a frowne might all the world confound.

The



## 104

The Lord (he said) who did them first affect  
Them (from his Law if they did not remove)  
By hoasts of heaven, and wonders would protect,  
By promise bound, and by his boundlesse love,  
Lest strangers spoyling whom he did elect,  
Weake, or inconstant, he might seeme to prove:  
Then he to God for them did, earnest, call,  
And with their King, when blest, dismiss them all.

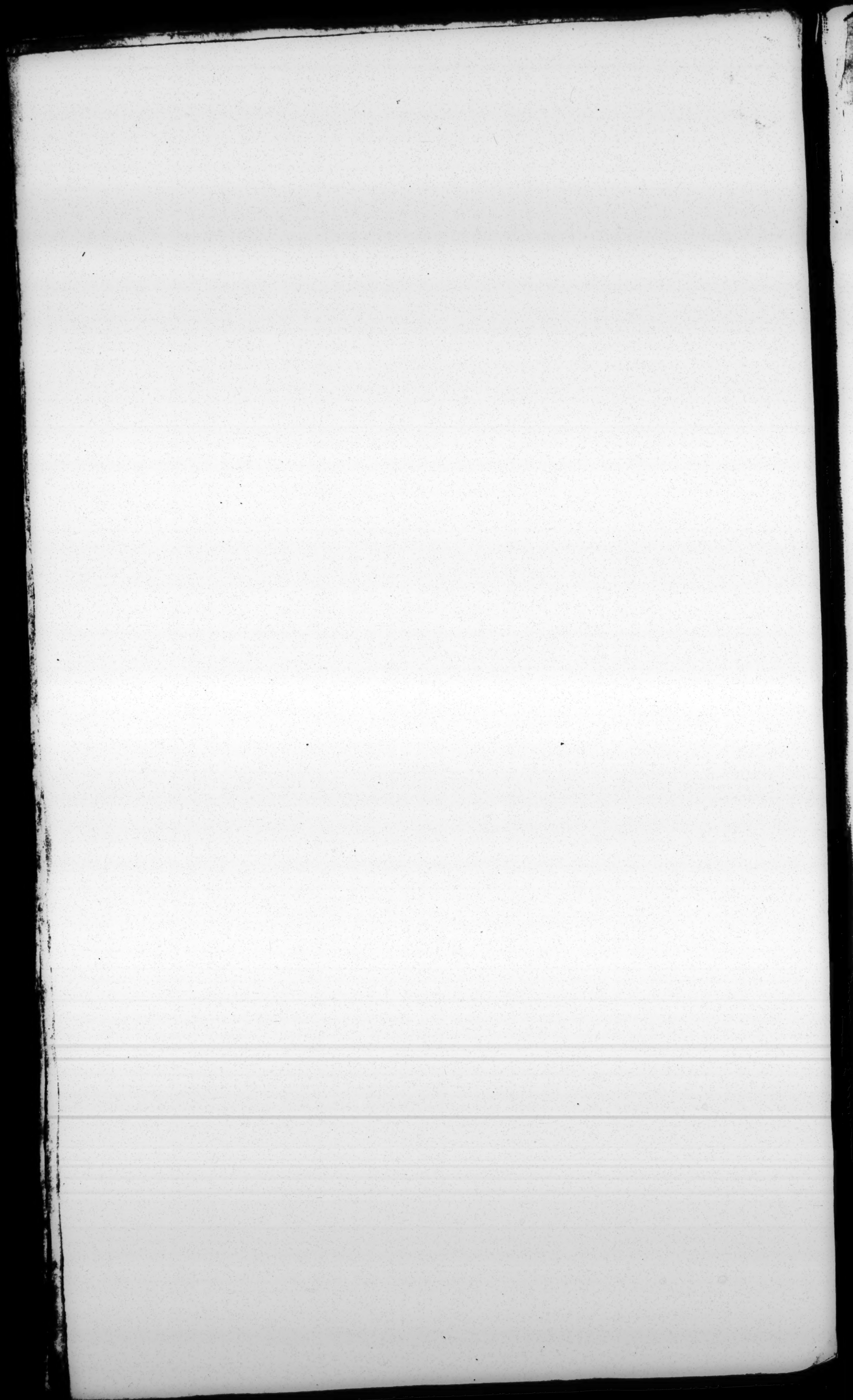
## 105

*Saul* thus when seiz'd of *Israels* regall seat,  
Whom God chose, *Samuel* did aonint, all serve,  
From private thoughts estrang'd, in all growne great,  
Though first elected, studied to deserve;  
His owne no more, since sacred to the State,  
He sought how it to free, to rule, preserve:  
For which, retyr'd, what course was fit, he dream'd,  
Save when in action, as of fight asham'd.











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